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432 Fourth Avenue, New York.
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See page 240

"HA, HA, MASTER ARCHER!" LAUGHED THE STRANGER;
"WHERE ART THOU NOW?"

THE MERRILL READERS

FOURTH READER

BY

FRANKLIN B. DYER

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS, BOSTON

AND

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WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY

RHODA CAMPBELL CHASE

CHARLES E. MERRILL COMPANY

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PREFACE

THIS FOURTH READER is designed to meet the children on their own level and to lead them by easy stages to a higher plane. They are now at an age when their ability to understand and appreciate is far in advance of their reading ability. They enjoy great stories and appreciate fine sentiment if the language does not offer too many difficulties.

In the preparation of this Reader, therefore, special attention has been given to keeping the vocabulary within range of the pupil's ability. The earlier part of the book contains selections that are simple in vocabulary and sentence structure, and the later lessons provide for a steady growth, without introducing tedious difficulties.

Ideas and ideals, however, are more important than forms and vocabularies. Already the children have begun to enjoy some of the masterpieces of literature. It frequently happens that they can appreciate part of a long story before they can read it in the complete form. It is also true that the reading of a simplified version of a classic is often the best introduction to the reading of the classic itself. In the selections that are here abridged from longer works, the spirit and the language of the author have been preserved. Moreover, these selections are always complete units and are of sufficient length to aid in establishing habits of sustained attention and interest.

While most of the selections are fresh and unhackneyed, classics that every child should know have also been included. The child at this age is in a transition stage and has interests looking backward and interests looking forward; he has not lost

interest in fables and fairy tales, and yet he is ready for romance and sentiment. A satisfying book must contain a wealth of material of varied character. It should also prepare the way for library reading, by bringing to the child's attention books which he may well read in full, the same year or a little later. The numerous public libraries now place within reach of most children the best juvenile literature.

If the right kind of reading material is provided, the children will be eager to read, for they are eager to know and to enjoy. The important question is not, "Are the children able to read?" but, "Are they eager to read?" Do they get a glimpse of beauty, truth, goodness? Does the story lodge in the heart as well as in the head? Does it relate itself to their own experience and interpret some phase of life to them? Does it quicken their sympathies, arouse their ambition, and give them an onward impulse and an upward outlook? These are the vital questions.

In the next place, attention should be given to oral expression. There should be a serious effort, on the part of the children, to read the selection distinctly, pleasantly, and with feeling. The first question is, "Does the reading indicate appreciation?" and after that comes the question, "Is it read so distinctly that all can understand?"

Finally, in the oral discussion which should follow the reading of every selection comes the question, "Is the oral expression that was developed in the reading lesson carried over into the conversation?" Children may read beautifully and talk abominably. The training is ineffective if they do not apply their lesson in reading to their manner of talking. Distinctness of enunciation is an important virtue in a schoolroom. It should start in the oral reading and be a matter of constant training in the recitation until it becomes habitual in spontaneous conversation.

In order to help the pupils to enter into the spirit of the selections, a group of SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY is provided on pages 290–308. In various ways these Suggestions stimulate the pupil's interest in the reading, explain unfamiliar ideas or expressions,

direct attention to important points, and supply the basis for conversation. They fill the rôle of friendly guide, always avoiding the elaborate analysis and the "interpretations" of literature that are beyond the capacity of the children at this age.

The WORD LIST or "dictionary" at the end of the book should be used often enough to give the children a good training in finding words and learning their meaning. The children should also be encouraged to gather the meaning of a word from its context as they read, without reference to the dictionary. In both of these ways the pupil's vocabulary will be enlarged.

If teachers will use this FOURTH READER in the spirit of these observations, they will be convinced that reading is the one of the Three R's which is most far-reaching in its importance in the development of character, knowledge, and pleasing personality.

Grateful acknowledgment is made of the courtesy of the authors and publishers who have allowed the use of selections in this book: to Clinton Scollard for the poem "Bobolink," from his *Boy's Book of Rhyme;* The Century Company for "The Quest," by Eudora Bumstead; Small, Maynard and Company for "Fern Song," from the collection of *Poems* by John B. Tabb; Charles Scribner's Sons for "A Norse Lullaby" and "The Night Wind," from *Poems of Eugene Field* (copyright, 1910, by Charles Scribner's Sons), and also for the selections from *Hans Brinker, or The Silver Skates,* by Mary Mapes Dodge; Edith M. Thomas and the Houghton Mifflin Company for "Talking in their Sleep"; and E. P. Dutton and Company for "The Thrifty Deer Mouse," from *Among the Night People* by Clara Dillingham Pierson.

F. B. DYER
M. J. BRADY

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FOURTH READER

A MIDNIGHT RIDE

I

One night I had eaten my hay and was lying down in my straw fast asleep, when I was suddenly wakened. John unlocked the stable door and came in, calling out, "Wake up, Beauty! You must go well now, if ever you did."

Almost before I could think, he had the saddle on my back and the bridle on my head. He took me at a quick trot up to the Hall door. The Squire stood there with a lamp in his hand.

"Now, John," he said, "ride for your life; that is, for your mistress's life. There is not a moment to lose. Give this note to Doctor White. Give your horse a rest at the inn, and be back again as soon as you can."

John said, "Yes, sir," and was on my back in a minute.

Away we went through the park, and through the village, and down the hill. Then there was before us a long piece of level road by the river side. John said to me, "Now, Beauty, do your best;" and so I did.

I wanted no whip nor spur, and for two miles I galloped as fast as I could lay my feet to the ground. I don't believe that my old grandfather who won the race at Newmarket could have gone faster.

When we came to the bridge, John pulled me up a little and patted my neck. "Well done, Beauty! Good old fellow!" he said. He would have let me go slower, but my spirit was up, and I was off again as fast as before.

The air was frosty, and the moon was bright; it was very pleasant. We came through a village, then through a dark wood, then uphill and downhill. After an eight miles' run, we came to the town, through the streets, and into the market-place. It was all quite still except the clatter of my feet on the stones; everybody was asleep.

The church clock struck three as we drew up at Doctor White's door. John rang the bell twice, and then knocked at the door like thunder. A window was thrown up, and

Doctor White, in his nightcap, put his head out and said, "What do you want?"

"Mrs. Gordon is very ill, sir. Master wants you to go at once. He thinks she will die if you cannot get there. Here is a note."

"Wait," he said. "I will come."

He shut the window and was soon at the door.

"The worst of it is," he said, "that my horse has been out all day and is quite done up. My son has just been sent for, and he has taken the other. What is to be done? Can I have your horse?"

"He has come at a gallop nearly all the way, sir, and I was to give him a rest here. But I think my master would not be against it if you think fit, sir."

"All right," he said. "I will soon be ready."

John stood by me and stroked my neck; I was very hot. The doctor came out with his riding whip.

"You need not take that, sir," said John. "Black Beauty will go till he drops. Take care of him, sir, if you can. I should not like any harm to come to him."

I will not tell about our ride back. The doctor was a heavier man than John, and not so good a rider. However, I did my very best.

When we came to the hill, the doctor drew me up. "Now, my good fellow," he said, "take some breath." I was glad he did, for that breathing helped me on, and soon we were at the Hall door. The doctor went into the house, and Joe led me to the stable.

I was glad to get home. My legs shook under me, and I could only stand and pant. I had not a dry hair on my body. The water ran down my legs, and I steamed all over — Joe used to say, like a pot on the fire.

Poor Joe! He was young and small, and he knew very little. His father, who would have helped me, had been sent to the next village; but I am sure Joe did the very best he knew.

He rubbed my legs and my chest, but he did not put my warm cloth on me. He thought I was so hot that I would not like it. Then he gave me a pailful of water to drink. It was cold and very good, and I drank it all. Then he gave me some hay and some corn; and thinking he had done right, he went away.

Soon I began to shake and tremble, and turned deadly cold. Oh, how I wished for my warm, thick cloth! I wished for John; but he had eight miles to walk, so I lay down in my straw and tried to go to sleep.

After a long while I heard John at the door. I gave a low moan, for I was in great pain. He was at my side in a moment, stooping down by me. I could not tell him how I felt, but he seemed to know it all. He covered me up with two or three warm cloths, and then ran to the house for hot water. He made some warm gruel, which I drank, and then I think I went to sleep.

John seemed to be very much put out. I heard him say to himself, over and over again, "Stupid boy! Stupid

boy! No cloth put on, and I dare say the water was cold, too. Boys are no good." But Joe was a good boy after all.

I was now very ill. John nursed me night and day and would get up two or three times in the night to come to me.

My master, too, often came to see me. "My poor Beauty," he said one day, "my good horse! You saved your mistress's life, Beauty! Yes, you saved her life." I was very glad to hear that; for it seems the doctor had said that if we had been a little longer, it would have been too late.

II

One night when John and Tom were sitting in the stable near me, Tom said in a low voice, "I wish, John, you'd say a bit of a kind word to Joe. The boy is quite heartbroken; he can't eat his meals, and he can't smile. He says he knows it was all his fault, though he is sure he did the best he knew; and he says if Beauty dies, no one will ever speak to him again. It goes to my heart to hear him. I think you might give him just a word; he is not a bad boy."

After a short pause, John said slowly, "You must not be too hard on me, Tom. I know he meant no harm; I never said he did. I know he is not a bad boy; but that horse is the pride of my heart, and to think that his life may be flung away in this manner is more than I can bear. If you think I am hard on the boy, I will

try to give him a good word to-morrow — that is — I mean, if Beauty is better."

"Well, John, thank you. I knew you did not wish to be too hard, and I am glad you see it was only ignorance."

John's voice almost startled me as he answered, "*Only* ignorance! Only *ignorance!* How can you talk about *only* ignorance? Don't you know that it is the worst thing in the world, next to wickedness? — and which does the more mischief Heaven only knows. If people can say, 'Oh, I did not know! I did not mean any harm,' they think it is all right.

"Bill Starkey did not mean to frighten his brother into fits when he dressed up like a ghost and ran after him in the moonlight; but he did.

"You were a good deal cut up yourself, Tom, two weeks ago when those young ladies left your hothouse door open, with a frosty east wind blowing right in. You said it killed a good many of your plants."

"A good many!" said Tom. "There was not one of the tender cuttings that was not nipped off. I was nearly mad when I came in and saw what was done."

"And yet," said John, "I am sure the young ladies did not mean it. It was only ignorance!"

I heard no more of this conversation, for I went to sleep; and in the morning I felt much better. But I often thought of John's words when I came to know more of the world.

ANNA SEWELL

THE THREE GIANTS

I

It was a dull, dull day; nothing but rain, rain, rain. The old rooster walked slowly about the yard. His head was damp, his tail was wet, and he looked very unhappy. He made one faint attempt to crow, but stopped in the middle of it.

The boys laughed to hear him, and Frank tried to draw his picture on a slate, but soon rubbed it out. He tried next to draw the cat, asleep in an armchair. That pleased him no better. The fact was, Frank wanted to be out of doors.

"Oh, dear!" he said at last, "I wish there were some giants nowadays. I should like to see one of them carry this house on his shoulders and place it where the sun shines."

"Why do you talk so?" said Harry. "You know very well there never was such a thing as a real giant. All such stories are made up. For my part, I like to read about real things."

"I said I wished there were real giants," replied Frank; "and I do wish it. I once saw a man who was called a giant, but he was only a tall fellow with big bones. He could do nothing but stand up to be looked at. I should like to see one of those old giants that could do such wonderful things."

Their mother heard the boys talking and said, "What if I should tell you that there are giants now who do quite as wonderful things as any you ever read about?"

"I should like to see some of their doings," said Harry; "but I suppose Mother means some kind of riddle."

His mother smiled and said, "Well, I will tell you about three giants who are as old as the hills and very, very strong.

"The first one is very willful. If people want him to do anything, sometimes he will and sometimes he won't.

"He snaps off trees, or pulls them up by the roots. Sometimes he runs over the sea in a hurry, and piles up the waves into huge heaps, like mountains. He upsets boats, and dashes great ships to pieces against the rocks. But when he is quiet, he plays with the flowers, and they are so pleased with his whistling that they dance for joy.

"This strong giant is so obliging sometimes that he helps to make beautiful soap-bubbles, and blows them about to amuse little children. He even helps the children to whistle and play on penny trumpets.

"If you want him to do anything useful, he is seldom ready. At times he will remain drowsy for several days, and refuse to do anything, either for work or for fun. Then, perhaps, he will begin in a great hurry to do the work you want.

"Men set traps for him, and he will grind heaps of corn to powder, to get free. He does scores of other things that I have not time to tell you about now."

"What does the giant look like?" inquired Frank.

"It is very hard to say what he looks like. I often hear him singing and whistling. Sometimes in the garden he snatches the bonnet from my head, but he is off before I can catch a glimpse of him."

"Has he a name, Mother?" asked Frank.

"I don't know what he calls himself," replied his mother; "but on account of his wild ways, I call him Harry Whirligig."

II

"What is the second giant like?" asked the boys.

"Well," said their mother, "he is more quiet than his brother, but just as powerful. It is wonderful what a great weight he can carry, without minding it more than you would mind the lifting of a feather.

"He carries tons and tons of corn, and coal, and marble, and iron, thousands of miles without stopping, yet you never see the slightest scar on his back. He is a very good giant and is constantly giving aid to men and animals.

"He has many jewels. I have seen them where he has thrown them by handfuls on cobwebs or on the grass. Sometimes he hangs them in the air, and when the sun shines on them, there is a beautiful show of colors.

"He is not lazy like his brother. He saws boards and grinds corn, week after week, and never runs away and leaves his work as Harry Whirligig does.

"When he is by himself, he is quiet enough; but when he and Harry get together, they make wild work. They snap the strongest oak timbers, as if they were pipe stems, and catch up great ships of iron and smash them against the rocks.

"When he is alone, the giant is so good-natured that children can play with him. But children ought to be very sure they know how to manage him, before they trust him too much; for he is a hungry giant, and has eaten up many boys and girls, men and animals."

"What is the name of this giant?" inquired Frank.

His mother replied, "On account of his taste for fine dresses, I think I will call him Dick Silverline.

"He took it into his head to marry a very sharp-tempered fairy, with whom he was always fighting.

She was always put out if he touched her, and if she came near him, he began to swell with rage, and to spit at her, as a cat does when she sees a dog.

"She is a very hungry fairy, and will eat almost everything she comes near. She often does more harm than good because of this. But when she is well guarded, she can be very useful."

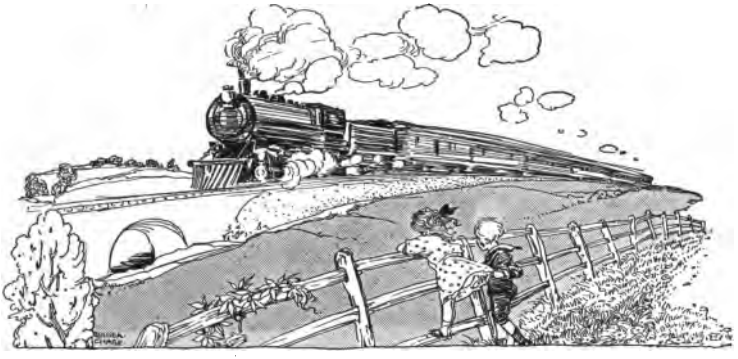
III

"Silverline and his wife had one son, who proved to be a more powerful giant than his father. But he was a lazy fellow when he was a boy. He never told anybody how strong he was, for he liked play and did not wish to be set to work.

"At length a man who had seen him lift the cover from a kettle with his little finger, said to himself, 'It is a shame for that strong fellow to go idling about as he does. If he can do so much with one of his little fingers, it is likely that he can do more heavy work than ten yoke of oxen. I must try to get him into harness.'

"But the giant didn't like to be shut up. When men caged him, he became so violent that he burst open the strongest door they could make.

"At last they managed to get him to work in good earnest. It is wonderful what he does. He pulls large ships through the sea, and on land drags after him great loads of iron and stone. He carries thousands of people long distances in a few hours.



"He is in such furious haste that, if people get in his way, he rushes over them. If anything goes wrong with him, he is more dangerous than his father or mother.

"He is not at all quiet like his father. He goes tearing along like a mad thing. He keeps up a great roaring and hissing, and is even more noisy than his uncle Whirligig.

"And yet — would you believe it? — this great giant will never stir a single step unless his father and mother are with him. When men need his services, they have

to take Silverline and his wife along with him. On account of his flurry and bluster, I call him Tom Fizz-away."

"I know him! I know him!" exclaimed Frank. "I know all these giants you have been talking about."

"Well, tell me whether they are not real giants?" said his mother.

"To be sure they are — great, strong giants, stronger than a thousand such as Jack climbed the bean-stalk to kill."

LYDIA MARIA CHILD

THE QUEST

There once was a restless boy
Who dwelt in a home by the sea,
Where the water danced for joy
And the wind was glad and free:
But he said, "Good Mother, oh! let me go;
For the dullest place in the world, I know,
Is this little brown house,
This old brown house,
Under the apple tree.

"I will travel east and west;
The loveliest homes I'll see;
And when I have found the best,
Dear Mother, I'll come for thee.

I'll come for thee in a year and a day
And joyfully then we'll haste away
From this little brown house,
This old brown house,
Under the apple tree."

So he traveled here and there,
But never content was he,
Though he saw in lands most fair
The costliest homes there be.
He something missed from the sea or sky,
Till he turned again with a wistful sigh,
To the little brown house,
The old brown house,
Under the apple tree.

Then the mother saw and smiled,
While her heart grew glad and free.
"Hast thou chosen a home, my child?
Ah, where shall we dwell?" quoth she.
And he said, "Sweet Mother, from east to west,
The loveliest home, and the dearest and best,
Is a little brown house,
An old brown house,
Under an apple tree."

EUDORA S. BUMSTEAD

HOW THE TRICKY RABBIT WAS CAUGHT

There was once a long stretch of dry weather. For weeks and weeks there was not a drop of rain. The creeks and springs dried up, and the rivers became smaller and smaller, till there was almost no water left in them.

The animals could scarcely get a drink of water anywhere. They became so thirsty that they called a council to see what should be done about it.

"Let us dig a well," said the deer.

All the animals shouted, "Yes."

"I'll help," said one. "So will I," said another and another.

They all agreed to dig — all except the rabbit. He was a lazy fellow. "I don't need to dig for water," he said. "The dew on the grass is enough for me."

It was hard work, but at last the animals finished their well. When it was done, they called another council, and all agreed to be very careful of the water. Each one promised not to drink any more than he needed, and not to waste a drop.

But the dry weather continued, and in spite of all their care, the water sank lower and lower in the well.

"We must drink even less of the water," said the animals, one to another. But the less they drank and the more thirsty they became, the lower the water sank.

All this time the animals noticed that the rabbit kept sleek and lively. Finally the fox said, "I believe that tricky rabbit steals our water at night. If he does, I'm going to catch him at it."

The fox thought and thought. Then he went to the wolf and talked it over with him. They went to the deer, and all three put their heads together.

That night when all was dark, the fox and the wolf and the deer went to the well. They carried a dark figure that looked like a wolf; but it wasn't a wolf. It was just a figure made of rags and covered with sticky gum.

The three animals set the figure up beside the well and very softly crept away.

Soon along came Mr. Rabbit. He had come for his drink of water. It was just as the fox thought; every night he had been coming to the well to get enough water to last him all the next day.

Mr. Rabbit saw the queer black figure by the well. "Who's there?" he whispered, but he got no answer.

Very carefully he crept nearer. The black figure did not stir.

Mr. Rabbit grew brave. "Get out of my way or I'll hit you," he said.

Still the black figure did not move.

The rabbit began to get angry. "Where are your manners?" he asked. "If you don't speak this minute, you'll be sorry." But the figure did not speak or move.

Then Mr. Rabbit was in a rage. "I'll teach you!"

he cried, and he struck at the creature with his paw — and of course his paw stuck fast in the gum.

Mr. Rabbit was very much surprised. "Let me go," he cried, and he pulled and pulled as hard as he could. "Let me go, or I'll kick you," he shouted.

The figure didn't let him go, so he kicked with his foot as hard as he could — and of course his foot stuck fast in the gum. There he was, bound hand and foot, and though he pulled and pulled, he could not get away.

In the morning the animals came to get water. When they saw Mr. Rabbit, they were greatly pleased.

"Aha! Good morning," said the fox slyly. "It's a great pleasure to meet you here, Mr. Rabbit."

"Yes, indeed," said the bear, "and your friend, too. Who is he, pray? You seem to be very much attached to him."

"I — I am," stammered Mr. Rabbit.

"Ha, ha!" laughed all the animals.

"Do let go of his hand and introduce him to us," said the deer.

"Oh no," said Mr. Rabbit, "I — I really can't."

"Yes, you can," said the wolf, "and you will. You've been drinking our water; that's what you've been doing. And now we're going to punish you."

"Punish me?" cried Mr. Rabbit in a weak little voice. "But you won't take me away from my friend, will you? Oh, do anything you like to me, only leave us together."

"Leave you together, indeed!" cried the wolf. "We'll do nothing of the kind." So he took hold of the figure on one side, and the fox took hold of it on the other, and away it came.

Then Mr. Rabbit laughed and gave a great leap, and was soon out of reach of all the animals.

AN AMERICAN INDIAN MYTH

ÆSOP AND HIS FABLES

Nobody really knows very much about Æsop. There is just one thing that we are sure of: he knew how to tell very good stories.

He is said to have been a slave who lived long ago in a far-off land. He was a short, ugly little man, with a dark face and sharp black eyes. Yet there was something about his face that made men like him.

The first story we know about Æsop shows how clever he was, even when he was young.

His master, having fallen into debt, felt obliged to sell some of his slaves. The slave market was in a distant city, and the slaves had to make the trip on foot, carrying with them such things as they needed on the road.

Several bundles were made up, including food, clothing, and wares for market, and just as the company was starting, their master bade each one choose a bundle. Æsop chose the largest. The other slaves laughed at him, but he picked up his bundle and set off cheerfully.

The next day the slaves did not laugh so loudly, and on the third day they scarcely laughed at all. The bundle that Æsop had chosen contained food; and although at first it was the largest, each day it became smaller. At the end of the journey, he walked merrily into town with an empty sack, while the other slaves

toiled behind, with their bundles just as heavy as when they started.

A rich merchant who had heard some of Æsop's wise sayings became interested in the strange little slave. He bought him at a high price, and never regretted the bargain.

Æsop delighted old and young, master and slaves, with his wonderful story-telling. I am sure that you have read some of his stories. People have told them again and again from that day to this.

Æsop's stories are called fables. A fable, you know, is a short story that teaches a lesson. Often fables are written about animals who talk and act like men.

It is interesting to know why old story-tellers chose this form for their stories. In olden times people were not allowed to say what they pleased, as we are. It was very unwise for a man to say that he thought the king was a foolish person, unless he was willing to lose his head. So men sometimes made up stories in which animal people told animal kings that they were unwise and foolish. In this way the story-teller could say many things that he could not have said safely in any other way.

The people liked this way of telling stories. They liked to guess what the story-teller meant. If he was clever, he could tell them of their faults and show them what they ought to do.

Æsop's new master, who was just and good, thought

that so wise a man should not be a slave, and he set Æsop free.

From that time, Æsop became a friend of wise men and a welcome visitor at the courts of kings. His sayings delighted and puzzled people. They soon saw that his stories were full of good advice. Evil doers feared him, and wise men admired and honored him.

Because of his good sense and quick wit, he was often sent by the king on missions to foreign cities. Wherever he went, men were interested in his stories. In one city he told the discontented people the story of the frogs who wished for a king. In that way he brought peace and order among those people.

It was on one of these missions for the king that Æsop lost his life.

A quarrel arose between Æsop and the people of the city to which the king had sent him. Æsop believed that the people had not acted fairly, so he refused to have any further dealings with them. He made ready to return home, taking with him the presents which the king had sent.

The people were angry at this, and were afraid of Æsop's honest and clever tongue. So they plotted against him. In his baggage they hid a golden cup from their temple, and then let him depart. But when he was outside the city, they hurried after him and accused him of stealing the golden cup. Without allowing him to prove his innocence, they put him to death.

Many years afterward the city of Athens erected a monument to this wise story-telling slave. But the greatest monument to Æsop's fame is in the pages of thousands of story books from that day to this.

THE FROGS WHO WISHED FOR A KING

Some frogs once lived in a pond. They had a good home and all the food they wished, but they were not content.

"Oh, that we had a king!" they said. So they begged Jupiter to give them one.

"Well, here is a king," he said; "a good one for you." And he threw them a log.

Splish, splash! came King Log.

The frogs were frightened. They hid, some in the mud, some in the reeds. For a long time not one would even look out from his hiding place. But King Log lay still.

At last the frogs said, "He is sleeping."

One by one they came out from the mud and the reeds, and went near him. One frog jumped on his back and said, "Oh, this king is only a log."

So they went back to Jupiter. "Give us a king that has life," they said.

Jupiter sent them an eel; it went in and out, and here and there. "It is too small, and does not look like a king," said the frogs.

Again they went to Jupiter. "Give us another king," they said. "We wish one that can rule over us."

"Do you indeed wish some one to rule over you?" asked Jupiter. "That you shall have. Now go. I have listened to you for the last time."

He sent a stork to the pond.

"How great he is!" said the frogs. "How tall! This is a king indeed!"

King Stork stood still a little while. Then he put his long bill down into the water. Up it came with a frog, which he ate. He caught another and another.

The frogs tried in vain to get away. Go where they would, the stork came after them. For breakfast, dinner, and supper, he ate frogs, till there was not one left in the whole pond.

How much better it would have been for them if they had been content!

ÆSOP

THE BUNDLE OF STICKS

A man had seven sons who quarreled with one another. He begged them to live in peace, but his words did no good.

One day he called his sons to him and showed them seven sticks tied together. He handed this bundle to one of the boys.

"Break this, my son," he said.

The boy tried hard, but the bundle was too strong. He was not able to break it.

The second boy tried also, but he could not break the bundle.

Each of the others tried in turn, but each tried in vain. Not one of the boys was able to break the bundle of sticks.

"We will try another way," said the father. "I will untie the bundle."

He gave the boys the sticks to break one by one. This was not hard to do. The sticks snapped easily in their fingers.

Then the father said, "My sons, you are strong, like the sticks, when you are united. But, like them, you are always weak when each is by himself and for himself."

Æsop

THE TREASURE IN THE VINEYARD

There was once a man who owned a beautiful vineyard. He toiled in it early and late so that it might bring forth a great harvest.

This man had three sons, who were lazy and were never willing to help their father. This grieved him greatly. He often wondered what would become of his vineyard after he died. He tried to think of some way to make his sons take care of it.

At last the old man felt that he could not live much longer. He called his sons to him and said, "To you three boys I give my vineyard — and the treasure that lies therein."

In great surprise, the sons said to one another, "What can our father mean? Surely he must have buried gold and silver in the vineyard. We will plow it carefully. We must let no one else dig there or we shall lose the treasure."

After their father's death, the sons set to work, and day after day they toiled in the vineyard. They dug up every inch of ground around the vines, but though they searched carefully, they did not find the gold or silver treasure.

With such good care, the vineyard brought forth more than ever before. The vines were loaded with beautiful grapes.

It came time to gather the harvest, and still the sons had found no gold or silver treasure. But as they walked through the vineyard in the evening and looked upon the grapes, they understood their father's words.

They said to one another, "Our father was very wise. Truly the treasure was in the vineyard. It only needed digging to bring it forth."

ÆSOP

HERCULES AND THE LAZY MAN

A man was once driving a heavy load along a muddy road. The wheels sank into the mud, and the more the horses pulled, the deeper sank the wheels.

The man did not try to help the horses. He dropped on his knees and prayed to the mighty Hercules, son of Jupiter.

"Oh, Hercules," he cried. "Look upon my trouble and help me."

Then Hercules spoke to him, saying, "Get up and put your shoulder to the wheel. Urge on your horses. Heaven helps those who help themselves."

ÆSOP

Labor as well as wait; time ripens the corn, but will not plow the field.

WE THANK THEE

For flowers that bloom about our feet,
For tender grass, so fresh, so sweet,
For song of bird and hum of bee,
For all things fair we hear or see,
Father in heaven, we thank Thee.

For blue of stream and blue of sky,
For pleasant shade of branches high,
For fragrant air and cooling breeze,
For beauty of the blooming trees,
Father in heaven, we thank Thee.

For mother-love and father-care,
For brothers strong and sisters fair,
For love at home and here each day,
For guidance, lest we go astray,
Father in heaven, we thank Thee.

For this new morning with its light,
For rest and shelter of the night,
For health and food, for love and friends,
For everything Thy goodness sends,
Father in heaven, we thank Thee.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

THE STORY OF AN INDIAN PRINCESS

I

The Home of Pocahontas

If we should sail up the James River to-day, we should see a broad, beautiful river with pleasant homes along its banks.

Suppose we could have seen this river three hundred years ago. Its waters were just as broad and beautiful as they are now. But as far as the eye could reach, there was not a house, nor school, nor church. All along the river there was not a single white man. Only Indians lived there.

The homes of the Indians were built of saplings, or little trees, that had been fastened together at the top and covered with bark. There were no windows and no chimneys in these homes, and the doors were only mats which were hung across openings in the sides.

In an Indian village on the James River, there was one home that was much larger and finer than those around it. It was the home of a great chief. Early one winter morning the mat hanging at the door of this house was raised and out came an Indian woman, the chief's wife. She carried a little baby.

Straight down to the river went the Indian woman. With a stick she broke the ice on the water, and then

dipped her baby into the hole which she had made. How the poor little thing shivered! Do you think its mother was very cruel? She did not mean to be.

"I wish my little one to be strong," she said. "I wish to harden her so that she can bear all kinds of weather. So I dip her into the river every morning. That is what my mother did to me."

Because of the cold bath, or in spite of it, the little girl grew up strong and active. She had a red-brown face and bright black eyes, and her black hair was long and straight. She wore a dress of deerskin trimmed with beads. In all kinds of weather she played outdoors; she climbed trees and went wading and made grapevine swings.

One day as she was playing about her father's home, a man came running swiftly, bringing news to the chief. The little girl ran across his path and tripped him so that he fell. "Pocahontas, Pocahontas!" laughed the Indian men and women.

"Pocahontas" is the Indian word for "little tomboy." After that, people always called the chief's daughter Pocahontas.

The father of Pocahontas was named Powhatan. He was tall, and very strong, although he was an old man. In his young days he had been a great warrior, and now he was chief over many tribes.

He had many children, but of them all he loved best the little Pocahontas; and she dearly loved her strong,

brave father. "How grand he is!" she thought when she saw him dressed for a feast or a fight.

He wore a mantle of skin trimmed with beads. When it was cold, he put on a large mantle made of fur. He did not wear shoes like yours and mine. On his feet were moccasins, soft shoes made of deerskin. In no other shoes could he walk or run so well.

He wore shells and pearls about his neck, and in his hair the feathers of wild birds. His face and shoulders were painted red. His mantle and his moccasins were marked with bright colors, too.

II

The Coming of the White Men

One spring day an Indian boy was fishing in Powhatan's river when far away he saw a speck on the water. "It is a canoe coming up the stream," he said to himself.

It came nearer. It was larger than the chief's largest canoe, and it had sails. The boy had never before seen a ship with sails.

"Those are wings," he thought. "That is a strange new kind of bird flying on the water."

Nearer and nearer came the ship. The boy was afraid of it, so he hid in the bushes and watched. Soon it came near enough for his keen eyes to see the men on board. Their faces were fair, and many of them had blue eyes and light hair. He heard their voices; they

were speaking strange words which he could not understand.

He ran home with his wonderful news. "White men have come," he said. "They are on Powhatan's river near our village."

Up stream came the strangers, laughing and singing with delight. Their long, tiresome voyage was over, and at last they had reached the wished-for land.

"We have sailed across the ocean east of America," said the men. "There must be an ocean west of it, too. Perhaps it is just behind that hill."

The little Pocahontas might have told them better.

"Oh, no, no, sirs!" she might have said. "The ocean is not behind that hill nor the next. There are rivers and hills and hills and rivers ahead of you. It would take you a long time to cross our great land."

There was no one to tell the white men this. They looked for the western ocean a great many years before they found out that it was three thousand miles away.

There was something else for which these men were searching. At each step, they expected to find a mine of gold. "We shall get so much gold that we can use it to make pots and kettles," they thought. "As for precious stones, we shall pick them up here like pebbles on the shore."

They named the river up which they sailed the James, in honor of their king at home in England.

"We will build a town here by the river James," they said. "We will name it, too, for our king. It shall be called Jamestown."

III

Captain John Smith

Among these Englishmen there was a brave, wise man. He saved the little band of white men at Jamestown, first from starving, and then from being killed by the Indians. This man was Captain John Smith.

Most of the men at Jamestown wished to spend their time looking for gold and for the western ocean.

"There is something we need more than gold," said

Captain Smith. "We need food. It is all well enough to look for the ocean, but first we must find corn."

He went among the Indians of Powhatan's tribe to get food. Sometimes they would not sell their corn. "We have no more than we need ourselves," they said. They offered a handful of corn for a sword, and asked for a red coat in exchange for one small piece of bread. These were Indian jokes.

There were many idle men at Jamestown. They did not wish to cut wood and build houses and clear fields for corn.

"He who will not work shall not eat," said Captain Smith. Of course all wanted to eat, so all had to work. They could not complain of Captain Smith, for he worked with them, always taking the hardest part as his share.

The men soon grew tired of cutting down trees, and their hands became blistered by the heavy axes. Captain Smith heard the men speaking bad words. "You must not do that," he said.

But the men did not stop. The more their hands became blistered, the more bad words they used.

"If I cannot stop you in one way, perhaps I can in another," said Captain Smith. So he had a man count all the bad words which the woodcutters used. At night, for every such word that a man had spoken, a can of cold water was poured up his sleeve. After that, the woodcutters soon learned to use better language.

One day Smith went up the river to learn something about the unknown country. He left his boat and was

walking through the woods, when all at once he heard the war-cry of the Indians. The woods seemed alive with men, armed with clubs and tomahawks. There was no way to escape, so he had to give himself up to the Indians, and they took him to one of their villages.

The next day he heard the Indians talking together. He had learned enough of their language to understand that they were going to send messengers to Jamestown. They wished to find out how many white men were living there. "Some day," said the Indians, "we shall attack them and kill them all."

Captain Smith at once wrote a letter to his friends and asked one of the Indians to take it to Jamestown. In the letter he warned his friends of the Indians' plans and told them what they must do to frighten the Indians. He also asked them to send him certain things.

The Indians did not know anything about writing. They had no pens and ink and paper, and no A, B, C's. When they wished to send a message, they took a piece of skin or bark and made pictures on it with the juice of berries. There were no pictures on Captain Smith's letter, so the Indians did not understand how it could carry a message.

When the Indians reached Jamestown, the white men came out to meet them. As soon as they had read the letter, they did just what Captain Smith told them to do. Back went the Indians, carrying the things for which he had asked.

They said, "What a wonderful man this is! He made the paper alive. He made it speak to men far away." They were afraid of the strange white men. They were afraid to go to Jamestown to fight.

One day the Indians showed Captain Smith a bag of gunpowder which they had taken from the white men. "We are saving it till spring," they said. "Then we are going to plant it and raise a great crop."

Captain Smith smiled, for he thought this was the best use they could make of gunpowder. He did not wish them to use it in fighting against his people.

After a while he was taken to the village where the great chief Powhatan lived. Men and women and children went to see the wonderful white man. Among them

went Pocahontas, the little daughter of Powhatan. She was then about twelve years old.

She pitied the stranger so far from his friends and was kind to him. He made bells and beads for her, and told her stories of his home across the ocean. Soon the princess and the prisoner became firm friends.

One day Powhatan said, "Now, what shall we do with this white man?"

The Indians talked a long time before they agreed what to do, but at last they decided that their prisoner must be killed. They were afraid of him. They wanted to frighten the white men and drive them from the country.

Captain Smith was dragged out before the chief, and two strong Indians stood ready with their heavy clubs raised to strike him. But he had one friend among the Indians — the little princess Pocahontas. She begged her father to spare the life of the white man.

The great chief loved his little daughter so much that he could not refuse her. So Captain Smith was saved, and after a while Powhatan let him go back to his friends.

Pocahontas soon went to see him at Jamestown and made friends with the white men there. After that she often visited these new friends. With her she brought Indians bearing baskets of corn. No wonder the men at Jamestown called her the "dear and blessed Pocahontas," for more than once she saved them from starving.

IV

The Indian Princess Visits England

Seven years had gone by, since the day when the Englishmen landed at Jamestown. Pocahontas was a child no longer. She was a woman now, brave and gentle, beautiful and lovable.

"In all the world there is not a nobler woman," thought John Rolfe, an English gentleman. He asked her to become his wife, and on a fair April day they were married in the little church at Jamestown.

From that day, there was peace between Powhatan and the white men. "There has been enough of blood and war," said the chief. "I am now grown old. I would gladly end my days in peace and quiet."

When they had been married about two years, John Rolfe said, "Let us visit England. Let us go back to see my old home."

So he and Pocahontas, with their little son Thomas, set sail upon the ocean. With them went several Indian men and women. One of them was Tomocomo, who had married a sister of Pocahontas.

"Tomocomo," said Powhatan, "I wish you to count all the people you see in England. When you come back, tell me how many there are. Tell me, too, if they have any corn and trees in their country."

After many long days and nights on the ocean, Pocahontas at last heard the cry of "Land! land!" They

were drawing near the green shores of England. How glad they all were when they were safely on shore!

Tomocomo carried in his hand a long stick. He had a knife ready, so that he could make a notch for each person that he saw. How many people were coming and going! Notch after notch he made on his stick. At last there was not room for another, and still the people came and went. "Not on this stick can I tell Powhatan the number of the white men," said Tomocomo, and he threw it away.

Pocahontas made many friends in England. The king and queen treated her with honor because she was the daughter of a great chief, and everywhere the people were eager to see the Indian princess.

She found England a pleasant land. "I wonder that men should leave their homes here," she said, "to come to a strange, wild land like ours."

At last the time drew near for the ship to return to Virginia, and John Rolfe and his wife made ready to sail. But alas! Pocahontas was never to return to her native land. She was taken ill and died in England.

Her little son spent his boyhood with English friends. Then he came to make his home in the New World. There are boys and girls in Virginia to-day who are the far-off grandchildren of the Indian princess Pocahontas.

The Indian men and women who had gone with her returned to their homes. "How many are the white men?" asked Powhatan; and Tomocomo answered,

"Count the stars in the sky, the leaves on the trees, and the sands upon the seashore. Such is the number of the people in England."

Year after year has passed. The country of Powhatan belongs to the white men now. There, too, they are in number as the stars in the sky, the leaves on the trees, and the sands upon the seashore.

GOD BLESS OUR NATIVE LAND

God bless our native land;
Firm may she ever stand
  Through storm and night:
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do Thou our country save
  By Thy great might.

For her our prayers shall rise
To God, above the skies;
  On Him we wait;
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To thee aloud we cry,
  God save the State.

SIEGFRIED A. MAHLMANN

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

Hans Christian Andersen has been called the most famous story-teller in the world. He wrote poems and novels and plays for grown-up people, but it was the little fairy tales for children that made him famous. He lived in Denmark and his stories were written in the Danish language, but they have been translated so that children everywhere can read them.

Hans grew up in the village of Odense, where he lived in a small house of only one room. In this room stood his father's workbench, where he made wooden shoes for the townspeople, while his wife was busy keeping everything bright and shining. Sometimes she climbed a ladder to the roof of their house — and why do

you suppose she did that? To pick vegetables! The only place where she could make a vegetable garden was in a big box on the roof.

All the week the father worked busily, but on Sundays he often took little Hans for a walk in the woods. Sometimes he made toys for the boy, and told him wonderful stories from *The Arabian Nights*.

There were many pictures on the walls of their home, and over the shoemaker's bench there was a cupboard of books. He loved to read and to dream of the books he might have written himself, if he had not been too poor even to go to school. He hoped that Hans, his only son, could have a good education, but he never even dreamed that the boy would become a great author.

One day when he was very young, Hans went to the theater with his father and mother. This is what he told about it long afterwards:

"As to my dress, I was rather spruce. An old woman altered my father's clothes for me. My mother fastened three or four large pieces of silk with pins on my breast, and that had to do for a vest. A large kerchief was tied round my neck with a mighty bow. My head was washed with soap, and my hair curled; and then I was in all my glory. In that attire I went with my parents for the first time to the theater."

His father died when the boy was only ten years old, and then his mother had to go out to work. Hans played at home by himself and spent long hours in the

Land of Make-believe, where strange and wonderful things happened to him.

He began to write verses when he was twelve years old. A little later he wrote plays too, which he used to read aloud to the neighbors. One day some one objected to the speeches of the king and queen in his play. Hans ran home and asked his mother how a king and queen ought to speak, for he was sure that they did not use the same language as other people.

It was many years, his mother said, since a king had been in Odense, but she thought that he spoke a foreign language.

"Then I must change my play," said Hans to himself. He found a book in which there were French, German, and English words, and selected a few words from each of these languages. He added these strange words to the Danish speeches of the king and queen in his play. He felt sure that this would be quite suitable for such important persons — even though no one could understand what they said!

Hans Andersen kept on writing plays and poems, and when he was twenty-four years old, some of them were published. His first play that was acted on the stage was a great success, and he soon became one of the most popular writers in Denmark.

His first book of fairy tales was printed in 1835. After that, he published collections of stories for children every few years. These books contained the story of the

Ugly Duckling, the Little Tin Soldier, the Little Match Girl, and many others that you have probably read.

Andersen lived alone all his life, but hosts of friends made him happy wherever he went. When he grew old, a young boy took care of him like a loving son. This boy walked through the town with him on sunny days, and on rainy days sat by his side, listening to some new fairy story from the dear old man.

When he died, the king of Denmark came to do honor to him, and a great company of children scattered flowers in the church where the last services were held. Hans Andersen will always be remembered as the children's friend.

THE SILVER SHILLING

I

Once upon a time a silver shilling came fresh and bright from the mint. As it came springing and ringing forth, it cried in its clear voice, "Hurrah! Now I'm off into the wide world."

So out into the world went the shining coin to pass from hand to hand. The child's eyes sparkled with joy as he held it fast in his warm fingers. The miser seized the coin and grasped it in his cold, damp hand. Careful people turned it over and over, while the careless immediately let it roll again.

After it had been a whole year in its own country, the silver shilling thought it had seen a great deal of the world. But one day it really did go out into the world, for it lay in the bottom of the purse of a man who went to travel in foreign lands. He did not know that he had the shilling till one day he found it in his hand.

"Why, here's a shilling from home," he cried. "Well, it must go on its travels with me now." And the shilling sprang and rang for joy as it was put back into the purse.

There it lay among strange companions who were always coming and going, one giving place to another; but the shilling was always left in the purse.

Many weeks passed. The shilling learned from the other coins that they were French and Italian, and heard that now they were in this town and now in that; but it could not make out exactly what they meant. He who lives in a bag sees nothing of the world, and this was the case with the shilling.

One day the shilling noticed that the purse was not quite closed, so it crept up to the opening to have a peep. Now it certainly ought not to have done that, but it was inquisitive and it had to pay for it. It came too near the edge of the purse and slipped out into the pocket, and when the purse was taken out at night, the shilling was left behind. It went out into the hall with the clothes, and there it fell upon the floor. No one heard it and no one saw it.

The next morning it was picked up from the floor

and soon found itself in the company of three other coins. "Ah," thought the shilling, "this is pleasant. I shall now really see the world and come to know other people and their ways."

"What is this?" cried a voice at that moment. "This is not a coin of our country. It is false; it is good for nothing!"

II

We will let the shilling tell the rest of the story in its own words.

"False! Good for nothing!" That remark cut me like a knife. I knew that I was made of good silver, and that I had the right stamp and the true ring. These people must be mistaken, or they could not mean me. But yes — I was the one they called "false and good for nothing."

"I must pay it away in the dark," said the man who had me. So I was passed in the dark, and scolded again in the daylight, and called "false and good for nothing."

"Oh, I must try to get lost again," thought I. So I trembled in the fingers of people who tried to pass me off as a coin of the country. Poor, unhappy shilling that I was! Of what use were my silver, my stamp, and my real value when nobody cared for them?

It must be fearful to have a bad conscience and to creep along in wicked ways. As for me, I could not help trembling, simply because men thought evil of me. Every time

I was taken out, I shrank from people's eyes, for I knew I should be thrown on the table and called a cheat.

At length I came to a poor old woman as her pay for a hard day's work. She could not get rid of me; no one would take me and I was a great trouble to her.

"I really must pass this coin to somebody," she said one night. "But, no, that is wrong, after all."

Then looking at me in a kind, friendly way, she said, "I will not try to cheat any one with you. I will bore a hole through you, so that every one may know you are false. Yes; I will bore a hole in you, draw a bit of ribbon through the hole, and hang you around the neck of my neighbor's little boy."

So she bored a hole through me. It was not a pleasant thing to have a hole bored through me, but one can bear much when things are well meant. A ribbon was passed through the hole, and I became a kind of medal. I was hung around the neck of a little child, and the child smiled on me.

In the morning his mother picked me up in her fingers and looked at me. Then she took out a pair of scissors and cut the ribbon. "We'll see what we can do with this," said she. She filled up the hole, rubbed me a little, and at last when it was getting dark, she passed me to a man from whom she bought something.

How wretched I was! I knew that I should again be called false and be flung aside — right before a whole crowd of coins; but this time I escaped. The man

was very busy, and I was tossed into a box with the other coins.

The very next day I was again recognized as a bad coin, and was laid aside. I was sent out again to cheat — always to cheat. It is hard to endure such treatment when one really has a good character.

For more than a year I was thus passed from hand to hand, and from house to house, always scolded and always unwelcome. That was a terrible time.

At last I was one day given to a traveler who thought I was a good coin. When he tried to pass me on, I again heard the old cry, "False! Good for nothing."

"It was given to me as a good coin," said the traveler,

looking at me closely. Suddenly his whole face smiled such a smile as I had not seen for a long time.

"Why, how's that?" said he. "It is a coin of my own country — a good honest shilling from home. They have bored a hole through it and call it false. That's very funny! I shall keep you and take you home with me, old fellow!"

Such a thrill of joy passed through me! To be once more called a good honest shilling, and told that I should go home, where everybody would know that I was made of good silver and bore the right stamp!

I was wrapped in fine white paper, so that I might not get mixed with the other coins and go astray. When the traveler met people from our own country, I was handed around and praised. They thought I was very interesting; it is strange that one can sometimes be thought much of without saying a single word for one's self.

At last I reached home, and all my troubles were at an end. Once more I was filled with joy; for was I not good silver, and had I not the right stamp?

It is true there was a hole through me as if I were false. But what did that matter as long as I was really true? Everything comes right in the end if we only wait long enough — that's my belief.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

THE BUCKWHEAT

When you pass a field of buckwheat after a thunderstorm, you will often find it looking blackened and singed, as if a flame of fire had swept over it. Peasants say, "The lightning has caused this." But why did the lightning blacken the buckwheat?

I will tell you what I heard from the sparrow, who was told by an old willow tree standing near a field of buckwheat. It was a large, imposing old willow tree, although somewhat crippled by old age and split in the middle; grass and a bramble-bush grew in the cleft. The tree was bending down its branches so that they nearly touched the ground, hanging down like long green hair.

In all the neighboring fields grew corn, and also oats — splendid oats indeed, which looked, when they were ripe, like many little yellow canary birds on a branch. The corn was lovely to look at, and many of the very largest and best ears were hanging down, as if to show their humility.

Close by, right opposite the old willow tree, was a field of buckwheat. The buckwheat did not bend down like the corn, but stood proudly and stiffly upright.

"I am certainly as well off as the corn," it said. "I am, in addition to this, much better looking. My flowers are as beautiful as the blossoms of the apple tree. It must be a pleasure to look at me and my companions.

Do you know anything more magnificent than we are, old willow tree?"

The willow tree nodded its head, as if it wished to say, "Yes, certainly, I do."

The buckwheat, full of pride, spread its leaves and said, "This stupid old tree! It is so old that grass is growing out of its trunk."

Soon a heavy thunderstorm arose. All the flowers in the field folded their leaves or bowed their little heads, while the storm passed over them; but the buckwheat remained proudly standing upright.

"Bend your head, as we do," said the flowers.

"Why should I?" asked the buckwheat.

"Bend your head, as we do," said the corn. "The lightning, the angel of the storm, is approaching; his wings reach from the clouds down to the ground. He will cut you in two, before you can cry for mercy."

"But I refuse to bend my head," said the buckwheat.

"Close up your flowers and bend down your leaves," cried the old willow tree. "Do not look up at the lightning when it tears the clouds. Even mankind can't do that, for while a flash of lightning lasts, one can look into heaven, and that dazzles even mankind. What, then, would happen to us, the plants of the earth, which are so greatly inferior to men, if we dared do so?"

"Why greatly inferior?" said the buckwheat. "If you cannot give a better reason, I will look up into heaven." And in its boundless pride it did look up.

Suddenly came a flash of lightning, which was so strong that it seemed for a moment as if the whole world were in flames.

When the storm was over, the flowers and the corn stood refreshed by the rain in the pure, still air. But the buckwheat was burnt by the lightning, and had become a dead, useless weed.

The wind moved the branches of the old willow tree, so that large drops of water fell down from its green leaves, as if the tree were weeping.

"Why do you cry?" asked the sparrows. "Blessings are showered upon us all. Look how the sun shines, and how the clouds sail on! Why do you cry, old willow tree?"

Then the willow told them of the pride of the buckwheat, and of the punishment which it had to suffer. I who tell you this story have heard it from the sparrows. They related it to me one night when I asked them for a tale.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

TALKING IN THEIR SLEEP

(The Apple Tree)

"You think I am dead,"
The apple tree said,
"Because I have never a leaf to show;
Because I stoop,
And my branches droop,
And the dull gray mosses over me grow.

But I am alive in trunk and shoot;
The buds of next May
I fold away, —
But I pity the withered grass at my root."

(The Grass)
"You think I am dead,"
The quick grass said,
"Because I have parted with stem and blade;
But under the ground
I am safe and sound,
With the snow's thick blanket over me laid.
I'm all alive, and ready to shoot,
Should the spring of the year
Come dancing here, —
But I pity the flower without branch or root."

(The Flower)
"You think I am dead,"
A soft voice said,
"Because not a branch or a root I own.
I never have died,
But close I hide
In the plumy seed that the wind has sown.
Patient I wait through the long winter hours;
You will see me again, —
I shall laugh at you then,
Out of the eyes of a hundred flowers."

EDITH M. THOMAS

THE HILLMAN AND THE HOUSEWIFE

It is well known that the Fairy People cannot abide meanness. They like to be treated generously when they beg or borrow of the human race; and, on the other hand, to those who come to them in need, they are always generous.

Now there once lived a certain housewife who had a sharp eye to her own interests, and gave alms of things for which she had no use.

One day a Hillman knocked at her door. "Can you lend us a saucepan, good mother?" said he. "There's a wedding in the hill, and all the pots are in use."

"Is he to have one?" asked the servant lass who had opened the door.

"Aye, to be sure," answered the housewife; "one must be neighborly."

But when the maid was taking a saucepan from the shelf, the housewife pinched her arm and whispered sharply, "Not that! Get the old one out of the cupboard. It leaks, and the Hillmen are so neat, and such nimble workers, that they are sure to mend it before they send it home. So one obliges the Fairy People, and saves sixpence in tinkering!"

So the maid fetched the saucepan, which had been laid by until the tinker's next visit, and gave it to the Hillman, who thanked her and went away.

In due time the saucepan was returned, and as the housewife had foreseen, it was neatly mended and ready for use.

At supper time the maid filled the pan with milk and set it on the fire for the children's supper. But in a few minutes the milk was so burned and smoked that no one could touch it, and even the pigs refused to drink it.

"Ah, you good-for-nothing!" cried the housewife, as she refilled the pan herself. "You would ruin the richest with your carelessness! There's a whole quart of good milk wasted at once!"

"*And that's twopence!*" cried a voice which seemed to come from the chimney, in a whining tone, like some discontented old body going over her grievances.

The housewife had not left the saucepan for two minutes, when the milk boiled over, and it was all burned and smoked as before.

"The pan must be dirty," muttered the woman in great vexation, "and there are two full quarts of milk as good as thrown to the dogs."

"*And that's fourpence,*" added the voice from the chimney.

After a thorough cleaning, the saucepan was once more filled and set on the fire, but with no better success. The milk was hopelessly spoiled again.

The housewife shed tears of anger at the waste, crying, "Never before did such a thing befall me since I kept house! Three quarts of new milk burned for one meal."

"*And that's sixpence,*" cried the voice in the chimney. "You didn't save the tinkering after all, mother!"

At that, the Hillman himself came tumbling down from the chimney and went off laughing through the door. But thenceforward the saucepan was as good as any other.

JULIANA H. EWING

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

Once upon a time a dreadful thing happened to the town of Hamelin. This dreadful thing was a plague of rats. Where they all came from is more than I know, but every one says that so many rats were never seen together, before or since.

Such rats as they were, too! They fought the dogs, and killed the cats, and bit the babies in the cradles.

No one knew what was in the cupboard from one meal to the next, for the rats ate the cheeses out of the vats and licked the soup from the cooks' own ladles.

The people of Hamelin decided that something must be done. "What is the use of having a mayor and a council," they said, "if they can't find a way to save us from these rats?"

So they marched in a body to the Town Hall. "Rouse up, sirs!" cried the people. "You must get rid of the rats, or we'll turn you out."

At this, the mayor and his council were very much

frightened. They talked for an hour, but it did no good.

"Oh!" cried the mayor, "oh, for a trap, a trap, a trap!"

Just as he said this, there came a gentle tap at the door. Everybody jumped, thinking it was a rat.

"Come in," cried the mayor, trying to look brave, and in came the strangest figure!

His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red.
And he himself was tall and thin
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
But lips where smiles went out and in.

"Well, well," said the councilmen, "who is this?"

Up came the stranger to the council table. "Please, your honors," said he, "I have the power to draw all creatures to follow me. Men call me the Pied Piper."

"Pied Piper!" whispered the councilmen. "To be sure! He's pied, because he's half of yellow and half of red; and he's a piper, because he plays on a pipe."

"Now," went on the stranger, "if I can rid your town of rats, will you give me a thousand guilders?"

A thousand guilders is a great deal of money, for one guilder is about forty cents. But the mayor was so delighted that he cried out, "One? Fifty thousand!" And all the councilmen cried after him, "Fifty thousand, gladly!"

Then with a little smile the piper stepped out into the street and put his pipe to his lips.

He had not blown three notes before suddenly there was a muttering and a noise like many feet. Then quickly

> The muttering grew to a grumbling,
> And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling,
> And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.

There were great rats and small rats, lean rats and fat rats, brown rats, black rats, and gray rats, old rats and young rats.

> Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
> Families by tens and dozens,
> Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives,
> Followed the piper for their lives.
>
> From street to street, he piped advancing,
> And step for step, they followed dancing,
> Until they came to the river Weser.

When the rats reached the river, they were going so fast that they could not stop and so they all fell into the water and were drowned.

Then, such a time as there was! You should have heard the Hamelin people ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple.

Everybody began at once to fill up the rat holes. The people were so busy trying to forget the rats that they quite forgot the piper. They were very much surprised

when he suddenly appeared and said, "First, if you please, my thousand guilders."

The mayor looked astonished. "Why, the idea!" he said, "to pay this sum to a wandering fellow, with a gypsy coat of red and yellow! The rats are dead and can't come back. Why should we pay a thousand guilders? Come, take fifty."

"Do not put me off," answered the piper. "I can't wait. Give me my money. If you make me angry, you may find that I can pipe after another fashion."

"What?" said the mayor, "do you threaten us? Well, then, do your worst. Blow your pipe there till you burst!"

Then out stepped the piper once more into the street and put his pipe to his lips. Before he had blown three notes, there was a rustling and the sound of little wooden

shoes and little voices. Then lo! out came the children running.

All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls;
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

The mayor and the council and all the people seemed changed to wood. They could not move; they could not cry out. They could only stand there and watch their children skipping away.

On went the piper with the children after him, until they came to a hill outside the town.

"Now," said the mayor, "they must surely stop."

Then lo! as the piper reached the hill, a great door suddenly opened in the side of it. In went the piper, and the children followed.

And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain side shut fast.

That was the last that was ever heard of the Pied Piper and the children of Hamelin.

Where they went, no one can tell. We only know what was told by a little lame boy. He could not dance as fast as the other children, so he was left behind when the great door shut.

He was always sad because he had been cut off from

his playmates. He said that the piper had promised to take them to a joyous land where everything was strange and new and beautiful. In that land his poor lame leg would have been made straight, and now he must go limping all his life.

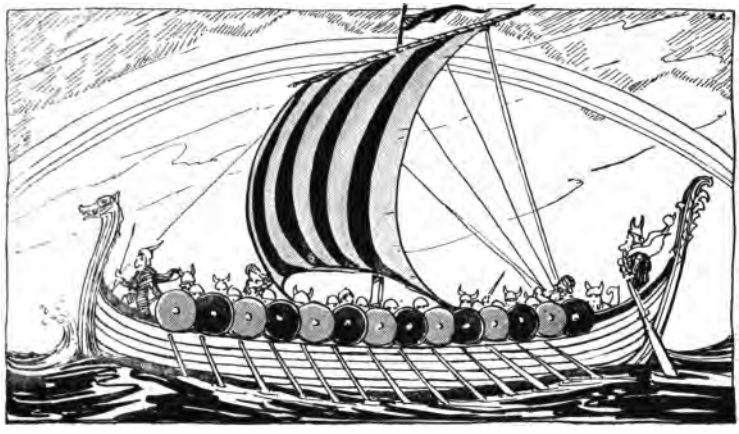
The mayor sent to the east and west and north and south to find the piper, and offer him gold and silver to his heart's content, if only he would bring back the children. But they never could find him.

So you see that the people of Hamelin paid a high price for the lesson that they learned — to do whatever they promised and to pay whatever they owed.

BASED ON ROBERT BROWNING'S POEM

A SALUTE TO THE FLAG

Flag of our great republic,
Whose stars and stripes stand for bravery, purity, truth, and union, —
We salute thee!
We, the children of this land,
Who find rest under thy folds, —
We pledge our lives, our hearts, and sacred honor to protect thee,
Our country, and the liberty of the American people —
Forever!



THE NORSE GODS

Many, many years ago the brave Norsemen sailed the seas in their great ships. They were a fierce, strong people, like the cold North from which they came. No sea was too stormy for them to sail, and their ships traveled farther than any others of that time.

These Norsemen, like the other people of Long Ago, thought that gods and goddesses lived in the sea, the wind, the flowers, and in everything else in the world.

The home of the great Norse gods was Asgard, a shining city on the top of a beautiful mountain overlooking the earth. The rainbow was the bridge that led up from earth to this dwelling place of the gods.

In Asgard lived Odin, the ruler of all. No one else, in Asgard or on earth, was so wise as Odin. His wife, Frigga, was the beautiful goddess of the sky.

Thor was another of the Asas, as the great Norse gods were called. It was he who sent the rain clouds and with his hammer made the thunder roar. Golden-haired Sif, his wife, brought soft rain and sunshine to feed the plants and flowers.

There were many other gods in Asgard, and among them was Loki the mischief-maker. He was really only half god. He belonged to the race of giants, whom all men feared and all the gods hated. Somehow or other, Loki had come to live in Asgard and he was always making trouble there.

The gods often came to earth, but it almost never happened that a man saw the walls of Asgard. Once, however, a king paid a visit to the gods and even talked with great Odin himself. Then suddenly there was a great noise and a great light. The king found himself alone at the foot of the beautiful mountain and saw Asgard no more.

He went home to his people and told of the wonderful things he had seen and heard in the land of Odin. That is how the Norsemen came to know the stories of the gods.

During the cold winter evenings in the Northland, the fathers and mothers and boys and girls used to sit around the great wood fires listening to these stories of Asgard. The wind roaring outside sounded like the storm giant shaking his wings or like the rumbling of Thor's chariot as he dashed over the top of the pine trees.

These Norse gods have never been forgotten. To-day we are reminded of them by the names of the days of the week. Thursday is Thor's day, and Friday is Frigga's day.

The great Odin was called Woden too, and his day is Wednesday. If the Norse people wished to be sure of a good crop, they sowed the seed on Woden's day, for they were sure that he watched over the planting and harvesting of the earth-dwellers.

HOW THE QUEEN OF THE SKY GAVE GIFTS TO MEN

This is the tale which the Norsemen tell of Frigga, Queen of the Asas.

By the side of All-Father Odin, upon his high seat in Asgard, sat Frigga, his wife, the Queen of the Asas. Sometimes she was dressed in snow-white garments, bound at the waist by a golden girdle. The earth-dwellers, gazing into the sky, admired the great white clouds as they floated across the blue, not seeing that these clouds were really the folds of Frigga's white robe, as it waved in the wind.

At other times she wore dark gray or purple garments; and then the earth-dwellers made haste into their houses, for they said, "The sky is dark to-day, and a storm is nigh at hand."

Frigga had a palace of her own called the Hall of Mists, where she spent much of her time at her wheel, spinning golden thread, or weaving web after web of many-colored clouds. All night long she sat at this golden wheel. If you look at the sky on a starry night, you may chance to see it set up where shines a group of stars called the Girdle of Orion.

Frigga was especially interested in all good housewives, and she herself set them an excellent example. When the snowflakes fell, the earth-dwellers knew that Frigga was shaking her great feather bed; and when it rained, they said it was her washing day.

It was she who first gave the gift of flax so that the women upon earth might spin, and weave, and bleach their linen as white as the clouds of her own white robe. This is how it came about.

There once was a shepherd who lived among the mountains with his wife and children. He was so very poor that he often found it hard to give his family enough to satisfy their hunger. But he did not grumble; he only worked the harder. His wife, though she had scarcely any furniture, and never a chance to buy a new dress, kept the house so clean and the old clothes so well mended that she rose high in the favor of the all-seeing Frigga.

Now one day when the shepherd had driven his few poor sheep up the mountain to pasture, a fine reindeer sprang from the rocks above him and began to leap up-

ward along the steep slope. The shepherd snatched up his crossbow and chased the animal, thinking to himself, "Now we shall have a better meal than we have had for many a long day."

Up and up leaped the reindeer, always just out of reach. At length it disappeared behind a great rock just as the shepherd, breathless and weary, reached the spot. No sign of the reindeer was to be seen, but, on looking around, the shepherd saw that he was among the snowy heights of the mountains.

Presently he saw, to his amazement, an open door, which seemed to lead into the heart of the mountain. He was a fearless man, and so, without delay, he passed boldly through the doorway. He found himself standing in a marvelous cavern, lit up by blazing torches which gleamed upon rich jewels hanging from the roof and walls. In the midst stood a woman, most fair to behold, clad in snow-white robes and surrounded by a group of lovely maidens.

The shepherd's boldness gave way at this sight, and he sank to his knees before Frigga, for it was she. But Frigga bade him be of good cheer, and said, "Choose now whatsoever you wish, to carry away with you as a remembrance of this place."

The shepherd's eyes wandered over the glittering jewels on the walls and roof, but they came back to a little bunch of blue flowers which Frigga held in her hand. They alone looked homelike to him; the rest were hard

and cold. So he asked timidly that he might be given the little nosegay.

Frigga smiled kindly upon him. "Your choice has been most wise," said she. "Take with the flowers this measure of seed and sow it in your field, and you shall have flowers of your own. They shall bring prosperity to you and yours."

So the shepherd took the flowers and the seed. Scarcely had he done so when a mighty peal of thunder, followed by the shock of an earthquake, rent the cavern. When he had collected his senses, he found himself once more upon the mountain side.

When he reached home and told his tale, his wife scolded

him roundly for not bringing home a jewel which would have made them rich forever. But when she started to throw the flowers away, he stopped her. The next day he sowed the seed in his field, and was surprised to find how far it went.

Very soon after this the field was thick with tiny green shoots. His wife blamed him for wasting good ground upon useless flowers, but he watched and waited in hope, until the field was blue with the starry flax blooms.

Then one night when the flowers had withered and the seed was ripe, Frigga, in the disguise of an old woman, visited the lowly hut. She showed the shepherd and his astonished wife how to use the flax stalks; how to spin them into thread and how to weave the thread into linen.

It was not long before all the dwellers in that part of the earth had heard of the wonderful material, and were hurrying to the shepherd's hut to buy the linen or the seed. So the shepherd and his family were soon among the richest people in the land; and the promise of Frigga was amply fulfilled.

E. M. WILMOT-BUXTON

Small service is true service while it lasts;
Of humblest friends, bright creature, scorn not one:
The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

A NORSE LULLABY

The sky is dark and the hills are white
As the storm-king speeds from the north to-night;
And this is the song the storm-king sings,
As over the world his cloak he flings:
"Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep;"
He rustles his wings and gruffly sings:
"Sleep, little one, sleep."

On yonder mountain side a vine
Clings at the foot of a mother pine;
The tree bends over the trembling thing,
And only the vine can hear her sing:
"Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep —
What shall you fear when I am here?
Sleep, little one, sleep."

The king may sing in his bitter flight,
The tree may croon to the vine to-night,
But the little snowflake at my breast
Liketh the song I sing the best —
"Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep;
Weary thou art, a-next my heart,
Sleep, little one, sleep."

EUGENE FIELD

THE APPLES OF YOUTH

This is the tale which the Norsemen tell of how the Apples of Youth were once very nearly lost to Asgard.

I

Sweetest of all the Asa folk was Idun, the fair young goddess of Springtime and Youth. She was dearly loved by the other Asas, both for herself and for her magic apples.

Fast locked in a golden casket were her apples, ripe and sweet and rosy. Each day, at dawn, Idun came to the table where the gods sat and feasted together, and gave those who wished a taste of the fruit.

It came to pass that every one who ate the magic fruit grew fresh and young again, however old and weary he had been before. Even the gods of Asgard grew old and weary sometimes, and then nothing would make them young again but the Apples of Youth.

Idun treasured the fruit with the greatest care, and never let it out of her charge for a moment. And however many she took out of her casket to feed the gods, there always remained just the same number as before.

It was only to be expected, of course, that the fame of this magic fruit should spread. Many of the giants used to come to the gates of Asgard and beg that Idun

would give them one of her apples. But though they offered her the richest gifts they could think of, she never would give them so much as a taste.

Now one day it so fell out that Odin determined to go forth and seek an adventure. He called for his brother and for Loki, the mischievous fellow, who by reason of his fun and gayety was no bad traveling companion, and bade them accompany him on a journey.

Speeding over the Rainbow Bridge, they came down to the world below, and presently found themselves in a lonely region. They wandered for a long, long time, without coming across any human habitation.

At length, grown weary and very hungry, they began to look about for food. Presently, to their great joy, they saw a herd of oxen feeding upon the mountain side. It took no long time to kill a fine ox and to kindle an immense fire; after which they hung up the animal to roast and sat down to wait till it was done.

The fire flamed bravely over the logs, but it made no difference whatever to the meat, which remained raw and cold. Heaping on fresh fuel, the three Asas put the meat still nearer the flame and waited hungrily. All in vain; the meat remained uneatable.

Looking at each other in dismay, they exclaimed, "There is some magic spell at work here."

At that very moment they heard the loud croak of a bird in the tree above them. Hastily searching the branches, they soon found an immense eagle perched

there and looking down upon them with an evil expression.

"Ho!" cried Odin, "is it you who have bewitched our food?"

The eagle nodded and croaked again.

"Then come at once and remove the spell," ordered the Asa.

"If I do so, will you give me as much as I want to eat?" asked the eagle.

At this Odin hesitated, for he feared a trick, but Loki's mouth was watering, and he called out, "Yes, yes, anything you like, if you will only let the meat be cooked."

The great bird swooped down and began to fan the flame with his huge wings, and behold! in a very few minutes the gravy began to run, a delicious smell of roast beef filled the air, and the meat was done to a turn.

Just as the three Asas were putting out their hands to take their portions, the eagle swooped down and seized more than three quarters of the animal, leaving barely enough for one of the hungry gods.

This was too much for Loki. With a roar of rage like that of an angry lion, he seized a great stake that stood near and struck with all his might at the greedy bird.

The eagle shook himself after the blow, but instead of dropping the meat, he rose slowly into the air. And then, to Loki's dismay, he found that one end of the pole had stuck fast to the body of the bird, the other to

his own hands. Try as he would, he could not let go. He found himself being dragged along over stones and bushes and briers, while his arms were almost torn out of their sockets.

In vain he begged the eagle to let him go. The bird took no notice of him whatever, but flew on and on, just a little way above the earth. At length Loki promised to give the eagle anything he asked if only he might go free.

Then at last the eagle spoke, telling Loki that he would be set free on one condition only. He must manage, by some trick, to tempt Idun out of Asgard, in order that the eagle might obtain possession of her and of the magic fruit. The eagle told Loki, moreover, that he was the storm giant Thiassi in disguise, and warned him never to break a promise made to one of the giants.

By this time Loki was ready to promise anything to save his life, and so at length he found himself free.

Bruised and torn, he made his way back to Odin, by whom he was closely questioned concerning his adventures. Now Loki never hesitated to depart from the truth. Knowing that it would not do to tell what he had promised, he answered that the eagle had captured him in mistake for some one else, and that when he found out that it was Red Loki, he had set him free.

II

The three Asas returned to Asgard, and from that moment Loki did not cease to plot and plan the means by which he could get Idun outside the gate.

This was no easy matter, for the Apples of Youth were so precious to the gods that Idun was well guarded by night and day. Sometimes, however, even the Asas were off their guard, and that was the opportunity for Loki.

Strolling one day through the groves of Asgard, he found the beautiful maiden all alone in a sunny corner playing ball with her golden fruit. "Ah!" cried he, "what a fair game thou playest here, maiden!"

Idun only smiled at him happily and went on tossing her apples.

Then Loki pulled a long face, and came nearer, and said, "Till this day, fair Idun, I have said that nowhere in the wide world grow apples like thine. But now I have found a tree whereon the fruit is of finer gold, and of greater size than these."

Idun stopped playing and her blue eyes grew dark and stormy, for she could not bear to think that her apples would no longer be the joy and delight of the Asas. Then she remembered Loki's deceitful ways, and said, "I believe thee not. This is one of thy tricks, Red Loki."

"Ho, dost thou think so?" said the crafty one.

"Then come and see them for thyself, and bring thine own to compare with them."

"Are they near by?" said Idun, still holding fast to the casket of fruit.

"Only just a little way off," replied Loki, and taking hold of her hand, he drew her outside the grove.

On and on they went. When she asked where they were going, he always replied that the grove where the apples grew was just a little farther away than he had thought.

At length Idun stood outside the walls of Asgard and then she at last began to suspect mischief. "Where am I?" she cried, "and where, O Loki, are the golden apples?"

But she only heard the jeering ha! ha! ha! of the Asa as he returned to Asgard. That sound was soon lost in the whirr-r-r of wings as a mighty eagle, swooping down upon her, fixed his talons in her girdle and rose with her into the air.

This, of course, was Thiassi, the storm giant, who had been on the watch for her all the time. He now carried her off, apples and all, and made her a prisoner in his strongest castle.

Poor Idun grew pale and thin and sad in her captivity. But although the storm giant coaxed and begged and threatened by turns, she would not purchase her freedom by giving him a taste of the wonderful Apples of Youth.

III

For a time the Asas took little notice of Idun's absence, for they thought she was amusing herself somewhere in the sunny groves of Asgard and had forgotten her daily visit. They began to feel old and weary, and at first scarcely knew what was wrong.

Glancing at each other, they saw, with startled eyes, wrinkles and lines and gray hairs. Their youth and beauty were disappearing. Suddenly they awoke to the need of a thorough search for the missing Idun.

When she could nowhere be found, All-Father Odin sent for Red Loki and began to question him very closely. Idun had been seen in his company on that eventful day when she had been carried away. So, finding it impossible to keep the matter hidden, Loki confessed that he had betrayed her into the power of the storm giant.

All the Asas arose in hot wrath and threatened Loki with death or torture if he did not at once restore the beautiful Goddess of Youth and her magic fruit. At length, being fairly frightened, he undertook to bring her back, if Freya would lend him her garment of falcon plumes, so that he might disguise himself as a bird.

Decked in these plumes, Loki flew off to Giantland, and arrived, fortunately for him, just as Thiassi had gone a-fishing.

High up at the window of a great stone castle, fair Idun looked with tearful eyes upon the stormy sea. As she thought of the sunny groves of Asgard, suddenly the plumage of a great falcon almost brushed against her face. Drawing back in alarm, she saw the cunning red eyes of Loki looking at her from the bird's head.

"See how kind I am!" he jeered. "I am come to take thee back to Asgard."

Idun almost wept for joy, till she remembered that she

was a prisoner, and so cried pitifully, "I cannot escape from this cold stone tower, O Loki. Even if I could, thou canst never carry me and my casket to Asgard. And lo! I cannot outrun the wicked storm giant, and though the fruit is heavy, I will not leave it behind."

Then Loki soothed her, and by his magic arts he changed her into a tiny nut. He took the nut up in one talon, while he carried the casket with the other, and so set off to fly back to Asgard.

Now the storm giant was ill at ease that day, for he felt the pangs and pains of old age upon him as he went a-fishing. He determined to return earlier than usual, in order to try once more to get the magic fruit from Idun. Judge then of his dismay when he found his prisoner flown!

Hastily changing himself into an eagle, Thiassi began to scour the regions of the air, looking everywhere for the maiden. Before long, he noted the steady flight of a falcon towards the walls of Asgard. His keen eyes saw the gleam of a golden casket, and he knew that it was an Asa who had come to the rescue of Idun.

Now it seemed that Loki would surely be overtaken, for the eagle swept through the air with his great wings much faster than the falcon could fly.

The Asas, who had gathered on the walls to watch the race, were in despair. Then some of them remembered how once before they had played a trick in a similar race. They collected pine shavings in great

abundance and piled them on the walls, and stood ready to set them on fire when the moment came.

On, on flew Loki, and close behind him came the mighty eagle. As they neared the walls, Loki made a last effort, which was successful, and he dropped safely into the midst of the Asas.

At the same moment the pile of fuel was lighted. The eagle, blinded with smoke and singed with flame, fell into the fire, and was easily destroyed by his waiting enemies. In admiration of his good race, however, the Asas placed his eyes as stars in the heavens, and there they shine to this day.

So the Apples of Youth returned to Asgard, and all the Asas hastened to eat of them and became young and beautiful again. Fair Idun was never again tricked by wicked Loki, but played with her magic fruit in the golden groves of Asgard till the End of All Things.

E. M. WILMOT-BUXTON

CHRISTMAS BELLS

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

HIGHER THAN THAT!

The Emperor Alexander, while traveling in western Russia, came one day to an inn where he found that he must change horses. As he knew very little of that part of the country, he decided to take a walk.

Alone, dressed in a plain coat, without any mark of his high rank, he wandered through the town. He came, at length, to a place where the road branched. There he paused, not knowing which way to turn. Two roads were before him — one to the right, and one to the left.

Alexander noticed a soldier standing at the door of a house, and going up to him, he said, "My friend, can you tell me which of these two roads I must take to get back to the inn?"

The soldier was smoking a pipe with an air of great dignity. At the question, he turned his head and viewed the plain-looking traveler from head to foot. Then without taking the trouble to speak, he motioned, in a lordly way, to the right.

"Thank you," said the emperor, trying to conceal his amusement. "And will you tell me, please, how long a walk it is to the inn?"

"A mile," answered the soldier stiffly, still puffing away at his pipe with never a glance at the stranger.

"Thank you," said the emperor again and started away. When he had gone a few steps, however, he stopped, hesitated, and turned back.

"Pardon," he said, with a smile. "I appreciate your courtesy. May I trouble you to answer one more question?"

Not a smile crossed the soldier's face, nor did he trouble to look at this annoying person who dared to ask him for favors.

"What is it?" he answered shortly.

"If you will permit me to ask," said the emperor politely, "what is your grade in the army?"

"Guess." The pipe blazed away furiously.

"Lieutenant?" asked the amused emperor.

"Up!" came proudly from the smoker's lips.

"Captain?"

"Higher than that!" with an air of great importance.

"Major?"

"At last," was the lofty response.

The emperor saluted and bowed low.

"And now, in my turn," said the major, with the grand air of addressing an inferior, "what are you, if you please?"

"Guess," answered the emperor, with twinkling eyes.

"Lieutenant?"

"Up," said the emperor.

"Captain?"

"Higher than that."

"Major?" The man began to look at his companion more closely.

"Go on," returned the emperor calmly.

"Colonel?"

"Again."

The smoker took his pipe from his mouth. His grand air was rapidly disappearing. "Your excellency is, then, general?" he said in tones of great respect.

"You are coming near it," returned the emperor, enjoying the other's embarrassment.

"Your — your highness is field marshal?" stammered the major. His grand air was now quite gone.

"Once more, my good major," said the emperor.

The man's pipe fell from his fingers. "His Imperial Majesty!" he cried. "Ah, sire, pardon me, pardon me;" and he fell on his knees before the emperor.

"And what is there to pardon?" said Alexander simply. "My friend, you have done me no harm. I asked you which road I should take, and you told me. Thank you."

THE BLUE PIG WITH A BLACK TAIL

Once upon a time a certain king sent a message to another king, saying, "Send me a blue pig with a black tail, or else —"

The other replied, "I haven't one; if I had —"

Both the kings were so angry that they went to war with each other. They collected all their soldiers and fought many battles. The clash of arms sounded north and south, east and west, and sorrow and suffering followed in its wake. Lands were laid waste. Brave m

were killed in battle, and women and children died because they could get nothing to eat.

When it seemed that neither side could overcome the other, the kings began to talk about peace. First of all, it was necessary to have the two messages explained. Each king was angry at what the other had said.

"What did you mean," asked the second king, "by saying, 'Send me a blue pig with a black tail, or else —'?"

"Why," said the other king, "I could mean only one thing. I meant that I wanted you to send me a blue pig with a black tail, or else a pig of some other color."

"Oh, that was all, was it? What a pity I did not get the whole of your message," answered the second king.

"Ah, but I must know what you meant by your reply to my message," said the first king. "You said, 'I haven't one; if I had —'"

"Why, my answer is as plain to me as your request is to you. I meant that I hadn't one; if I had, I should have sent it."

"Well, well!" said the first king, "we have been fighting about nothing. If we had only explained these things before a blow was struck, how much suffering might have been prevented!"

So the great war of the blue pig with the black tail was written down in the histories of the two countries, in order that they might never again be drawn into a foolish quarrel.

A Modern Fable

THE NIGHT WIND

Have you ever heard the wind go "Yooooo"?
'Tis a pitiful sound to hear!
It seems to chill you through and through
With a strange and speechless fear.
'Tis the voice of the night that broods outside
When folks should be asleep,
And many and many's the time I've cried
To the darkness brooding far and wide
Over the land and the deep:
"Whom do you want, O lonely night,
That you wail the long hours through?"
And the night would say in its ghostly way:
"Yooooooo!
Yooooooo!
Yooooooo!"

My mother told me long ago
(When I was a little tad)
That when the wind went wailing so
Somebody had been bad;
And then, when I was snug in bed,
Whither I had been sent,
With the blankets pulled up round my head,
I'd think of what my mother'd said,
And wonder what boy she meant!

And "Who's been bad to-day?" I'd ask
Of the wind that hoarsely blew,
And the voice would say in its meaningful way:
"Yooooooo!
Yooooooo!
Yooooooo!"

That this was true I must allow —
You'll not believe it, though!
Yes, though I'm quite a model now,
I was not always so.
And if you doubt what things I say,
Suppose you make the test;
Suppose, when you've been bad some day
And up to bed are sent away
From mother and the rest —
Suppose you ask, "Who has been bad?"
And then you'll hear what's true;
For the wind will moan in its ruefulest tone:
"Yooooooo!
Yooooooo!
Yooooooo!"

EUGENE FIELD

THE THRIFTY DEER MOUSE

I

When the days grow short and chilly, and bleak winds blow out of the great cloud banks in the west, many of the forest people go to sleep for the winter. The song birds have long before this started south, and the banks of the pond and its bottom of comfortable soft mud hold many sleepers. Under the water the frogs have snuggled down in groups out of sight. Some of the turtles are there also, and some are in the bank.

The chipmunks have taken their last scamper until early spring, and are living, each alone, in their comfortable burrows. They are most independent and thrifty. No one ever heard of a chipmunk lacking food unless some robber had carried off his nuts and corn.

The mice think that it must be very dull for a chipmunk to stay by himself all winter, since he does not sleep steadily. The chipmunks do not find it so. One of them said, "Dull? I never find it dull. When I am awake, I eat

or clean my fur or think. If I had any one staying with me, he might rouse me when I want to sleep, or pick the nut that I want for myself, or talk when I am thinking. No, thank you, I will go calling when I want company."

The mice make winter their playtime. Then the babies are all grown up and able to look out for themselves, and the fathers and mothers have a chance to rest. The meadow mice come together in big parties and build groups of snug winter homes under the snow of the meadow, with many tiny covered walks leading from one to another. Their food is all around them — grass roots and brown seeds — and there is so much of it that they never quarrel to see who shall have this root and who shall have that. They sleep during the daytime and awaken at night to eat and visit and have a good time.

The pretty white-footed deer mice have their homes in the forest. One of them lived in a bee tree. The bees and he had always been the best of friends, and now that they were keeping close to their honeycomb all winter, the deer mouse had taken a small room in the same tree.

He did not keep much of his own winter food where he lived. He had a few beechnuts near by, and when the weather was very stormy, he ate some of these. There was room for many more in the storeroom (another hole in the bee tree), but he liked to keep food in many places.

"It is wiser," said he. "Supposing I had the nuts all

here and this tree should be blown down, and it should fall in such a way that I couldn't reach the hole. What should I do then?"

He was talking to a rabbit when he said this. The rabbit never stored up food himself, yet he sometimes told other people how he thought it should be done. He was sure it would be better to have all the nuts in one place, as the chipmunks did. And now that the deer mouse had given his reasons, he was just as sure as ever. "The bee tree is not very likely to blow down in that way," said he. "There is not much danger."

"Not much, but some," answered the deer mouse. "Hollow trees fall more quickly than solid ones. You may store your food where you please, and I'll take care of mine."

The deer mouse put away hundreds and hundreds of beechnuts. These he took carefully out of their shells and laid in nicely lined holes in tree-trunks. He used leaves for lining these places. Besides keeping food in the trees, he hid little piles of nuts under stones and logs, and tucked seeds into chinks of fences or tiny pockets in the ground. He had worked in the wheat field after the grain was cut, picking up and carrying away the stray kernels which had fallen from the sheaves.

He never counted the places where his food was stored, but he was happy in thinking about them. When he lay down to sleep in the morning, he always knew where the next night's meals were coming from. There was not a

thriftier, happier person in the forest. He was gentle, good-natured, and exceedingly businesslike.

One night this deer mouse started out for a good time. He called on the meadow mice, ate a chestnut which he dug up at the edge of the forest, and scampered up a fence-post and tasted of his hidden wheat to be sure that it was keeping well. Then he went to the tree where most of his beechnuts were stored. He was not quite certain that he wanted to eat one, but he wished to be sure that they were all right before he went on. He had been invited to a party by some other deer mice, and so, you see, it wouldn't do for him to spoil his appetite.

"I suppose they are all right," said he, as he started to run up the tree; "still it is just as well to be sure."

"My whiskers!" he exclaimed, when he reached the hole. "If that isn't just like a red squirrel!"

The opening in the tree had been barely large enough for him to squeeze through, and now he could pass in without crushing his fur. Around the edge of it were many marks of sharp teeth. Somebody had wanted to get in and had not found the doorway large enough.

The deer mouse went inside and sat on his beechnuts. Then he thought and thought and thought. He knew very well that it was a red squirrel, for the red squirrels are not so thrifty as most of the other nut-eaters. They make a great fuss about gathering food in the fall, and frisk and chatter and scold if anybody else comes where they are busy. For all that, the chipmunks and the deer

mice work much harder than they. It is not always the person who makes the greatest fuss, you know, who does the most.

A red squirrel is usually out of food long before spring comes and after that he takes whatever he can lay his paws on. Sometimes the chipmunks tell them that they should be ashamed of themselves and work harder. Then the red squirrels sigh and answer, "Oh, that is all very well for you to say. Still you must remember that we have not such large cheek pouches as you."

The deer mouse thought of these things. "Cheek pouches!" cried he. "I have no cheek pouches, but I lay up my own food. It is only an excuse when they say that. I don't think much of people who make excuses."

He passed through the doorway several times to see just how big it was. He found it was not yet large enough for a red squirrel. Then he scampered over the snow to a friend's home. "I'm not going to the party," said he. "I have some work to do."

"Work?" said the friend. "Work? In winter?" But before he had finished speaking, his caller had gone.

II

All night long the deer mouse carried beechnuts from the old hiding-place to a new one. He wore a path in the snow between one tree and the other. His feet were tiny, but there were four of them, and his long tail dragged after him.

It was not far that he had to go. The new place was one which he had looked at before. It was in a maple tree, and had a long and very narrow opening leading to the storeroom. It was having to go so far into the tree that had kept the deer mouse from using it before. Now he liked it all the better for this.

"If that red squirrel ever gnaws his way in here," he said, "he won't have any teeth left for eating."

When the sun rose, the deer mouse went to sleep in the maple tree. Soon afterward the red squirrel came and gnawed at the opening into the old storeroom. If he had gnawed all day, he would surely have gotten in. As it was, he had to spend much time hunting for food. He found some frozen apples still hanging in the orchard, and bit away at them until he reached the seeds inside. He found one large acorn, but it was old and tasted musty.

When night came and he ran off to sleep in his hollow tree, he had made the hole almost, but not quite, large enough. He could smell the beechnuts inside, and it made him hungry to think how good they would taste. "I will get up early to-morrow morning and come here," he said. "I can gnaw my way in before breakfast, and then!"

He went off in fine leaps to his home and was soon sound asleep. In summer he often frolicked around half of the night, but now it was cold, and when the sun went down, he liked to get home quickly and wrap up warmly in his tail.

The red squirrel was hardly out of sight when the deer mouse came along his path in the snow and up to his old storeroom. His dainty white feet shook a little as he climbed, and he hardly dared look in for fear of finding the hole empty. You can guess how happy he was to find everything safe.

All night long he worked, and when morning came, it was a very tired little deer mouse who carried his last beechnut over the trodden path to its safe new resting place. He was tired, but he was happy.

There was just one other thing that he wanted to do. He wanted to see that red squirrel when he found the beechnuts gone, so he waited near by for him to come.

Along came the red squirrel, dashing finely and not noticing the deer mouse at all. A few leaps brought him to the tree; a quick run took him to the hole; and then he began to gnaw.

The deer mouse was growing sleepy and decided not to wait longer. He ran along near the red squirrel. "Oh, good-morning!" said he. "Beautiful day! I see you are getting that hole ready to use. Hope you will like it. I liked it very well for a while, but I began to fear it wasn't safe."

"Wh-what do you mean?" asked the red squirrel sternly. He had seen the deer mouse's eyes twinkle and he was afraid of a joke.

"Oh," answered the deer mouse with a whisk of his tail, "I had some beechnuts there until I moved them."

"You had!" exclaimed the red squirrel. He did not gnaw any after that. He suddenly became very friendly. "You couldn't tell me where to find food, I suppose," said he. "I'd eat almost anything."

The deer mouse thought for a minute. "I believe," said he, "that you will find plenty in the farmer's barn, but you must look out for the dog."

"Thank you," said the red squirrel. "I will go."

"There!" said the deer mouse after the squirrel had whisked out of sight. "He has gone to steal from the farmer. Still, men have so very much that they ought to share with squirrels."

And that, you know, is true.

CLARA DILLINGHAM PIERSON

FERN SONG

Dance to the beat of the rain, little Fern,
And spread out your palms again,
  And say, "Though the sun
  Hath my vesture spun,
He had labored, alas, in vain,
  But for the shade
  That the cloud hath made,
And the gift of the dew and the rain."
  Then laugh and upturn
  All your fronds, little Fern,
And rejoice in the beat of the rain!

JOHN B. TABB

PERSEVERANCE

Early one morning Robert Bruce lay looking up at the roof of his cabin in the forest. He was the king of Scotland, — and this was hardly the place where one would expect to find a king.

Bruce was a brave, strong man, but he and his soldiers had been overcome by their enemies. He had been obliged to flee to the mountains with a few followers. Though he had always been full of courage and good spirits, he now felt that he must give up trying to rule his country.

As he lay there in his little cabin, he saw under the roof a spider hanging at the end of a long thread. The spider was trying to swing itself from one beam to another, in order to make its web. Again and again it tried, but each time it fell back just when it had almost reached the beam.

Bruce watched while it made the attempt six times. "Six times," he said softly. "You are a plucky little thing. I wonder if you will have the courage to try again."

The spider stopped a moment to rest. Then as if gathering all its strength, it made one last effort and reached the beam. "Bravo," cried Bruce.

Suddenly a new thought came to him. "Six times the little spider met defeat," he said. "Well, so have I.

But it had the courage to try again. Shall I be beaten by a spider?"

And straightway Bruce rose up, filled with new courage. He called his followers together, and led them on to victory, till once more he ruled over Scotland.

Ever since that time, we are told, people of the name of Bruce have been very careful not to kill a spider, because they remember the day when a spider gave their famous ancestor an example of perseverance.

ECHO AND NARCISSUS

I

Long ago in the mountains of Greece there lived a nymph named Echo. The nymphs were beautiful maidens who were supposed to live in trees, streams, mountains, and other wild places.

Echo roamed merrily over the hills and woods, chasing hares and deer with the other mountain nymphs. She was always fond of talking, and not one of her friends could tell such wonderful stories as hers. Sometimes her noisy tongue told unpleasant things and led the other nymphs into wrongdoing.

One day Echo played a trick on Juno, queen of the gods. She was telling one of her stories, and talked on and on until she made Juno forget something she had intended to do.

Juno was very angry. "You shall lose the use of your

tongue with which you have tricked me," she said. "You shall be dumb until some one else has spoken, and then you may only repeat the last words."

"Alas! Alas!" cried the nymphs.

"Alas! Alas!" cried Echo. But not another word could she say, though she tried to beg Juno to forgive her.

II

Now it happened one day that Narcissus and his young companions came upon the mountain to hunt. He was a beautiful youth, straight and tall, with golden hair and eyes that shone like stars.

Echo saw him as he wandered among the trees and longed to speak with him. But she knew that it was vain to try, so she silently followed him, keeping out of sight behind the trees.

At length Narcissus found that he had wandered away from his companions. He began to shout, "Ho, there! Where are you?"

"Where are you?" answered Echo.

He called again, "I am here." And Echo answered softly, "Here."

Narcissus looked about on all sides, and seeing no one, called, "Come." Echo answered, "Come."

Narcissus tried to find where the voice came from, but Echo still kept out of sight. Again and again he called, and each time she had to answer. When at last he found her, he asked, "Is it you who calls me?"

"Who calls me?" replied Echo.

"Who are you, and why do you call me?" he asked again.

"Why do you call me?" she repeated.

"You do nothing but mock me," cried the puzzled youth.

"Mock me," replied Echo.

Narcissus turned away angrily and would not speak to the maiden again.

How she longed to explain to him! But not a word could she speak; so she crept sadly away among the rocks and caves. There she wept until she wasted away with weeping. Nothing but the soft voice was left of the beautiful Echo. Some say that even to this day her voice lives in lonely caves and answers men's words from afar.

III

While Narcissus was still hunting for his companions, he came to a clear pool that shone like silver in the soft green carpet of the forest. No bird nor beast had stirred its still waters; no branch nor leaf had fallen into it.

Weary and thirsty, the boy sank down beside the pool. As he leaned over it to drink of the cool water, he saw looking up at him a fair young face with golden hair and eyes that shone like stars.

He gazed long at the face in the clear, still pool and his heart grew warm. He thought that he had at last found a friend whom he could love, a lad with shining eyes who lived in the silver pool in the forest. But when Narcissus stretched out his arms into the water, the stranger fled.

"Dear lad, why do you leave me?" cried Narcissus. "When I lie here beside the pool and smile in joy at finding you, you too are smiling. But when I try to

clasp my arms about you, I lose you. Oh, do not leave me."

Narcissus wept and sighed, "Alas, alas!" And from the woods Echo softly answered, "Alas!"

As the boy wept, his tears marred the still surface of the pool, and his lost friend appeared no more in answer to his calls.

"Farewell, my friend, farewell," sighed the boy; and Echo softly answered, "Farewell."

Narcissus was never again seen by the gay youths who had come to the forest with him. Where he had lain beside the pool, there sprang up a sweet-scented flower, with a pure white face and a crown of gold. Men still call this flower Narcissus, in memory of the boy who was last seen beside that clear pool long, long ago.

A Greek Myth

HOW PHAETON DROVE THE CHARIOT OF THE SUN

I

In the ancient land of Greece there lived a boy named Phaeton. He was the son of the god Apollo, who drove the chariot of the sun through the heavens.

One day another boy laughed at him for claiming that the mighty Apollo was his father. So Phaeton ran to his mother and asked her to tell him if he was, indeed, the son of the god of light.

"What I have told you is true," she replied.

"But I must have a sign to prove to all that it is true," cried the boy. "I will ask Apollo himself."

"Go, then, if you must, my son," answered his mother. "Far to the east dwells the god of light, beyond the gates of the morning. The way is long and difficult. Go forth, my boy, and bear yourself bravely, as is fitting the son of a god."

Eagerly Phaeton set out on his long journey. On and on he traveled till he came to the gates of the morning. And when he had passed these gates, he stood before the palace of the god of light.

Fair Spring met him at the gates and led him into a shining palace, rich with gold and silver and precious jewels.

The halls were thronged with those who serve the god of light — the Hours, the Days, the Months, and the Years. Beside the throne stood Summer, bearing a garland of ripe grain. Behind her was Autumn loaded with grapes, and Winter with his hair whitened by frost.

Then at last Phaeton saw Apollo, seated on a mighty throne, and about him shone a great light.

Phaeton came near and knelt before the throne. "Oh, light of the world," he cried, "I have traveled over land and sea from beyond the gates of the morning. I have come to beg of you some proof that I am your son."

Apollo raised the boy to his feet and said, "My son, ask what you will. It shall be granted."

"Then I ask you to let me drive the chariot of the sun," cried Phaeton.

The god of light sadly shook his head. "It is not safe, my son," he said. "Not the gods themselves — not even the mighty Jupiter may do that. None but I can control those fiery steeds."

Phaeton would not listen to his father, but again asked to drive the chariot.

Then Apollo told him of the dangers of the heavens. "The road at first is steep," he said, "so that the horses can hardly climb it. Then it sweeps across the sky so high above land and sea that even I hardly dare look downward. And in the afternoon we descend so rapidly that we almost fall headlong.

"Could you hold those horses to their course, amid the whirling stars and the monsters of the heavens — the Bear, the Bull, the Lion, and all the others? Ask me any other favor — not this."

"Nay," cried Phaeton hotly, "I ask this one thing only. Shall not the promise of Apollo be fulfilled?"

The god of light sadly bowed his head. "I have promised," he said. "My word shall be kept."

II

While Apollo and Phaeton were talking, the moon disappeared and Night passed out of the western gates. In the rosy east, Dawn threw open the doors, and the Hours led forth the horses and the golden chariot.

As Phaeton sprang into the chariot and grasped the reins, his father made one last appeal. "Stay here in safety," he urged, "and let me light and warm the earth."

The boy impatiently shook his head. Then Apollo called to him, "Spare the whip and hold tight the reins. Go not too high nor too low; the middle course is safest and best."

The horses darted forward and broke through the clouds. They knew at once that they drew a lighter load than usual and that a new hand was guiding them.

The chariot swung from side to side as the horses dashed from the beaten path. They mounted up to the high heavens and plunged down almost to Earth's mountain tops. The Great Bear and the Little Bear were scorched with the heat, and the clouds sent forth smoke.

Phaeton was so frightened that he let the reins slip from his hands. The horses plunged still more wildly. Forests took fire; great cities were burned to ashes; and rivers were dried up. The people of Africa even turned black from the heat.

Earth at last looked up to heaven and called to Jupiter, saying, "Oh, ruler of the gods, must I perish by fire? Is this the reward for all that I have done? Must my brother Ocean also be dried up and destroyed? Have pity upon us!"

Then Jupiter looked down upon the sorrowing Earth.

In great wrath, he raised his mighty arm and hurled a thunderbolt at the headstrong boy. Like a shooting star, Phaeton fell across the heavens — down, down into the sea.

The wild steeds were checked. Slowly they returned to the palace of light, and Earth once more lay quiet beneath the heavens.

A Greek Myth

THE MILKY WAY

Have you ever noticed, stretching across the sky at night, a broad path of misty light? This is called the Milky Way. Look for it on some clear, dark evening when the moon is not shining.

That path of light is composed of thousands and thousands of stars, which look as if they had been flung down by handfuls, as one scatters sand on the seashore. Most of those stars are larger than our sun, but they are so much farther away from us than the sun that we can scarcely see them.

The old Greeks used to think that the Milky Way was the path along which the runaway horses bolted when Phaeton drove the chariot of the sun. They thought, too, that it was the road to the high heavens, and that the palaces of the gods rose white and shining along that road.

The brave Norsemen of old believed that the souls of their heroes who fell in battle followed this starry

path to the great hall of Odin, where they forever dwelt in peace in the city of the gods.

The people of the far East thought the Milky Way was a river of silver and that the fish swimming in it were frightened by the new moon, which they imagined to be a hook.

The American Indians had their own stories about this shining pathway across the sky. Some of them said that it was caused by a turtle swimming along the sky river and stirring up the mud. They thought, too, that it was the road by which the Indians, after death, traveled to their future home, "the land of the hereafter."

In Longfellow's poem "Hiawatha," you have read what the grandmother told the little Indian boy about the stars. She showed him the Milky Way —

> Showed the broad white road in heaven,
> Pathway of the ghosts, the shadows,
> Running straight across the heavens,
> Crowded with the ghosts, the shadows.

The little children in Germany, pointing to this white track across the sky, sometimes call it Jacob's Road, because of a very old story which is told in the Bible. It is the story of Jacob's dream. Jacob went on a journey, and when the sun was set, he lay down on the ground to sleep. He dreamed that he saw a ladder set up on the earth with the top reaching to heaven, and the angels of God were ascending and descending on the ladder.

In these different stories, which come from many ages and from many parts of the world, we see that people have always thought of the Milky Way as the path from earth to heaven.

THE HUNDREDTH PSALM

Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.
Serve the Lord with gladness:
Come before his presence with singing.

Know ye that the Lord he is God;
It is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves:
We are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.

Enter into his gates with thanksgiving,
And into his courts with praise:
Be thankful unto him, and bless his name.

For the Lord is good: his mercy is everlasting:
And his truth endureth to all generations.

THE BIBLE

MASTERMAN READY EXPLORES THE ISLAND

Masterman Ready was an officer of a steamship which was wrecked far out at sea. With his help, a family of passengers escaped to an uninhabited island. They lived there a long time before a ship came to rescue them. The story of their life on the island is told in an interesting and exciting book by Captain Marryat.

Soon after they landed on the island, Masterman Ready set out to explore it, so as to find out whether they could get food and water there. William, a boy about twelve years old, went with him.

I

A March through the Woods

Masterman Ready was up before the sun had appeared, and he awakened William. The knapsacks had been packed the night before, with two bottles of water in each, wrapped round with coconut leaves to prevent their breaking. Ready's knapsack, which was larger than William's, held the biscuit and several other things that Ready had prepared in case they might need them.

As soon as the knapsacks were on, Ready took the ax and gun, and asked William if he thought he could carry a small spade. William replied that he could. The dogs, who appeared to know they were going, were already standing beside them. Ready went to one of the small water casks, took a drink himself, gave one to William, and then gave the dogs as much as they would drink. Having done this, just as the sun rose, they

turned into the coconut grove, and were soon out of sight of the tents.

"Now, Master William," said Ready, stopping after they had walked twenty yards, "do you know by what means we may find our way back again? You see this forest of trees is rather puzzling, and there is no path to guide us."

"No, I am sure I cannot tell," replied William. "I was thinking of the very same thing when you spoke; and of Tom Thumb, who strewed peas to find his way back, but could not do it, because the birds picked them all up."

"Well, Tom Thumb did not manage well, and we must try to do better. We must do as the Americans always do in their woods — we must blaze the trees."

"Blaze them! What, set fire to them?" replied William.

"No, no, Master William. *Blaze* is a term they use (why, I know not, except that there must be a term for everything) when they cut a slice off the trunk of a tree, just with one blow of a sharp ax, as a mark to find their way back again. They do not blaze every tree, but about every tenth tree as they go along, first one to the right, and then one to the left, which is quite sufficient. It is very little trouble — they do it as they walk along, without stopping.

"So now we'll begin. You take the other side — it will be more handy for you to have your hatchet in your

right hand; I can use my left. See now — just a slice off the bark — the weight of the ax does it almost, and it will serve for a guide through the forest for years."

"What an excellent plan!" observed William, as they walked along, occasionally marking the trees.

"I have another friend in my pocket," remarked Ready, " and I must use him soon."

"What is that?"

"A pocket compass. You see, William, the blazing will direct us how to go back again; but it will not tell

us what course we are now to steer. At present, I know we are going right, as I can see through the wood behind us; but by and by we shall not be able to see our way, and then I must make use of the compass."

"I understand that very well. But tell me, Ready, why do you bring the spade with us? What will be the use of it? You did not say yesterday morning that you were going to take one."

"No, Master William, I did not, as I did not like to make your mother anxious about anything. The fact is, I am very anxious myself about one thing, and that is whether there is any water on this island. If there is not, we shall have to quit it sooner or later, for although we may get water by digging in the sand, it would be too brackish to use and would make us ill. We have not much water on shore now; and if the bad weather comes on, we may not be able to get any more from the wreck. Now, very often, water can be found if you dig for it, although it does not show above ground; and therefore I brought the spade."

"You think of everything, Ready."

"No, I do not, Master William. But in our present situation, I think of more things than perhaps your father and mother would. They have never known what it is to be put to their shifts; they have never been in situations requiring them to think about such things. But a man like me, who has been wrecked, and has suffered hardships and difficulties, has a greater knowl-

edge, not only from his own sufferings, but from hearing how others have acted when they were in distress. Necessity, they say, is the mother of invention. It's very true, Master William, for it sharpens a man's wits. It is very curious what people do contrive when they are compelled to do so, especially seamen."

"And where are we going now, Ready?"

"Right to the leeward side of the island; and I hope we shall be there before it is dark."

"Why do you call it the leeward side of the island?"

"Because among these islands the winds almost always blow one way. We landed on the windward side; the wind is at our back. Now put up your finger, and you will feel it even among the trees."

"No, I cannot," replied William, as he held up his finger.

"Then wet your finger and try again."

William wet his finger in his mouth and held it up again. "Yes, I do feel it now," said he; "but why is that?"

"Because the wind blows against the wet, and that part of your finger feels cold." As Ready said this, the dogs growled, then started forward and barked.

"What can it be?" cried William.

"Stand still, Master William," replied Ready, cocking his gun, "and I will go forward to see."

Ready advanced, with the gun at his hip. The dogs barked more furiously. From a heap of coconut leaves

out burst all the pigs which had been brought ashore from the wrecked ship. They grunted and galloped away as fast as they could, with the dogs in pursuit of them.

"It's only the pigs, Master William," said Ready, smiling. "I never thought I should be half frightened by a tame pig. Here, Romulus! Here, Remus! Come back!" he continued, calling to the dogs. "Well, Master William, this is our first adventure."

"I hope we shall not meet with any more dangerous ones," replied William, laughing; "but I must say that I was alarmed."

"No wonder; for it is possible there may be wild animals on this island, or even savages. We must always be prepared for the worst in an unknown country. But being alarmed is one thing, and being afraid is another. A man may be alarmed and stand his ground, as you did; but a man who is afraid will run away."

"I do not think I shall ever run away and leave you, Ready, if there is danger."

"I'm sure you will not, Master William; but still you must not be rash. Now we will go on again as soon as I have uncocked my gun. While I think of it, Master William, as you may have to carry a gun very often, never by any chance leave it cocked. I have seen more accidents happen from people cocking their guns, and forgetting to uncock them afterward, than you can have any idea of. Remember: until you want to fire, never

gun.

"Now I must look at the compass, for we have turned about, so that I do not know which way we are to go. — All's right now. Come along, dogs!"

Ready and William continued their way through the coconut grove for more than an hour longer, marking the trees as they went along. They then sat down to take their breakfast, and the two dogs lay down beside them.

"Don't give the dogs any water, Master William, nor any of the salt meat. Give them biscuit only."

"They are very thirsty. May I not give them a little water?"

"No, we shall want it all ourselves, in the first place; and in the next, I wish them to be thirsty. And, Master William, take my advice, and drink only a small quantity of water at a time. It is quite sufficient to quench the thirst, and the more you drink, the more you want."

"Then I should not eat so much salt meat."

"Very true; the less you eat the better, unless we find water and fill our bottles again."

"But we have our axes, and can always cut down a coconut, and get the milk from the young nuts."

"Very true; and it is fortunate that we can do that. But still we could not do very well on coconut milk alone, even if it were to be procured all the year round. Now, Master William, we will go on, if you do not feel tired."

"Not in the least. I am tired of seeing nothing but

the stems of the coconut trees, and shall be very glad when we are through the wood."

They continued their journey, and after half an hour's walking they found that the ground was not so level as it had been — sometimes they went uphill, at others down.

"I am very glad to find that the island is not so flat here, Master William," said Ready. "We have a better chance of finding water."

"But, look, it is much steeper before us," replied William, as he barked a tree. "It's quite a hill."

"So much the better. Let us push on."

"How many miles do you think we have walked, Ready?" said William.

"About eight, I should think."

"Not more than eight?"

"No; it's slow work, traveling by compass and marking the trees. But I think the wood looks lighter before us, now that we are at the top of this hill."

"It does, Ready. I fancy I can see the blue sky again."

"Your eyes are younger than mine, Master William, and perhaps you may. We shall soon find out."

They now descended into a small hollow, and then went uphill again. As soon as they arrived at the top, William cried out, "The sea, Ready! There's the sea!"

"Very true, Master William, and I'm not sorry for it."

"I thought we never should get out of that wood," said William, as he impatiently pushed on and at last

stood clear of the coconut grove. Ready soon joined him, and in silence they surveyed the scene before them.

II

Exploring the Shore

"Oh! how beautiful!" exclaimed William. "I'm sure mamma would like to live here. I thought the other side of the island was very pretty, but it's nothing compared to this."

"It's very beautiful, Master William," replied Ready thoughtfully. He remained for some time without speaking. He scanned the horizon right and left; he surveyed the reefs in the distance; and then he turned his eyes along the land.

"What are you thinking of, Ready?" asked William.

"Why, I am thinking that we must look for water as fast as we can."

"But why are you so anxious?"

"Because, Master William, I can see no land to leeward of us, as I expected, and therefore there is less chance of getting off this island. Let us now sit down and take our dinner, and after that we will explore a little. Stop — before we leave where we stand, we must make a good mark upon the trees close to where we have come out of the wood; otherwise we shall not find our blaze again in a hurry when we wish to go back."

Ready cut two wide marks in the stems of the coconut trees, and then they sat down to eat their dinner. As soon as their meal was finished, they walked down to the water's edge, and Ready turned his eyes inland to see if he could discover any little ravine or hollow which might be likely to contain fresh water.

"There are one or two places there," observed Ready, pointing to them with his finger, "where the water has run down in the rainy season. We must examine them carefully."

"Look at the dogs, Ready," exclaimed William. "They are drinking the sea-water, poor things."

"They won't drink much of that. You see they don't like it already."

"How beautiful the corals are! Look here, they grow like little trees under the water. And here is really a flower in bloom growing on that rock just below the water."

"Put your finger to it, Master William," said Ready.

William did so, and the flower, as he called it, immediately shut up. "Why, it's fresh, and alive!" he cried.

"Yes, it is. I have often seen them before. They are animals; they are called sea anemones. Come, the sun is going down, and we shall not have more than an hour's daylight. We must look for a place to sleep."

"But what is that?" cried William, pointing to the sand — "that round dark thing?"

"That's a turtle, Master William. They come up about this time in the evening to drop their eggs, and then bury them in the sand."

"Can't we catch them?"

"Yes, we can catch them if we go about it quietly. But you must take care not to go behind them, or they will throw such a shower of sand upon you, with their hind flappers or fins, that they will blind you and escape at the same time. The way to catch them is to get at their heads and turn them over on their backs by one of the fore-fins, and then they cannot turn back again."

"Let us catch that one."

"Indeed, I should think it very foolish to do it, as we could not take the turtle away, and it would die to-morrow from the heat of the sun. It's not right to take life away uselessly, and if we destroy that turtle now, we may want it another time. Come, we have done very well for our first day. I am rather tired, and so, I presume, are you. We will look for a place to lie down and pass the night."

They returned to the high ground where the coconut grove ended, and collecting several branches and piles of leaves, made a soft bed under the trees.

"And now we'll have a little water and go to bed. Look at the long shadows of the trees! The sun has nearly set."

"Shall I give the dogs some water now, Ready? See, poor Remus is licking the sides of the bottles."

"No, do not give them any. It appears to be cruel, but I want the intelligence of the poor animals to-morrow. The want of water will make them very keen, and we shall turn it to good account.

"So now, William, we must not forget to return thanks to a merciful God, and to beg His care over us for this night. We little know what the day may bring forth. Could you ever have imagined, a month back, that you would be on this island in company with an old man like me, sleeping in the open air? If any one had told you so, you would never have believed it; yet here you are."

III

Finding the Spring

William slept as soundly as if he had been on shore in England, upon a soft bed in a warm room — and so did old Ready. When they awoke the next morning, it was broad daylight. The poor dogs were suffering for want of water. It pained William very much to see them with their tongues out, panting and whining as they looked up to him.

"Now, Master William," said Ready, "shall we take our breakfast before we start, or have a walk first?"

"Ready, I cannot really drink a drop of water myself — and I am thirsty — unless you give a little to these poor dogs."

"I pity the poor dumb creatures as much as you do.

It's not out of unkindness; on the contrary, it is kindness to ourselves and them too, which makes me refuse. However, if you like, we will take a walk first and see if we can find any water. Let us go to the little dell to the right. If we do not succeed there, we will try farther on, where the water has run down during the rainy season."

Away they went, followed by the dogs, Ready having taken up the spade, which he carried on his shoulder. They soon came to the dell, and the dogs put their noses to the ground and snuffed about. Ready watched them; at last they lay down, panting.

"Let us go on, sir," said Ready thoughtfully. They went on, and the dogs snuffed about more eagerly than before.

"You see, Master William, these poor dogs are now so eager for water that if there is any, they will find it where we never could. I don't expect to find water above ground, but there may be some below it. This beach is hardly far enough from the water's edge, or I should try in the sand for it."

"In the sand! — but would not the water be salt?" replied William.

"No, not if at a good distance from the sea beach. You see, William, the sand filters the sea-water and makes it fresh. Very often, when the sand runs in a long way from the high-water mark, if you dig down you will find good fresh water. Sometimes it is a little brackish, but

still fit for use. I wish that this fact were better known among seamen than it is; it would have saved many a poor fellow from a great deal of agony. There's nothing so dreadful as being without water, Master William. I know what it is to be on an allowance of half a pint a day, and I assure you it is cruel work."

"Look at Romulus and Remus," exclaimed William suddenly. "How hard they are digging with their paws there in the hollow!"

"Thanks to Heaven that they are, Master William. You don't know how happy I feel; for, to tell you the truth, I was beginning to be alarmed."

"But why do they dig?"

"Because there is water there, poor animals. Now you see the advantage of having kept them in pain for a few hours. It is probably the saving of all of us, for we must either have found water or have quitted this island. Now let us help the poor dogs with the spade, and they will soon be rewarded for their sufferings."

Ready walked quickly to the place where the dogs were digging. They had already got down to the moist earth and were eagerly at work. It was with difficulty that he could get them out of his way so that he could use the spade. He had not dug two feet before the water trickled down, and in four or five minutes the dogs had sufficient to plunge their noses in, and to drink deeply.

"Look at them, sir; how they enjoy it!" exclaimed Ready. "I don't think any one ever felt more grateful

than I do now, William. We have everything we can wish for on this island. If we are only content, we may be happy — aye, much happier than are those who are worrying themselves to heap up riches, not knowing who shall gather them. See, the poor animals have had enough at last. Now, shall we go back to breakfast?"

"Yes," replied William. "I shall enjoy it now, and have a good drink of water myself."

"That is a plenteous spring, depend upon it, sir," said Ready, as they walked back to where they had slept and

left their knapsacks. "But we must clear it out farther up among the trees, where the sun cannot reach it, and then it will be cool, and not be dried up."

As soon as the breakfast was over, Ready said, "Now we will go down and explore the point of land. As our little boat must come around to this side of the island, I must try to find an entrance."

They soon arrived at the end of the point and found that the water was deep, and that there was a passage many yards wide.

"Look there," said William, pointing out fifty yards from the beach; "a great shark, Ready."

"Yes, I see him, sir," replied Ready. "There are plenty of them here, depend upon it. You must be very careful about going into the water. I'm quite satisfied now, William, we shall do very well. We must move away from the other side of the island as fast as possible."

"Shall we go back to-day?"

"Yes, I think so, for we shall only be idle here, and your mother is anxious about you, depend upon it. It is not twelve o'clock, I should think, and we shall have plenty of time. It is one thing to walk through the woods and mark your way, and another thing to go back again with the path pointed out to you.

"We will leave the spade and ax here, for it is no use taking them back again. The musket I will carry, for although it is not likely to be wanted, still we must always

be prepared. First, let us go back and look at the spring, and see how the water flows, and then we will be off."

They found the hole quite full of water, and, tasting it, found it very sweet and good. Overjoyed at this discovery, they set off on their journey back to the tents.

Guided by the marks on the trees, they made rapid progress. In less than three hours, they found themselves almost clear of the wood, though the day before it had taken them nearly eight hours to force their way through.

CAPTAIN MARRYAT

THE FISH I DIDN'T CATCH

I remember my first fishing excursion as if it were but yesterday. I have been happy many times in my life, but never more intensely so than when I received that first fishing-pole from my uncle's hand, and trudged off with him through the woods and meadows. It was a still, sweet day of early summer; and the long afternoon shadows of the trees lay cool across our path. The leaves seemed greener, the flowers brighter, the birds merrier, than ever before.

My uncle, who knew by long experience where were the best haunts of pickerel, placed me at the most favorable point. I threw out my line as I had so often seen others, and waited for a bite, moving the bait in rapid jerks on the surface of the water in imitation of the leap of a frog. Nothing came of it.

"Try again," said my uncle.

Suddenly the bait sank out of sight. "Now for it," thought I; "here is a fish at last." I made a strong pull, and brought up a tangle of weeds. Again and again I cast out my line with aching arms, and drew it back empty.

"Try once more," said my uncle. "We fishermen must have patience."

Suddenly something tugged at my line and swept off with it into deep water. Jerking it up, I saw a fine pickerel wriggling in the sun. "Uncle!" I cried, "I've got a fish!"

"Not yet," said my uncle. As he spoke, there was a splash in the water; I caught the arrowy gleam of a scared fish shooting into the middle of the stream; my hook hung empty from the line. I had lost my prize.

Overcome by my great and bitter disappointment, I sat down on the nearest hassock and for a time refused to be comforted, even by my uncle's assurance that there were more fish in the brook. He refitted my bait, and putting the pole again into my hands, told me to try my luck once more.

"But remember, boy," he said, with his shrewd smile, "never brag of catching a fish until he is on dry ground. I've seen older folks doing that in more ways than one, and so making fools of themselves. It's no use to boast of anything until it's done, nor then either, for it speaks for itself."

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

THE BLIND MEN AND THE ELEPHANT

It was six men of Indostan,
To learning much inclined,
Who went to see the elephant
(Though all of them were blind),
That each by observation
Might satisfy his mind.

The first approached the elephant,
And, happening to fall
Against his broad and sturdy side,
At once began to bawl,
"Why, bless me! but the elephant
Is very like a wall!"

The second, feeling of the tusk,
Cried, "Ho! what have we here,
So very round, and smooth, and sharp?
To me 'tis very clear,
This wonder of an elephant
Is very like a spear!"

The third approached the animal,
And, happening to take
The squirming trunk within his hands,
Thus boldly up he spake:
"I see," quoth he, "the elephant
Is very like a snake!"

The fourth reached out his eager hand,
And felt about the knee:
"What most this wondrous beast is like
Is very plain," quoth he:
"'Tis clear enough the elephant
Is very like a tree!"

The fifth, who chanced to touch the ear,
Said: "E'en the blindest man
Can tell what this resembles most;
Deny the fact who can,
This marvel of an elephant
Is very like a fan!"

The sixth no sooner had begun
About the beast to grope,
Than, seizing on the swinging tail
That fell within his scope,
"I see," quoth he, "the elephant
Is very like a rope!"

And so these men of Indostan
Disputed loud and long,
Each in his own opinion
Exceeding stiff and strong;
Though each was partly in the right,
And all were in the wrong.

JOHN GODFREY SAXE

A MAD TEA PARTY

Alice was a little girl who fell asleep one day and had a wonderful dream, full of the strangest adventures. The story of these adventures is told by Lewis Carroll in a book called *Alice in Wonderland.* The March Hare, the Hatter, and the Dormouse are three of the many funny people whom Alice met in Wonderland.

I

There was a table set out under a tree, and the March Hare and the Hatter were having tea. A Dormouse was sitting between them, fast asleep, and the other two were using him as a cushion, resting their elbows on him, and talking over his head. "Very uncomfortable for the Dormouse," thought Alice; "only, as he's asleep, I suppose he doesn't mind."

The table was a large one, but the three were all crowded together at one corner. "No room! No room!" they cried out when they saw Alice coming.

"There's *plenty* of room!" said Alice indignantly, and she sat down in a large armchair at one end of the table.

"It wasn't very civil of you to sit down without being invited," said the March Hare.

"I didn't know it was *your* table," said Alice. "It's laid for a great many more than three."

"Your hair wants cutting," said the Hatter. He had been looking at Alice for some time with great curiosity, and this was his first speech.

"You should learn not to make personal remarks," Alice said with some severity. "It's very rude."

The Hatter opened his eyes very wide on hearing this; but all he *said* was, "Why is a raven like a writing desk?"

"Come, we shall have some fun now!" thought Alice. "I'm glad they've begun asking riddles.— I believe I can guess that," she added aloud.

"Do you mean that you think you can find out the answer to it?" said the March Hare.

"Exactly so," said Alice.

"Then you should say what you mean," the March Hare went on.

"I do," Alice hastily replied. "At least — at least, I mean what I say — that's the same thing, you know."

"Not the same thing a bit!" said the Hatter. "Why, you might just as well say that 'I see what I eat' is the same thing as 'I eat what I see'!"

"You might just as well say," added the March Hare, "that 'I like what I get' is the same thing as 'I get what I like'!"

"You might just as well say," added the Dormouse, who seemed to be talking in his sleep, "that 'I breathe when I sleep' is the same thing as 'I sleep when I breathe'."

"It *is* the same thing with you," said the Hatter, and here the conversation dropped.

The party sat silent for a minute, while Alice thought over all she could remember about ravens and writing desks, which wasn't much.

"The Dormouse is asleep again," said the Hatter, and he poured a little hot tea on his nose.

The Dormouse shook his head impatiently, and said, without opening his eyes, "Of course, of course: just what I was going to remark myself."

"Have you guessed the riddle yet?" the Hatter said, turning to Alice again.

"No, I give it up," Alice replied. "What's the answer?"

"I haven't the slightest idea," said the Hatter.

"Nor I," said the March Hare.

Alice sighed wearily. "I think you might do something better with the time," she said, "than waste it in asking riddles that have no answers."

"If you knew Time as well as I do," said the Hatter, "you wouldn't talk about wasting *it*. It's *him*."

"I don't know what you mean," said Alice.

"Of course you don't!" the Hatter said, tossing his head. "I dare say you never even spoke to Time!"

"Perhaps not," Alice replied. "But I know I have to beat time when I learn music."

"Ah! that accounts for it," said the Hatter. "He won't stand beating. Now, if you only kept on good terms with him, he'd do almost anything you liked with the clock. For instance, suppose it were nine o'clock in the morning, just time to begin lessons. You'd only have to whisper a hint to Time, and round goes the clock in a twinkling! Half-past one, time for dinner!"

("I only wish it were," the March Hare said to himself in a whisper.)

"That would be grand, certainly," said Alice. "But then — I shouldn't be hungry for it, you know."

"Not at first, perhaps," said the Hatter. "But you could keep it at half-past one as long as you liked."

"Is that the way *you* manage?" Alice asked.

The Hatter shook his head mournfully. "Not I," he replied. "We quarreled last March — it was at the great concert given by the Queen of Hearts, and I had to sing:

Twinkle, twinkle, little bat!
How I wonder what you're at!

You know the song perhaps?"

"I've heard something like it," said Alice.

"It goes on, you know," the Hatter continued, "in this way:

Up above the world you fly,
Like a teatray in the sky.
Twinkle, twinkle . . ."

Here the Dormouse shook himself and began singing in his sleep, "Twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, twinkle —" and went on so long that they had to pinch him to make him stop.

"Well, I'd hardly finished the first verse," said the Hatter, "when the Queen bawled out, 'He's murdering the time! Off with his head!'"

"How dreadfully savage!" exclaimed Alice.

"And ever since that," the Hatter went on in a mournful tone, "he won't do a thing I ask! It's always six o'clock now."

A bright idea came into Alice's head. "Is that the reason so many tea-things are put out here?" she asked.

"Yes, that's it," said the Hatter with a sigh. "It's always tea-time, and we've no time to wash the things between whiles."

"Then you keep moving round, I suppose?" said Alice.

"Exactly so," said the Hatter; "as the things get used up."

"But when you come to the beginning again?" asked Alice.

II

"Suppose we change the subject," the March Hare interrupted, yawning. "I'm getting tired of this. I vote the young lady tells us a story."

"I'm afraid I don't know one," said Alice, rather alarmed at the proposal.

"Then the Dormouse shall!" they both cried. "Wake up, Dormouse!" And they pinched him on both sides at once.

The Dormouse slowly opened his eyes. "I wasn't asleep," he said in a hoarse, feeble voice. "I heard every word you fellows were saying."

"Tell us a story!" said the March Hare.

"Yes, please do!" pleaded Alice.

"And be quick about it," added the Hatter, "or you'll be asleep again before it's done."

"Once upon a time there were three little sisters," the Dormouse began in a great hurry; "and their names were Elsie, Lacie, and Tillie; and they lived at the bottom of a well —"

"What did they live on?" said Alice, who always took a great interest in questions of eating and drinking.

"They lived on treacle," said the Dormouse, after thinking a minute or two.

"They couldn't have done that, you know," Alice gently remarked; "they'd have been ill."

"So they were," said the Dormouse; "*very* ill."

Alice tried a little to fancy to herself what such a strange way of living would be like, but it puzzled her too much, so she went on: "But why did they live at the bottom of a well?"

"Take some more tea," the March Hare said to Alice, very earnestly.

"I've had nothing yet," Alice replied in an offended tone, "so I can't take more."

"You mean, you can't take *less*," said the Hatter. "It's very easy to take *more* than nothing."

"Nobody asked *your* opinion," said Alice.

"Who's making personal remarks now?" asked the Hatter.

Alice did not quite know what to say to this; so she helped herself to some tea and bread-and-butter, and then turned to the Dormouse, and repeated her question. "Why did they live at the bottom of a well?"

The Dormouse again took a minute or two to think about it, and then said, "It was a treacle well."

"There's no such thing!" Alice was beginning very angrily, but the Hatter and the March Hare went "Sh! sh!" and the Dormouse sulkily remarked, "If you can't be civil, you'd better finish the story for yourself."

"No, please go on!" Alice said very humbly. "I won't interrupt you again. I dare say there may be *one*."

"One, indeed!" said the Dormouse indignantly. However, he consented to go on. "And so these three little sisters — they were learning to draw, you know —"

"What did they draw?" said Alice, quite forgetting her promise.

"Treacle," said the Dormouse, without considering at all this time.

Alice did not wish to offend the Dormouse again, so she began very carefully, "But I don't understand. Where did they draw the treacle from?"

"You can draw water out of a water well," said the Hatter. "So I should think you could draw treacle out of a treacle well — eh, stupid?"

"But they were *in* the well," Alice said to the Dormouse, not choosing to notice this last remark.

"Of course they were," said the Dormouse, — "well in."

This answer so confused poor Alice, that she let the Dormouse go on for some time without interrupting.

"They were learning to draw," the Dormouse went on, yawning and rubbing his eyes, for he was getting very sleepy; "and they drew all manner of things — everything that begins with an M —"

"Why with an M?" said Alice.

"Why not?" said the March Hare.

Alice was silent.

The Dormouse had closed his eyes by this time, and was going off into a doze, but, on being pinched by the Hatter, he woke up again with a little shriek, and went on: "— that begins with an M, such as mousetraps, and the moon, and memory, and muchness — you know

you say things are 'much of a muchness' — did you ever see such a thing as a drawing of a muchness?"

"Really, now you ask me," said Alice, very much confused, "I don't think —"

"Then you shouldn't talk," said the Hatter.

This piece of rudeness was more than Alice could bear; she got up in great disgust and walked off. The Dormouse fell asleep instantly, and neither of the others took the least notice of her going, though she looked back once or twice, half hoping that they would call after her. The last time she saw them, they were trying to put the Dormouse into the teapot.

"At any rate I'll never go *there* again!" said Alice as she picked her way through the wood.

"It's the stupidest tea party I ever was at in all my life!"

LEWIS CARROLL

HUMPTY DUMPTY

After her journey to Wonderland, Alice had another dream in which she visited the Looking Glass Country. In one of her adventures she came to a little shop kept by a sheep, from whom she decided to buy an egg. The sheep put the egg upright on a shelf and then went off to the other end of the shop.

I

"The egg seems to get farther away the more I walk towards it," said Alice. "Well, this is the very queerest shop I ever saw!"

So she went on, wondering more and more at every step. The egg got larger and larger, and more and more human. When she had come within a few yards of it, she saw clearly that it was Humpty Dumpty himself. "It can't be anybody else!" she said to herself. "I'm as certain of it, as if his name were written all over his face!"

It might have been written a hundred times, easily, on that enormous face. Humpty Dumpty was sitting with his legs crossed, like a Turk, on the top of a high wall — such a narrow one that Alice quite wondered how he could keep his balance. As his eyes were steadily fixed in the opposite direction, and he didn't take the least notice of her, she thought he must be a stuffed figure after all.

"And how exactly like an egg he is!" she said aloud, standing with her hands ready to catch him, for she was every moment expecting him to fall.

"It's very provoking," Humpty Dumpty said after a long silence, looking away from Alice as he spoke, "to be called an egg — very!"

"I said you looked like an egg, sir," Alice gently explained. "And some eggs are very pretty, you know," she added, hoping to turn her remark into a sort of compliment.

"Some people," said Humpty Dumpty, looking away from her as usual, "have no more sense than a baby!"

Alice didn't know what to say to this. It wasn't at

all like conversation, she thought, as he never said anything to her. In fact, his last remark was evidently addressed to a tree, so she stood and softly repeated to herself:

"Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall:
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall.
All the king's horses and all the king's men
Couldn't put Humpty Dumpty in his place again.

"That last line is much too long for the poetry," she added, almost out loud, forgetting that Humpty Dumpty would hear her.

"Don't stand chattering to yourself like that," Humpty Dumpty said, looking at her for the first time, "but tell me your name and your business."

"My name is Alice, but —"

"It's a stupid name enough!" Humpty Dumpty interrupted impatiently. "What does it mean?"

"Must a name mean something?" Alice asked doubtfully.

"Of course it must," Humpty Dumpty said with a short laugh. "My name means the shape I am — and a handsome shape it is, too. With a name like yours, you might be any shape, almost."

"Why do you sit out here all alone?" said Alice, not wishing to begin an argument.

"Why, because there's nobody with me!" cried Humpty Dumpty. "Did you think I did not know the answer to that? Ask another."

"Don't you think you'd be safer down on the ground?" Alice went on, not with any idea of making another riddle, but simply in her good-natured anxiety for the queer creature. "That wall is so very narrow!"

"What easy riddles you ask!" Humpty Dumpty growled out. "Of course I don't think so! Why, if ever I did fall off — which there's no chance of — but if I did —" Here he pursed up his lips, and looked so solemn and grand that Alice could hardly help laughing. "If I did fall," he went on, "the king has promised me — the king has promised me, with his very own mouth — to — to —"

"To send all his horses and all his men," Alice interrupted, rather unwisely.

"Now I declare that's too bad!" Humpty Dumpty cried, breaking into a sudden passion. "You've been listening at doors — and behind trees — and down chimneys — or you couldn't have known it!"

"I haven't, indeed!" Alice said very gently. "It's in a book."

"Ah, well! They may write such things in a book," Humpty Dumpty said in a calmer tone.

"Yes, all his horses and all his men," he went on. "They'd pick me up again in a minute, they would! However, this conversation is going on a little too fast. Let's go back to the last remark but one."

"I'm afraid I can't quite remember it," Alice said very politely.

"In that case we start fresh," said Humpty Dumpty, "and it's my turn to choose a subject." (He talks about it just as if it was a game! thought Alice.) "So here's a question for you. How old did you say you were?"

Alice made a short calculation and said, "Seven years and six months."

"Wrong!" exclaimed Humpty Dumpty. "You never said a word like it!"

"I thought you meant, 'How old are you?'" Alice explained.

"If I'd meant that, I'd have said it," said Humpty Dumpty.

Alice didn't want to begin another argument, so she said nothing.

"Seven years and six months!" Humpty Dumpty repeated thoughtfully. "An uncomfortable sort of age. Now if you'd asked my advice, I'd have said, 'Leave off at seven' — but it's too late now."

"I never ask advice about growing," Alice said indignantly.

"Too proud?" the other inquired.

Alice felt even more indignant at this suggestion. "I mean," she said, "that one can't help growing older."

"One can't, perhaps," said Humpty Dumpty, "but two can. With proper assistance, you might have left off at seven."

II

"What a beautiful belt you have!" Alice suddenly remarked. (They had had quite enough of the subject of age, she thought. And if they really were to take turns in choosing subjects, it was her turn now.) "At least," she corrected herself on second thoughts, "a beautiful cravat, I should have said — no, a belt, I mean — I beg your pardon!" she added in dismay, for Humpty Dumpty looked offended, and she began to wish she hadn't chosen that subject. "If only I knew," she thought to herself, "which was neck and which was waist!"

Evidently Humpty Dumpty was very angry, though he said nothing for a minute or two. "It is a — most —

provoking — thing," he said at last, "when a person doesn't know a cravat from a belt!"

"I know it is very ignorant of me," Alice said, in so humble a tone that Humpty Dumpty relented.

"It's a cravat, child, and a beautiful one, as you say. It's a present from the White King and Queen. There now!"

"Is it really?" said Alice, quite pleased to find that she had chosen a good subject, after all.

"They gave it to me," Humpty Dumpty continued thoughtfully, as he crossed one knee over the other and clasped his hands round it, "they gave it to me — for an un-birthday present."

"I beg your pardon?" Alice said with a puzzled air.

"I'm not offended," said Humpty Dumpty.

"I mean, what is an un-birthday present?"

"A present given when it isn't your birthday, of course."

Alice considered a little. "I like birthday presents best," she said at last.

"You don't know what you're talking about!" cried Humpty Dumpty. "How many days are there in a year?"

"Three hundred and sixty-five," said Alice.

"And how many birthdays have you?"

"One."

"And if you take one from three hundred and sixty-five, what remains?"

"Three hundred and sixty-four, of course."

Humpty Dumpty looked doubtful. "I'd rather see that done on paper," he said.

Alice couldn't help smiling as she worked the sum for him:

$$\begin{array}{r} 365 \\ \underline{\quad 1} \\ 364 \end{array}$$

Humpty Dumpty looked at it carefully. "That seems to be done right —" he began.

"You're holding it upside down," Alice interrupted.

"To be sure I was!" Humpty Dumpty said gayly, as she turned it around for him. "I thought it looked a little queer. As I was saying, that seems to be done right — though I haven't time to look it over thoroughly just now — and that shows that there are three hundred and sixty-four days when you might get un-birthday presents —"

"Certainly," said Alice.

"And only one for birthday presents, you know. There's glory for you!"

"I don't know what you mean by 'glory,'" said Alice.

Humpty Dumpty smiled. "Of course you don't — till I tell you. I meant 'there's a nice knock-down argument for you.'"

"But 'glory' doesn't mean 'a nice knock-down argument,'" replied Alice.

"When I use a word," Humpty Dumpty said in rather

a scornful tone, "it means just what I choose it to mean — neither more nor less."

"The question is," said Alice, "whether you can make words mean so many different things."

"The question is," said Humpty Dumpty, "which is to be master, that's all."

Alice was too much puzzled to say anything, so after a minute Humpty Dumpty began again. "They've a temper, some of them — particularly verbs, they're the proudest. However, I can manage the whole lot of them! Im-pen-e-tra-bil-i-ty! That's what I say!"

"Would you tell me, please," said Alice, "what that means?"

"Now you talk like a reasonable child," said Humpty Dumpty, looking very much pleased. "I meant by 'im-pen-e-tra-bil-i-ty' that we've had enough of that subject, and it would be just as well if you'd mention what you mean to do next, as I suppose you don't mean to stop here all the rest of your life."

"That's a great deal to make one word mean," Alice said in a thoughtful tone.

"Good-by," said Humpty Dumpty.

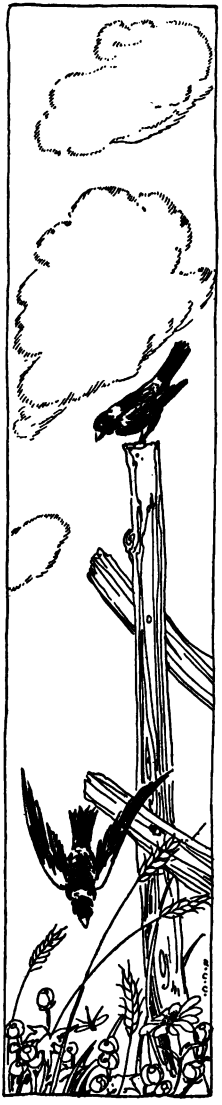
This was rather sudden, Alice thought; but after such a very strong hint that she ought to be going, she felt that it would hardly be civil to stay. So she got up and held out her hand. "Good-by, till we meet again," she said as cheerfully as she could.

LEWIS CARROLL

BOBOLINK

Bobolink —
  He is here!
Spink-a-chink!
  Hark, how clear
Drops the note
From his throat,
Where he sways
On the sprays
Of the wheat
In the heat!
  Bobolink,
  Spink-a-chink!

Bobolink
  Is a beau.
See him prink!
  Watch him go
Through the air
To his fair!
Hear him sing
On the wing —
Sing his best
O'er her nest!
  Bobolink,
  Spink-a-chink!



Bobolink,
Linger long!
There's a kink
In your song
Like the joy
Of a boy
Left to run
In the sun —
Left to play
All the day.
Bobolink,
Spink-a-chink!

CLINTON SCOLLARD

THE BARBER OF BAGDAD

There once lived in the city of Bagdad a celebrated barber by the name of Ali. He was famous for a steady hand and could shave a head, or trim a beard or whiskers, with his eyes blindfolded. There was not a man of fashion in Bagdad who did not employ him, and he had such a run of business that at length he became very proud.

Now firewood was always scarce and dear in Bagdad; and it happened one day that a poor woodcutter stopped at Ali's shop to sell him a load of wood. Ali offered him a certain sum for all the wood that was on the donkey.

The woodcutter agreed, unloaded the animal, and asked for the money.

"You have not given me all the wood yet," said the barber. "I must have your wooden packsaddle into the bargain; that was our agreement. I was to have all the wood that was on your donkey."

"How!" cried the other, in great surprise. "Who ever heard of such a bargain? It is impossible."

But after many words the barber seized the wood, packsaddle and all, and sent away the poor man in great distress.

The woodcutter then ran to the cadi and stated his troubles. The cadi, who was one of the barber's customers, refused to hear the case. Then the man went to a higher judge. He also was a customer of Ali, and made light of the complaint.

The poor woodcutter then sent a petition to the great caliph, who ruled the land. The caliph's promptness in reading petitions was well known, and it was not long before the woodcutter was called before him.

When the man came into the presence of the caliph, he kneeled and kissed the ground. Then folding his arms, he awaited the decision in his case.

"Friend," said the caliph, "the barber has words on his side; you have justice on yours. Agreements must be made by words; and agreements must be kept. Therefore the barber may keep all the wood, but —"

Then calling the woodcutter close to him, the caliph

whispered something in his ear, and sent him away quite satisfied.

A few days later the woodcutter came to the barber, as if nothing had happened between them, and asked that he and a companion from the country might enjoy one of his famous shaves. The barber agreed, and the price for both operations was settled.

When the woodcutter's beard had been properly shaved, Ali asked where his companion was. "He is standing just outside," said the woodcutter. "He shall come in at once."

He went out and promptly led in his donkey by the halter. "This is my companion," said he. "Shave him."

"Shave him!" exclaimed the barber, in a rage. "You insult me by asking me to shave your donkey. Away with you!"

The woodcutter hastened to the caliph and told his story.

"Bring Ali and his razors to me this instant," exclaimed the caliph to one of his officers; and in the course of ten minutes the barber stood before him.

"Why do you refuse to shave this man's companion?" said the caliph to the barber. "Was not that your agreement?"

Ali, kissing the ground, answered, "It is true, oh, caliph, that such was our agreement. But who ever made a companion of a donkey before?"

"True enough," said the caliph. "But who ever thought of including a packsaddle in a load of wood? No, no! It is the woodcutter's turn now. Shave this donkey instantly!"

So the barber had to prepare a great quantity of soap, lather the beast from head to foot, and shave him in the presence of the caliph and the whole court, while he was jeered and mocked by the bystanders.

AN ARABIAN STORY

If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

THE STORY OF ALI COGIA

I

There once lived at Bagdad a merchant whose name was Ali Cogia. He dwelt alone in the house that had been his father's, content with the profit he made by trading. But there came a time when he felt that it was his duty to make a pilgrimage to Mecca.

He sold his household goods, and his shop, and the greater part of his merchandise. His affairs being thus settled, the only thing he had to do was to lodge in a safe place a thousand pieces of gold, which would have been troublesome to carry with him.

He selected a large jar, put the thousand pieces of gold into it, and covered them over with olives. When he had closed the jar, he carried it to a merchant, an old friend of his, and said, "You know, brother, that in a few days I depart with the caravan, on my pilgrimage to Mecca. I beg you to do me the favor of taking charge of a jar of olives and keeping it for me until I return."

The merchant promised to do so, and in an obliging manner said, "Here, take the key of my warehouse and set your jar where you please. I promise you that you will find it there when you return."

On the day the caravan was to set out, Ali Cogia joined it, with a camel loaded with the goods that he thought

fit to carry. He arrived safely at Mecca, and performed the duties of his pilgrimage.

Having sold his goods at a large profit, he resolved to visit Egypt before returning home. He visited many other countries also, so that it was seven years before he started back to Bagdad.

All this time his friend, with whom he had left the jar, never even thought of it. But one evening as this merchant was supping with his family, the talk happened to fall upon olives, and his wife desired to eat some.

"Now that you speak of olives," said the merchant, "you put me in mind of a jar which Ali Cogia left with me seven years ago, when he went to Mecca. He put it himself in my warehouse, to be kept until his return. I know not what has become of him. When the caravan came back, they told me he had gone to Egypt. Certainly he must be dead, since he has not returned by this time. We may eat the olives if they prove good. Give me a plate and a candle; I will fetch some and we will taste them."

"Oh, my husband," said the wife, "you must not do so base a deed. You know that nothing is more sacred than what is committed to one's care and trust. You say Ali Cogia has left Mecca and is not returned. But as you have no news of his death, he may return to-morrow, for anything you can tell.

"What a disgrace it would be to you and your family if he should come, and you could not restore his jar just

as he left it! I declare, I have no desire for the olives and will not taste them. Besides, do you think they can be good, after they have been kept so long? They must be moldy and spoiled. I beg you to leave them alone."

Her husband gave no heed to what she said, but got up, took a candle and a plate, and went into the warehouse. He opened the jar and found the olives moldy; but to see if they were all spoiled to the bottom, he turned some of them upon the plate. As he shook the jar, a gold coin fell out.

At the sight of the coin, the merchant looked eagerly into the jar. He found that he had shaken out almost all the olives, and that the rest of the jar was filled with gold. He hastily put the olives into the jar again, covered it up, and returned to his wife.

"Indeed, wife," said he, "you were right in saying that the olives would all be moldy. I found them so, and have made up the jar just as Ali Cogia left it. He will not know that they have been touched, if he should return."

The merchant spent almost the whole night in thinking how he could take the gold for his own use, and be able to keep it himself in case Ali Cogia should return and ask for the jar. At length he thought of a plan that pleased him.

The next morning he bought some fresh olives, took out the gold and the old olives, and filled the jar with the new ones. Then he covered it up and put it in the place where Ali Cogia had left it.

About a month afterward Ali Cogia arrived at Bagdad. He promptly paid a visit to his friend the merchant, who expressed great joy at seeing him. After the usual greetings, Ali Cogia asked the merchant to return the jar of olives which he had left there, and to pardon him for making so much trouble.

"My dear friend," said the merchant, "your jar has been no trouble to me. Here is the key of my warehouse; go and fetch your jar. You will find it where you left it."

Ali Cogia went into the merchant's warehouse, took his jar, and after returning the key, carried the jar to the place where he lodged. On taking off the cover, he put his hand down where the pieces of gold had lain, and was much surprised to find none.

At first he thought he might perhaps be mistaken.

So he poured out all the olives, — without finding a single piece of money. Then lifting up his hands and eyes to heaven, he cried out, "Is it possible that a man whom I took for my friend should be guilty of such baseness?"

He returned immediately to the merchant. "My good friend," said he, "do not be surprised to see me come back so soon. The jar is the same that I placed in your warehouse; but with the olives I put into it a thousand pieces of gold, which I do not find. Perhaps you have needed them and have used them in trade. If so, you are welcome; you may pay me whenever you wish."

The merchant was ready with an answer. "Friend Ali Cogia," said he, "when you brought your jar to me, did I touch it? Did I not give you the key of my warehouse? Did you not carry the jar there yourself, and did you not find it in the same place and covered in the same manner as when you left it?

"If you had put gold there, you must have found it again. You told me that the jar contained olives, and I believed you. Now that you have taken it away, you come and ask me for a thousand pieces of gold. I wonder you do not ask me for diamonds and pearls instead of gold. Begone about your business."

"Since you use me so basely," said Ali Cogia, taking him by the arm, "you must come before the cadi."

"I will go willingly," replied the merchant. "He shall hear how you have insulted me."

Ali Cogia led the merchant before the cadi and accused

him of having taken the thousand pieces of gold. The cadi asked if he had any witnesses when he left the gold at the warehouse. He replied that he had not provided a witness, because he had believed that the merchant was his friend and an honest man.

The merchant, in turn, told the cadi that he had kept the jar for Ali Cogia in his warehouse, but denied that he had ever meddled with it. He declared that he knew it contained olives, only because Ali Cogia told him so, and that he never had the money he was accused of taking.

As Ali Cogia could not prove his claims, the cadi sent them both away, and the dishonest merchant went home, full of joy at his good fortune.

II

Ali Cogia, however, was determined to tell his wrongs to the great caliph. So the next day he wrote his story and, with the paper in his hand, placed himself in the street where the caliph usually walked.

An officer took the paper and handed it to the caliph, who read it at once. He appointed an hour next day to hear the case, and sent a messenger to order the dishonest merchant to attend at the same time.

That evening the caliph and his vizier went through the town. As they walked, they came to a gate leading into a little court where ten or twelve children were playing by moonlight.

The caliph, who was curious to know what the children

were playing, sat down on a stone bench to watch them. He heard one of them say, "Let us play at judges. I will be the cadi. Bring forth Ali Cogia and the merchant who cheated him of the thousand pieces of gold."

As the affair of Ali Cogia had made a great noise in Bagdad, the children knew all about it. They accepted the plan with joy and agreed on the part each one was to act.

The young cadi took his seat, as gravely as a real judge. Then another child, acting as an officer of the court, presented two boys before him — one as Ali Cogia, and the other as the merchant.

The young cadi asked Ali Cogia what he had to say.

Ali Coga, after a low bow, told everything that had happened and begged to be saved from the loss of so large a sum of money.

The young cadi, turning to the merchant, asked him why he did not return the money which Ali Cogia demanded of him. The boy who acted as the merchant gave the same reasons as the real merchant had given the day before.

"Now," said the young cadi, "I should like to see the jar of olives. Ali Cogia, have you brought the jar?"

"Yes," replied the boy who acted that part. He set a jar before the cadi, saying, "This is the jar that I left with the merchant seven years ago and took away from the warehouse yesterday."

The young cadi then ordered the jar to be opened.

The boy who represented Ali Cogia took off the cover, and the pretended cadi looked into it.

"They are fine olives," said he; "let me taste them." Then, pretending to eat some, he added, "They are excellent; but I cannot think that olives will keep seven years and be so good. Send for some olive merchants, and let us hear what they say about it."

Two boys, acting as olive merchants, then presented themselves. "You are olive merchants, are you not?" asked the young cadi. "Tell me how long olives will keep fit to eat."

"Sir," replied one of the boy merchants, "no matter how careful we are, they will hardly be worth anything the third year; for then they will have neither taste nor color."

"If that is so," answered the young cadi, "look into that jar, and tell me how long it is since those olives were put into it."

The boy merchants pretended to examine and taste the olives, and told the cadi that they were new and good.

"You are mistaken," said the young cadi. "Ali Cogia says he put them into the jar seven years ago."

"Sir," replied the olive merchants, "we can assure you that they are of this year's growth."

The young cadi looked at the dishonest merchant. "You are a rogue," said he. "You shall be hanged."

The children then clapped their hands with great joy, and ended the play.

III

The caliph was full of admiration for the cleverness and good sense of the boy who had played the part of the cadi.

"Take notice of this house," he said to the vizier. "Bring this boy to me to-morrow. He shall try the real case in my presence. Also order the cadi to attend, so that he may learn his duty from this child. Bid Ali Cogia bring his jar of olives with him, and let two olive merchants be present."

The next day the grand vizier went to the house where they had seen the children playing, and asked for the master; but he being away, his wife appeared. He asked her if she had any children. She answered that she had three, and called them.

"My fine boys," said the vizier, "which of you was the cadi when you played together last night?"

The eldest answered that it was he. "Come with me, my lad," said the grand vizier. "The Commander of the Faithful wants to see you."

The mother was alarmed, and asked on what account the caliph wanted him. The grand vizier encouraged her, and promised that her son should return in less than an hour's time, when she should hear it all from him.

"Give me leave to dress him first," said the mother, "so that he may be fit to appear before the Commander of the Faithful."

As soon as the child was ready, the vizier took him away and presented him to the caliph.

The caliph, who saw that the boy was very shy, encouraged him, saying, "Come to me, child, and tell me if it was you who settled the affair between Ali Cogia and the merchant who cheated him of his money. I saw and heard the play, and am very well pleased with you."

The boy answered modestly that it was he.

"Well, my son," replied the caliph, "come and sit down by me, and you shall see Ali Cogia himself and the merchant."

When the two men were called, they knelt before the throne, bowing their heads down to the carpet. The caliph said to them, "Plead each of you your cause before

this boy, who will hear and do you justice. I will give help if he needs it."

Ali Cogia and the merchant told their stories, one after the other. Then the boy said, "It is proper that we should see the jar of olives."

At these words Ali Cogia placed the jar at the caliph's feet and opened it. The caliph looked at the olives, took one, and tasted it, giving another to the boy.

The olive merchants were called to examine the olives, and reported that they were good and of that year's growth. The boy replied that Ali Cogia said it was seven years since he had put them into the jar. The merchants then declared, "We can assure you that they are of this year's growth."

The dishonest merchant now saw plainly that he was found out. But the child, instead of ordering him to be punished, looked at the caliph and said, "Commander of the Faithful, this is no jesting matter. Your majesty must punish him, not I, though I did it yesterday in play."

The caliph ordered that the merchant should be sent to prison. But first the man told where he had hidden the thousand pieces of gold, and they were restored to Ali Cogia.

The caliph, turning to the cadi, bade him learn of the child how to do his duty with greater care. Then kissing the boy, he sent him home with a purse of gold.

HEIDI'S FIRST DAY ON THE MOUNTAINS

Heidi was a little girl who was sent to live with her grandfather high up in the Alps. One day he let her go off to the pasture with Peter, the eleven-year-old boy who drove a flock of goats there every morning and brought them home at night.

All of a sudden Peter leaped to his feet and ran hastily after the goats. Heidi followed him as fast as she could, for she was eager to know what had happened. Peter dashed through the middle of the flock towards the side of the mountain. There the rocks fell to a great depth below, and any thoughtless goat, if it went too near, might fall over and break all its legs. Peter had caught sight of the inquisitive Greenfinch taking leaps in that direction, and he was only just in time, for the animal had already sprung to the edge of the abyss.

All Peter could do was to throw himself down and seize one of her hind legs. Greenfinch, thus taken by surprise, began bleating furiously, angry at being held so fast and prevented from continuing her voyage of discovery. She struggled to get loose, and tried so hard to leap forward that Peter shouted to Heidi to come and help him, for he could not get up and was afraid of breaking the goat's leg.

Heidi had already run up and she saw at once that both Peter and the animal were in danger. She quickly gathered a bunch of sweet-smelling leaves, and then, holding them under Greenfinch's nose, said coaxingly,

"Come, come, Greenfinch, you must not be naughty! Look, you might fall down there and break your leg, and that would give you dreadful pain!"

The young animal turned quickly and began contentedly eating the leaves out of Heidi's hand. Meanwhile Peter got to his feet again and took hold of Greenfinch by the band round her neck from which her bell was hung. Heidi took hold of her in the same way on the other side, and together they led the wanderer back to the rest of the flock that had remained peacefully feeding.

Peter, now that he had his goat in safety, lifted his stick in order to give her a good beating as punishment, and Greenfinch, seeing what was coming, shrank back

in fear. But Heidi cried out, "No, no, Peter, you must not strike her; see how frightened she is!"

"She deserves it," growled Peter, and again lifted his stick. Then Heidi flung herself against him and cried indignantly, "You have no right to touch her. It will hurt her. Let her alone!"

Peter looked with surprise at the commanding little figure, whose dark eyes were flashing, and slowly he let his stick drop. "Well, I will let her off if you will give me some more of your cheese to-morrow," he said, for he was determined to have something to make up to him for his fright.

"You shall have it all, to-morrow and every day. I do not want it," replied Heidi, giving ready consent to his demand. "And I will give you bread as well, a large piece like the one you had to-day; but then you must promise never to beat Greenfinch, or Snowflake, or any of the goats."

"All right," said Peter, "I don't care;" which meant that he would agree to the bargain. He now let go of Greenfinch, and she joyfully sprang to join her companions.

Thus the day had crept on to its close, and now the sun was on the point of sinking behind the high mountains. Heidi was again sitting on the ground, silently gazing at the blue bell-shaped flowers, as they glistened in the evening sun. A golden light lay on the grass and flowers, and the rocks above were beginning to shine and glow.

All at once she sprang to her feet, "Peter! Peter! everything is on fire! All the rocks are burning, and the great snow mountain and the sky! Oh, look, look! The high rock up there is red with flame! Oh, the beautiful, fiery snow! Stand up, Peter! See, the fire has reached the great bird's nest! Look at the rocks! Look at the fir trees! Everything, everything is on fire!"

"It is always like that," said Peter, continuing to peel his stick; "but it is not really fire."

"What is it then?" cried Heidi, as she ran backwards and forwards to look first on one side and then the other, for she felt she could not have enough of such a beautiful sight. "What is it, Peter, what is it?" she repeated.

"It gets like that of itself," explained Peter.

"Look, look!" cried Heidi in fresh excitement, "now they have turned all rose color! Look at that one covered with snow, and that with the high pointed rocks! Oh, how beautiful! Look at the crimson snow! And up there on the rocks there are ever so many roses! Oh, now they are turning gray! It's all gone, Peter." And Heidi sat down on the ground looking as full of distress as if everything had really come to an end.

"It will come again to-morrow," said Peter. "Get up, we must go home now." He whistled to his goats and together they all started on their homeward way.

"Is it like that every day? Shall we see it every day when we bring the goats up here?" asked Heidi, as she trotted down the mountain at Peter's side. She waited

eagerly for his answer, hoping that he would tell her it was so.

"It is like that most days," he replied.

"But will it be like that to-morrow for certain?" Heidi persisted.

"Yes, yes, to-morrow for certain," Peter assured her in answer.

Heidi now felt quite happy again, and her little brain was so full of new thoughts that she did not speak any more until they had reached the hut. The grandfather was sitting under the fir trees, waiting as usual for his goats.

"Oh, Grandfather," Heidi cried, even before she had come up to him, "it was so beautiful! The fire, and the roses on the rocks, and the blue and yellow flowers, and look what I have brought you!" Opening her apron that held the flowers, she shook them all out at her grandfather's feet. But the poor flowers, how changed they were! Heidi hardly knew them. They looked like dried bits of hay; not a single little flower cup stood open.

"Oh, Grandfather, what is the matter with them?" exclaimed Heidi in shocked surprise. "They were not like that this morning. Why do they look so now?"

"They like to stand out there in the sun and not be shut up in an apron," said her grandfather.

"Then I will never gather any more."

Then Heidi gave him an account of the whole day, and of how delightful it had all been, and described the fire

that had burst out everywhere in the evening. And she begged him to tell her how the fire came.

The grandfather explained to her that it was the sun that did it. "When he says good night to the mountains, he throws his most beautiful colors over them, so that they may not forget him before he comes again the next day."

Heidi was delighted with this explanation. She could hardly bear to wait for another day to come, so that she might once more climb up with the goats and see how the sun bade good night to the mountains.

JOHANNA SPYRI

THE CLOUDS

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noon-day dreams;
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

THE STORY OF JOSEPH

I

Joseph and his Brethren

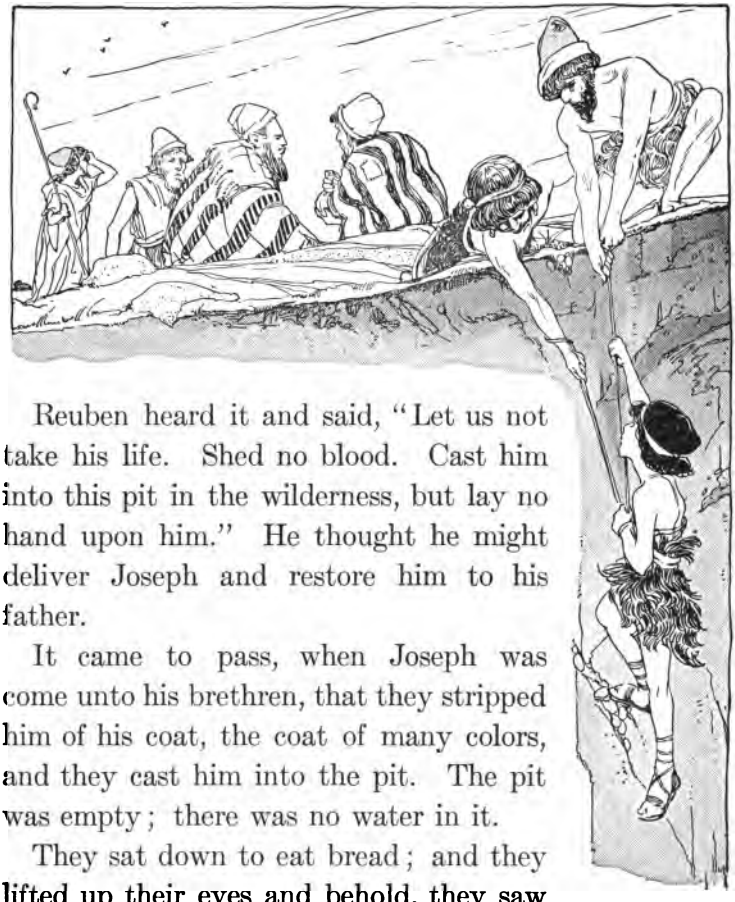
Now Jacob loved Joseph more than all his other children, and he made him a coat of many colors. His brethren saw that their father loved him best, and they hated him and could not speak peaceably unto him.

Joseph dreamed a dream, and he told it to his brethren. He said unto them, "Hear, I pray you, this dream which I have dreamed. Behold, we were binding sheaves in the field and, lo, my sheaf arose and stood upright; and behold, your sheaves came round about and bowed down to my sheaf."

His brethren said to him, "Shalt thou indeed reign over us?" They hated him even more for his dream and for his words.

And his brethren went out to feed their father's flocks; and Jacob said unto Joseph, "Go, now, and see whether it is well with thy brethren, and well with the flocks."

So Joseph went after his brethren and found them. They saw him afar off, and before he came near unto them, they conspired against him to slay him. They said one to another, "Behold, this dreamer cometh. Come now, therefore, and let us slay him, and cast him into one of the pits. We will say, 'An evil beast hath devoured him.'"



Reuben heard it and said, "Let us not take his life. Shed no blood. Cast him into this pit in the wilderness, but lay no hand upon him." He thought he might deliver Joseph and restore him to his father.

It came to pass, when Joseph was come unto his brethren, that they stripped him of his coat, the coat of many colors, and they cast him into the pit. The pit was empty; there was no water in it.

They sat down to eat bread; and they lifted up their eyes and behold, they saw a traveling company with camels on the way to Egypt. And Judah said unto his brethren, "What profit is it if we slay our brother?" And his brethren hearkened unto him.

So the brethren lifted up Joseph out of the pit, and sold him to the merchantmen for twenty pieces of silver.

Then they took Joseph's coat, and killed a goat, and dipped the coat in the blood.

They brought the coat of many colors to their father and said, "We have found this. Thou wilt know whether it is thy son's coat or not."

Jacob knew it and said, "It is my son's coat. An evil beast hath devoured him. Joseph is without doubt torn in pieces." And he mourned for his son many days.

II

Joseph in Egypt

Joseph was brought down to Egypt, and the captain of the guard bought him of the merchantmen.

Joseph found grace in the sight of his master, and ministered unto him. He made Joseph overseer over his house and all that he had.

But it came to pass that his master's wrath was kindled against Joseph, and he put him into prison. But the Lord was with Joseph, and showed kindness unto him, and gave him favor in the sight of the keeper of the prison. And the keeper of the prison committed all the prisoners to Joseph's care.

It came to pass that Pharaoh, King of Egypt, sent for Joseph. So they brought him hastily out of the dungeon, and he came in unto Pharaoh.

Pharaoh said unto Joseph, "I have dreamed a dream, and there is none that can interpret it. I have heard

say of thee, that when thou hearest a dream, thou canst interpret it.

"Behold, in my dream seven ears came up upon one stalk, full and good: and behold, seven ears, withered, thin, and blasted with the east wind, sprang up after them. The thin ears swallowed up the seven good ears. I told it unto the magicians, but there was none that could explain it to me."

And Joseph said unto Pharaoh, "The seven good ears are seven years. The seven empty ears blasted with the east wind are also seven years; they shall be seven years of famine. Behold, there come seven years of great plenty throughout all the land of Egypt, and there shall come after them seven years of famine.

"Now, therefore, let Pharaoh find a man discreet and wise, and set him over the land of Egypt. Let him appoint overseers over the land. Let these overseers gather all the food of the good years and lay up corn in the cities. The food shall be for a store against the seven years of famine, so that the land may not perish."

These words of Joseph were good in the eyes of Pharaoh and in the eyes of all his servants. And he said unto Joseph, "As God hath showed you all this, there is none so discreet and wise as thou. Thou shalt be over my house, and according unto thy word shall all my people be ruled. Only in the throne shall I be greater than thou."

Joseph was thirty years old when he stood before Pharaoh, King of Egypt.

So Joseph went out from the presence of Pharaoh and went throughout all the land of Egypt. In the seven plenteous years the earth brought forth by handfuls. And Joseph gathered up all the food of the seven years, and laid up the food in the cities. He laid up corn as the sand of the sea.

Then the seven years of famine began, according as Joseph had said; and there was famine in all lands.

And when all the land of Egypt was famished, the people cried to Pharaoh for bread; and Pharaoh said unto all the Egyptians, "Go unto Joseph. What he saith to you, do."

The famine was over all the face of the earth; and Joseph opened the storehouses and sold unto the Egyptians. And people from all countries came into Egypt to Joseph to buy corn.

III

The Brethren go down unto Egypt

Now Jacob said unto his sons, "Behold, I have heard that there is corn in Egypt. Get you down thither, and buy for us so that we may live, and not die."

So Joseph's ten brethren went down to buy corn from Egypt. But Benjamin, the youngest son, went not with the brethren, for Jacob feared lest mischief should befall him.

Joseph was the governor over the land; and his brethren came and bowed down themselves to him with their faces to the earth.

Joseph knew his brethren, but he made himself strange unto them, and spake roughly. He said unto them,

"Whence come ye?" And they said, "From the land of Canaan to buy food."

And Joseph said unto them, "Ye are spies; to see the nakedness of the land ye are come."

And they said unto him, "Nay, my lord, but to buy food are thy servants come. We are all one man's sons; we are true men; thy servants are no spies. We are

twelve brethren; and behold, the youngest is this day with our father, and one is not alive."

And Joseph said unto them, "If ye be true men, let one of your brethren be bound in prison. But go ye, carry corn for the famine of your houses, and bring your youngest brother unto me."

Joseph turned himself about from them and wept. Then he returned to them, and spake to them, and took Simeon from among them, and bound him before their eyes.

Then Joseph commanded his servants to fill their sacks with corn, and to give them provision for the way; and thus it was done unto them, and they departed.

They came unto Jacob their father unto the land of Canaan, and told him all that had befallen them. And they said unto him, "The man, the lord of the land, took us for spies. He said unto us, 'Leave one of your brethren with me, and take corn for the famine of your houses, and go your way. And bring your youngest brother unto me; then shall I know that ye are no spies.'"

Then Jacob their father said unto them, "Ye have bereaved me of my children: Joseph is gone, and Simeon is gone, and now ye will take Benjamin away. If mischief befall him, then shall ye bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave."

The famine was sore in all the land. And it came to pass, when they had eaten up the corn which they had brought out of Egypt, their father said unto them, "Go again; buy us a little food."

And Judah spake unto him, saying, "The man did solemnly protest unto us, saying, 'Ye shall not see my face, except your youngest brother be with you.' If thou wilt send our brother with us, we will go down and buy."

And Jacob said, "Why did ye tell the man whether ye had yet another brother?" And they said, "The man asked concerning ourselves and concerning our kindred, and we told him. Could we know that he would say, 'Bring your brother down'?"

And Judah said unto his father, "Send the lad with me. I will be surety for him. If I bring him not back unto thee, then let me bear the blame forever."

And their father Jacob said unto them, "Take your brother, and arise, go again unto the man. May God Almighty give you mercy before the man, so that he may release unto you your other brother and Benjamin."

And the men took double money in their hand, and Benjamin; and they went down to Egypt and stood before Joseph.

IV

Joseph makes Himself Known

When Joseph saw Benjamin with his brethren, he said to the steward of his house, "Bring the men into the house and make ready, for the men shall dine with me at noon."

The brethren brought their presents into the house and bowed down themselves to him to the earth. And he asked them of their welfare and said, "Is your father well, the old man of whom ye spake? Is he yet alive?" And they said, "Thy servant our father is well; he is yet alive."

They ate and drank and were merry with him.

And Joseph commanded the steward of his house, saying, "Fill the men's sacks with food, as much as they can carry; and put my cup, the silver cup, in the sack's mouth of the youngest."

As soon as the morning was light, the men were sent away. When they were gone out of the city, Joseph said unto his steward, "Up, follow after the men, and say unto them, 'Wherefore have ye done evil? Have ye not taken the cup from which my lord drinketh?'"

And the steward overtook them and spake unto them these words; and they said, "God forbid that we should do such a thing. Why should we steal silver or gold out of thy lord's house? With whomsoever it be found, let him die."

Then each man took down his sack and searched it; and the cup was found in Benjamin's sack.

They returned to the city to Joseph's house. And Joseph said, "The man in whose sack the cup is found shall stay with me; the others may go in peace unto your father."

Then Judah came near unto him and said, "My father's life is bound up in the lad's life. When I come to my father and he seeth that the lad is not with us, he will surely die. For he said unto us, 'If ye take Benjamin from me and mischief befall him, ye shall bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave.' Now, I pray thee, let me abide with thee instead of the lad, and let the lad go up with his brethren."

Then Joseph could not refrain himself before those who stood by, and he cried, "Cause every man to go out from me." And there stood no others with him, while Joseph made himself known unto his brethren.

And Joseph said unto his brethren, "I am Joseph;" and his brethren could not answer him, for they were troubled.

And Joseph said unto his brethren, "Come near to me, I pray you."

They came near; and he said, "I am Joseph your brother, whom ye sold into Egypt. Now be not grieved nor angry with yourselves, that ye sold me hither, for God did send me before you to preserve life. These two years hath the famine been in the land, and there are yet

five years, in which there shall be neither plowing nor harvest. God sent me before you to preserve you a remnant in the earth, and to save you alive by a great deliverance.

"Haste ye, and go up to my father, and say unto him, 'Thus saith thy son Joseph: God hath made me lord of all Egypt. Come down unto me; tarry not. Thou shalt be near unto me, thou, and thy children, and thy children's children, and thy flocks, and thy herds, and all that thou hast.'"

And the brethren went up out of Egypt, and came into the land of Canaan unto Jacob their father. And they told him, saying, "Joseph is yet alive, and he is ruler over all the land of Egypt."

Jacob believed them not; and they told him all the words of Joseph, which he had said unto them. But when he saw the wagons which Joseph had sent to carry him, the spirit of Jacob their father revived, and he said, "It is enough. Joseph my son is yet alive. I will go and see him before I die."

THE BIBLE (*Abridged*)

HOW HANS AND GRETEL WON THEIR SKATES

Hans Brinker and his sister Gretel were as fond of skating as any other little Dutch children in all the land of Holland. But their skates were only pieces of wood which Hans had cut into shape and smoothed down as well as he could.

In the story of *Hans Brinker, or the Silver Skates*, Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge tells all about these children and how they were able to join in the race for the silver skates. The winner of the race was not Hilda, nor Katrinka, nor Carl, — perhaps you can guess who it was, without reading the whole book.

"Oh, Katrinka!" cried all the girls in a breath, "have you heard of it? The race — we want you to join!"

"What race?" asked Katrinka, laughing. "Don't all talk at once, please. I don't understand."

"Why," said Rychie, "we are to have a grand skating-match on the twentieth. They are going to give a splendid prize to the best skater."

"Yes," chimed in half a dozen voices, — "a beautiful pair of silver skates — perfectly magnificent! with oh, such straps and silver bells and buckles!"

Katrinka looked at them with bewildered eyes. "Who is to try?" she asked.

"All of us," answered Rychie. "It will be such fun! And you must, too, Katrinka. But it's schooltime now; we will talk it all over at noon. Oh, you will join, of course."

At noon the girls poured forth from the schoolhouse, intent upon having an hour's practicing upon the canal.

They had skated but a few moments, when Carl Schummel said mockingly to Hilda, "There's a pretty pair just coming upon the ice! The little rag pickers! Their skates must have been a present from the king direct."

"They are patient creatures," said Hilda gently. "It must have been hard to learn to skate upon such queer affairs. They are very poor peasants, you see. The boy has probably made the skates himself."

"Patient they may be," replied Carl, "but as for skating, they start off pretty well, only to finish with a jerk."

Hilda laughed pleasantly and left him. After joining a small detachment of the racers, and sailing past every one of them, she halted beside Gretel, who, with eager eyes, had been watching the sport.

"What is your name, little girl?"

"Gretel, my lady," answered the child, somewhat awed by Hilda's rank, though they were nearly of the same age; "and my brother is called Hans."

"Hans is a stout fellow," said Hilda cheerily, "and seems to have a warm stove somewhere within him; but *you* look cold. You should wear more clothing, little one."

Gretel, who had nothing else to wear, tried to laugh, as she answered, "I am not so very little. I am past twelve years old."

"Oh, I beg your pardon! You see, I am nearly

fourteen, and so large for my age that other girls seem small to me. Perhaps you will shoot up far above me yet; not unless you dress more warmly, though: shivering girls never grow."

Hans flushed as he saw tears rising in Gretel's eyes. "My sister has not complained of the cold; but this is bitter weather;" and he looked sadly upon Gretel.

"It is nothing," said Gretel. "I am often warm, too warm, when I am skating. You are good to think of it."

"No, no!" answered Hilda, quite angry at herself. "I am careless, cruel; but I meant no harm. I wanted to ask you — I mean — if —" And here Hilda, coming to the point of her errand, faltered before the children she wished to serve.

"What is it, my lady?" exclaimed Hans eagerly. "If there is any service I can do; any —"

"Oh, no, no!" laughed Hilda, shaking off her embarrassment. "I only wished to speak to you about the grand race. Why do you not join it? You both can skate well, and the ranks are free. Any one may enter for the prize."

Gretel looked wistfully at Hans, who, tugging at his cap, answered respectfully, "Even if we could enter, we could skate only a few strokes with the rest. Our skates are hard wood, you see. They soon become damp, and then they stick, and trip us."

Gretel blushed as she faltered out timidly, "Oh, no!

we can't join; but may we be there on the great day, to look on?"

"Certainly," answered Hilda, looking kindly into the two earnest faces, and wishing from her heart that she had not spent so much of her monthly allowance for lace and finery. She had but eight coins left, and they would buy only one pair of skates, at the furthest.

Looking down with a sigh at the two pairs of feet so very different in size, she asked, "Which of you is the better skater?"

"Gretel," replied Hans promptly.

"Hans," answered Gretel, in the same breath.

Hilda smiled. "I cannot buy you each a pair of skates, or even one good pair; but here are a few coins. Decide between you which stands the better chance of winning the race, and buy the skates accordingly. I wish I had enough to buy better ones. Good-by!" And with a nod and a smile, Hilda, after handing the money to the electrified Hans, glided away to join her companions.

After a moment Hans called to her in a loud tone, and went stumbling after her as well as he could, for one of his skate-strings was untied. "We cannot take this money," he panted.

"Why not, indeed?" asked Hilda, flushing.

"Because," replied Hans, "we have not earned it."

Hilda was quick-witted. She had noticed a pretty wooden chain upon Gretel's neck.

"Carve me a chain, Hans, like the one your sister wears."

"That I will, lady, with all my heart. We have white-wood in the house, fine as ivory. You shall have one

tomorrow;" and Hans hastily tried to return the money.

"No, no!" said Hilda decidedly. "That sum will be but a poor price for the chain;" and off she darted, outstripping the fleetest among the skaters.

"It is all right," muttered Hans, half to himself, half to his faithful shadow, Gretel. "I must work hard

every minute and sit up half the night, if the mother will let me burn a candle; but a chain shall be finished. We may keep the money, Gretel."

"What a good young lady!" cried Gretel, clapping her hands with delight. "Oh, Hans! was it for nothing the stork settled on our roof last summer? Do you remember how the mother said it would bring us luck? The luck has come to us, at last. Now, Hans, if mother sends us to town to-morrow, you can buy the skates in the market-place."

Hans shook his head. "The young lady would have given us the money to buy skates; but if I *earn* it, Gretel, it shall be spent for wool. You must have a warm jacket."

"Oh!" cried Gretel, in real dismay. "Not buy the skates! Why, I am not often cold. Mother says the blood runs up and down in poor children's veins, humming, 'I must keep 'em warm; I must keep 'em warm!'

"Oh, Hans!" she continued, with something like a sob, "don't say you won't buy the skates; it makes me feel just like crying. Besides, I want to be cold — I mean I'm real warm — so now!"

Hans look up hurriedly. He had a true Dutch horror of tears or emotion of any kind; and, most of all, he dreaded to see his sister's blue eyes overflowing.

"Now mind," cried Gretel, seeing her advantage, "I'll feel badly if you give up the skates. *I* don't want

them: I'm not so stingy as that. But I want *you* to have them; and then, when I get bigger, they'll do for me. Oh-h! count the pieces, Hans. Did ever you see so many?"

Hans turned the money thoughtfully in his palm. Never in all his life had he longed so intensely for a pair of skates, for he had known of the race and had fairly ached for a chance to test his powers with the other children. He felt confident that, with a good pair of steel runners, he could readily distance most of the boys on the canal.

On the other hand, he knew that Gretel, with her strong little frame, needed but a week's practice on good runners to make her a better skater than Rychie Korbes, or even Katrinka Flack. As soon as this last thought flashed upon him, his resolve was made. If Gretel would not have the jacket, she should have the skates.

"No, Gretel," he answered at last, "I can wait. Some day I may have enough saved to buy a fine pair. You shall have these."

Gretel's eyes sparkled; but in another instant she insisted rather faintly, "The young lady gave the money to *you*, Hans."

Hans shook his head resolutely as he trudged on, causing his sister to half skip and half walk in her effort to keep beside him. By this time they had taken off their wooden skates and were hastening home to tell their mother the good news.

On the following day there was not a prouder nor a happier boy in all Holland than Hans Brinker, as he watched his sister flying in and out among the skaters who at sundown thronged the canal. A warm jacket had been given her by the kind-hearted Hilda, and her burst-out shoes had been mended by Dame Brinker.

As the little girl darted backward and forward, flushed with enjoyment, she felt that the shining runners beneath her feet had suddenly turned earth into fairyland. Over and over again in her grateful heart echoed the words, "Hans, dear, good Hans!"

"By den donder!" exclaimed Peter van Holp to Carl Schummel, "but that little one in the red jacket and patched petticoat skates well. Gunst! she has toes on her heels and eyes in the back of her head. See her! It will be a joke if she gets in the race and beats Katrinka Flack, after all."

"Hush! not so loud!" returned Carl, rather sneeringly. "That little lady in rags is the special pet of Hilda van Gleck. Those shining skates are her gift, if I make no mistake."

"So, so!" exclaimed Peter, with a bright smile, for Hilda was his best friend. "She has been at her good work there, too!" And Peter, after cutting a double 8 on the ice, to say nothing of a huge P, then a jump, and an H, glided onward until he found himself beside Hilda.

Hand in hand, they skated together, laughingly at first,

then talking in a low tone. Strange to say, Peter van Holp soon arrived at a sudden conviction that his little sister needed a wooden chain just like Hilda's.

Two days afterward, on St. Nicholas Eve, Hans, having burned three candle-ends and cut his thumb into the bargain, stood in the market-place at Amsterdam, buying another pair of skates.

MARY MAPES DODGE

THE LEAK IN THE DIKE

A STORY OF HOLLAND

The good dame looked from her cottage
At the close of the pleasant day,
And cheerily called to her little son
Outside the door at play:
"Come, Peter, come! I want you to go,
While there is light to see,
To the hut of the blind old man who lives
Across the dike, for me,
And take these cakes I made for him —
They are hot and smoking yet;
You have time enough to go and come
Before the sun is set."

. . . . . .

And now, as the day was sinking,
And the winds began to rise,

The mother looked from her door again,
Shading her anxious eyes;
And saw the shadows deepen
And birds to their homes come back,
But never a sign of Peter
Along the level track.
But she said, "He will come at morning,
So I need not fret or grieve —
Though it isn't like my boy at all
To stay without my leave."

But where was the child delaying?
On the homeward way was he,
And across the dike while the sun was up
An hour above the sea.
He was stopping now to gather flowers,
Now listening to the sound,
As the angry waters dashed themselves
Against their narrow bound.
"Ah! well for us," said Peter,
"That the gates are good and strong,
And my father tends them carefully,
Or they would not hold you long!
You're a wicked sea," said Peter;
"I know why you fret and chafe;
You would like to spoil our lands and homes;
But our sluices keep you safe."

But hark! Through the noise of waters
Comes a low, clear, trickling sound;
And the child's face pales with terror,
And his blossoms drop to the ground.
He is up the bank in a moment,
And, stealing through the sand,
He sees a stream not yet so large
As his slender, childish hand.
'Tis a leak in the dike! He is but a boy,
Unused to fearful scenes;
But young as he is, he has learned to know
The dreadful thing that means.

A leak in the dike! The stoutest heart
Grows faint that cry to hear,
And the bravest man in all the land
Turns white with mortal fear.
For he knows the smallest leak may grow
To a flood in a single night;
And he knows the strength of the cruel sea
When loosed in its angry might.

And the boy! He has seen the danger,
And, shouting a wild alarm,
He forces back the weight of the sea
With the strength of his single arm!
He listens for the joyful sound
Of a footstep passing nigh;

And lays his ear to the ground, to catch
The answer to his cry.
And he hears the rough winds blowing,
And the waters rise and fall,
But never an answer comes to him,
Save the echo of his call.
He sees no hope, no succor,
His feeble voice is lost;
Yet what shall he do but watch and wait,
Though he perish at his post!

. . . . . .

The good dame in the cottage
Is up and astir with the light,
For the thought of her little Peter
Has been with her all the night.
And now she watches the pathway,
As yester eve she had done;
But what does she see so strange and black
Against the rising sun?
Her neighbors are bearing between them
Something straight to her door;
Her child is coming home, but not
As he ever came before!

"He is dead!" she cries; "my darling!"
And the startled father hears,
And comes and looks the way she looks,
And fears the thing she fears;

Till a glad shout from the bearers
Thrills the stricken man and wife:
"Give thanks, for your son has saved our land,
And God has saved his life!"
So there in the morning sunshine
They knelt about the boy;
And every head was bared and bent
In tearful, reverent joy.

'Tis many a year since then; but still,
When the sea roars like a flood,
Their boys are taught what a boy can do
Who is brave and true and good.
For every man in that country
Takes his son by the hand,
And tells him of little Peter,
Whose courage saved the land.

They have many a valiant hero,
Remembered through the years:
But never one whose name so oft
Is named with loving tears.
And his deed shall be sung by the cradle,
And told to the child on the knee,
So long as the dikes of Holland
Divide the land from the sea!

PHŒBE CARY

COURAGE

The Mother JAN, the father FRANZ GRETA
JOSEF, the fiddler HENDRICK

PLACE: A Dutch kitchen.
TIME: A winter afternoon and evening.

I

The mother and the father are standing by the baby's cradle.

JAN: How gay you look to-night!

MOTHER: You know the children are coming home. I want to please them and make a little festival of their home-coming.

JAN: I had quite forgotten that. Of course, you are happy because Franz and Greta are coming, and the baby is better.

MOTHER: Oh, Jan! This morning the baby was so ill I thought we should lose her. The doctor says she will get well if I am careful. I dare not leave her for a moment.

JAN: I wish we had a neighbor. I cannot bear to leave you with no one near to help, in case of need. But I must be off.

MOTHER: Off? Where?

JAN: I have to take Toon's place on the dike. He has been working since early morning.

MOTHER: Where?

JAN: At Kappel — on the sea-slope.

MOTHER: Oh, why must you do that? Can't some one go instead?

JAN: Would you have me be a coward? It is our heritage, this fight against the sea. But to-night you need not fear. The breach is nearly mended and there is no longer any danger.

MOTHER: You know I always dread to have you working there at night.

JAN: The children will soon come and then you will feel better. I must be off. Good-by.

MOTHER: Good-by. Take care of yourself, Jan.

Jan goes out.

How I always dread his working on the dikes! And to-night it looks so stormy.

II

TIME: An hour later.

Franz and Greta come running into the kitchen.

FRANZ: Mother, Mother! Here we are!

GRETA: We have run all the way from the station.

MOTHER: My dear, let me have a look at you. I do believe you have grown — and Franz, too. Come to the fire and tell me about your visit.

A merry tune is heard outside.

FRANZ: Why, if there isn't old Josef Hals with his fiddle! Hello, Josef. Come in.

As Josef enters, the wind blows through the open door.

MOTHER: Do you think we shall have a rough night, Josef?

JOSEF: It looks rather like it now, but it may pass over.

MOTHER: Jan is on the dike at Kappel.

JOSEF: Yes, I know. Do not feel anxious. That dike is quite safe now.

MOTHER: Yes, yes, but — I cannot forget that the sea is always with us. It never sleeps or tires.

JOSEF: You are right. Well, I must be off, for it is getting late.

MOTHER: Franz, you must go back to the village with Josef. Take these skates to be ground, and tell Hans to do them at once, as father will need them to-morrow.

FRANZ: All right. I'll be as quick as I can. Come, Josef. We'll race the storm.

Franz and Josef go out.

III

There is a sudden flash of light.

MOTHER: What — what is that?

GRETA: Such a pretty light keeps flashing, Mother.

MOTHER: Child, it means *death!* Ah, there it is again. It must be urgent.

GRETA: Mother, what is the matter?

MOTHER: The water, the cruel water is bursting through a dike. That light is telling of the danger, and every man must go to help. My Jan! — he cannot see

the signal. If they do not stop the water soon, he will be caught by the floods! He will drown. Jan, Jan, I must warn you! I'll go — but there's the baby crying and the doctor said I must not leave her for an instant. What shall I do? I cannot leave Jan to perish. There is no one near.

GRETA (*frightened*): Mother, Mother!

MOTHER: Greta, my darling, Father works upon the dike at Kappel to-night. He must be warned of the break. You know the way?

GRETA: Yes, Mother, quite well.

MOTHER: Can you take a message to him?

GRETA: To-night, Mother, in the dark?

MOTHER: Father is in great danger. He must be told. Greta, will you go?

GRETA: But, Mother, it is so dark. It's so stormy. I'm frightened. Please don't send me.

MOTHER: My child, did you not wish, one day, that you could do a brave deed? Now the chance has come.

GRETA: Yes, Mother. Give me the lantern — quick, quick!

MOTHER: Run fast to Father. Tell him this: "A dike has burst. Come quickly." Good-by, dear. God be with you!

Greta goes out.

IV

Hendrick enters.

HENDRICK: We want Jan. Nobody can direct the men so well as he.

MOTHER: He is not here. He has gone to take Toon's place upon the Kappel dike.

HENDRICK: At Kappel dike? He must be called back at once.

MOTHER: Is there danger? Is — is the breach so very bad?

HENDRICK: Pretty bad.

MOTHER: Dangerous?

HENDRICK: There is always danger with a wind and sea like this, but our men work well. I will let you know as soon as we are safe again. Oh, if only we could get Jan!

Franz rushes in.

FRANZ: Mother — Mother! Did you know that a dike has burst? The men are working to keep back the sea.

MOTHER: Father! Greta! Where are they? Oh, that they were safe!

FRANZ (*surprised*): Greta? Greta's here. Mother, what do you mean?

MOTHER: Greta has gone to Kappel to warn Father.

FRANZ: To Kappel, a night like this? She's a plucky girl. That's more than I should care to do myself, to-night.

MOTHER: They ought to be here now. Why, oh, why don't they come?

FRANZ: The wind is so rough that they can't walk quickly. I'm sure, Mother, they must be safe. What is that? Listen, Mother. They are coming!

The door opens and Jan and Greta come in.

JAN: Here's a brave little daughter for you, Mother.

FRANZ: Greta, Greta, you're a plucky girl!

KATE HARVEY

Count that day lost,
Whose low descending sun
Views from thy hand
No worthy action done.

THE DRAGON'S TEETH

I

Europa and the Snow-white Bull

Cadmus and his two younger brothers and their little sister Europa were at play together near the seashore in their father's kingdom. They had rambled to some distance from the palace and were now in a green meadow, on one side of which lay the sea. The three boys were gathering flowers and twining them into garlands, with which they adorned the little Europa. Seated on the grass, the child was almost hidden under the buds and blossoms, whence her rosy face peeped merrily out.

Just then there came a splendid butterfly, fluttering along the meadow. The three boys set off after it, crying out that it was a flower with wings. Europa sat still where they had left her and closed her eyes. For a while she listened to the pleasant murmur of the sea, which was like a voice saying "Hush!" and bidding her go to sleep. But the pretty child could not have slept more than a moment, when she heard something trample on the grass, and peeping out from the heap of flowers, beheld a snow-white bull.

Whence could this bull have come? Europa and her brothers had been a long time playing in the meadow and had seen no cattle, nor other living thing.

"Brother Cadmus," cried Europa, "where are you? Help! Help! Come and drive away this bull."

Her brothers were too far off to hear, so there she stood, with her pretty mouth wide open, as pale as the white lilies in her garlands.

Nevertheless, it was the suddenness with which she had seen the bull, rather than anything frightful in his appearance, that caused Europa so much alarm. Never before did a bull have such bright and tender eyes, and such smooth horns of ivory, as this one. He ran little races, and capered around the child so that she quite forgot how big and strong he was, and came to consider him as harmless as a pet lamb.

You might by and by have seen Europa stroking the bull's forehead with her small white hand, and taking the garlands off her own head to hang them on his neck and ivory horns.

When the animal saw that she was no longer afraid of him, he grew overjoyed. He frisked about the meadow, now here, now there. He bowed his head before Europa, as if he knew her to be a king's daughter, and even knelt down at her feet. It seemed as if he wished to say, "Come, dear child, let me give you a ride on my back."

At the first thought of such a thing Europa drew back. But then she was sure that there could be no harm in taking just one gallop on the back of this friendly animal. How it would surprise her brothers to see her riding

across the green meadow! What merry times they might have, taking turns for a gallop!

"I think I will do it," said the child to herself.

She came a step nearer to the white bull, and he showed so much joy that she could not find it in her heart to hesitate any longer. Making one bound, there sat Europa on the beautiful bull, holding an ivory horn in each hand, lest she should fall off.

"Softly, pretty bull, softly!" she said, rather frightened at what she had done. "Do not gallop too fast."

The animal gave a leap into the air, and came down like a feather. He then began a race to that part of the flowery plain where her three brothers were. They stood gaping at the spectacle of their sister mounted on a white bull, not knowing whether to be frightened or to wish the same good luck for themselves.

As the bull wheeled about to take another gallop across the meadow, the child waved her hand, and said, "Good-by." She was playfully pretending that she was bound on a distant journey, and might not see her brothers again for nobody could tell how long.

"Good-by," shouted the boys all in one breath.

But, together with her enjoyment of the sport, there was still a little fear in the child's heart. Her last look at the three boys was a troubled one, and made them feel as if their dear sister were really leaving them forever.

What do you think the snowy bull did next? He set off, as swift as the wind, straight down to the seashore,

scampered across the sand, took a leap, and plunged in among the foaming billows.

Then what a scream of terror did the poor child send forth! The three brothers screamed manfully, likewise, and ran to the shore as fast as their legs would carry them.

But it was too late. When they reached the sand, the bull was already far away in the wide blue sea, with only his snowy head and tail showing. Poor little Europa was stretching out one hand towards her dear brothers, while she grasped the bull's ivory horn with the other.

There stood the boys gazing at this sad spectacle, through their tears, until they could no longer see the bull's snowy head among the billows. Nothing more was ever seen of the white bull, — nothing more of the beautiful child.

This was a mournful story for the three boys to carry home to their parents. King Agenor, their father, loved his little daughter Europa better than his kingdom, or than anything else in the world.

When Cadmus and his two brothers came crying home, and told him how a white bull had carried off their sister, and had swam with her over the sea, the king was quite beside himself with grief and rage. Although it was now fast growing dark, he bade them set out instantly in search of her.

"Never shall you see my face again," he cried, "unless you bring me back my little Europa, to gladden me with

her smiles and her pretty ways. Begone, and enter my presence no more, till you come leading her by the hand."

As King Agenor said this, his eyes flashed fire, and he looked so angry that the poor boys did not even venture to ask for their supper. They slunk away out of the palace, and only paused on the steps a moment to consult where they should go first. While they were standing there, their mother, Queen Telephassa, came hurrying after them, and said that she too would go in quest of her daughter.

"Oh no, Mother!" cried the boys. "The night is dark, and there is no knowing what troubles and perils we may meet."

"Alas! my dear children," answered the poor queen, weeping bitterly, "that is only another reason why I should go with you. If I should lose you too, as well as my little Europa, what would become of me?"

"And let me go likewise," said their playfellow Thasus, who came running to join them.

Thasus was the son of a sea-faring person in the neighborhood. He had been brought up with the young princes and was their intimate friend, and loved Europa very much; so they consented that he should go with them.

The whole party set forth together. They went down the palace steps, and began a journey which turned out to be a great deal longer than they dreamed of. The last that they saw of King Agenor, he came to the door, with a servant holding a torch beside him. He called

after them in the darkness, "Remember! Never ascend these steps again without the child!"

"Never!" sobbed Queen Telephassa; and the three brothers and Thasus answered, "Never! Never! Never! Never!"

II

The Search for Europa

Queen Telephassa and her four youthful companions went on and on, and traveled a long way. They passed over mountains and rivers, and sailed over seas. Here, and there, and everywhere, they asked if any person could tell them what had become of Europa.

The rustic people, of whom they asked this question, paused a little while from their labors in the field, and looked very much surprised. They thought it strange to behold a woman in the garb of a queen roaming about the country, with four lads on such an errand as this seemed to be. But nobody could give them any tidings of Europa. Nobody had seen a little girl dressed like a princess, and mounted on a snow-white bull, which galloped as swiftly as the wind.

I cannot tell you how long Queen Telephassa and her three sons and Thasus went wandering along the highways and bypaths, or through the pathless wildernesses of the earth. But certain it is, that before they reached any place of rest, their splendid garments were quite worn out. They all looked very much travel-stained.

You would much sooner have taken them for a gypsy family than a queen and three princes and their young friend.

The four boys grew up to be tall young men, with sunburnt faces. When the men at whose farmhouses they rested, needed their help in the harvest field, they gave it willingly; and Queen Telephassa (who had done no

work in her palace, save to braid silk threads with golden ones) came behind them to bind the sheaves. If payment was offered, they shook their heads, and only asked for tidings of Europa.

"There are bulls enough in my pasture," the old farmers would reply; "but I never heard of one like this you tell me of. A snow-white bull with a little princess

on his back! Ho! ho! I ask your pardon, good folks; but there never was such a sight seen hereabouts."

At last the youngest son grew weary of rambling hither and thither to no purpose. So one day when they were passing through a pleasant and solitary tract of country, he sat himself down on a heap of moss.

"I can go no farther," he said. "It is a waste of life to spend it, as we do, in always wandering up and down, and never coming to any home at nightfall. Our sister is lost and never will be found. She probably perished in the sea. My father has forbidden us to return to his palace, so I shall build me a hut of branches and dwell here."

"Well, my son," said Telephassa sorrowfully, "you have grown to be a man, and must do as you judge best. But, for my part, I will still go in quest of my poor child."

"And we three will go with you," cried Cadmus and Cilix and their faithful friend Thasus.

Often and often, at the close of a weary day's journey, did Telephassa and her companions remember the pleasant spot in which they had left the youngest son. At length Cilix said, "It is such a long, long time since the white bull carried off my sister Europa, that I have quite forgotten how she looked and the tones of her voice. I am sure that she no longer survives, and that it is folly to waste our own lives and happiness in seeking her. I have resolved to take up my abode here; and I en-

treat you, mother, brother, and friend, to follow my example."

"Not I, for one," said Telephassa; "not I, for one! In the depths of my heart, little Europa is still the rosy child who ran to gather flowers so many years ago. She has not forgotten me. At noon, at night, her childish voice is always in my ears, calling, 'Mother! Mother!' I cannot stop here."

"Nor I," said Cadmus and Thasus.

It grieves me to think of the poor queen, still keeping up that weary pilgrimage. The two young men did their best for her, helping her over the rough places, and seeking to shelter her at nightfall, even when they themselves lay on the ground.

One morning poor Thasus found that he had sprained his ankle and could not go a step farther.

"After a few days, to be sure," said he mournfully, "I might be able to hobble along with a stick. But that would only delay you, and perhaps hinder you from finding dear little Europa. Go forward, therefore, my beloved companions, and leave me to follow as I may."

"Thou hast been a true friend, dear Thasus," said Queen Telephassa, kissing his forehead. "Without thy loving help, and that of my son Cadmus, I could not have come half so far as this. Now, take thy rest, and be at peace. Indeed, I begin to question whether we shall ever find my beloved daughter in this world."

Telephassa and Cadmus continued on their weary

way. The queen leaned heavily upon her son's arm and could walk only a few miles a day; but she would not give up the search. It was enough to bring tears into the eyes of men to hear the sad tone with which she asked of every stranger whether he could tell her any news of the lost child.

"Have you seen a little girl — no, no, I mean a young maiden of full growth — passing by this way, mounted on a snow-white bull, which gallops as swiftly as the wind?"

"We have seen no such wondrous sight," the people would reply.

One day Telephassa seemed feebler than usual, and walked more slowly than ever before. At last they reached a solitary spot, where she told her son that she must lie down and take a good, long rest.

"A good, long rest," she repeated, looking Cadmus tenderly in the face, — "a good, long rest. Dearest Cadmus, thou hast been the truest son that ever mother had, and faithful to the very last. Thou shalt wander no more on this hopeless search. When my pilgrimage is over, go, my son, to Delphi, and inquire of the oracle what thou shalt do next."

I will not sadden you with telling how Telephassa died. I will only say that her dying smile grew brighter, so that Cadmus felt sure that, at her very first step into the better world, she had caught Europa in her arms. He planted some flowers on his mother's grave, and left them to grow there and make the place beautiful.

III

Cadmus and the Oracle

Cadmus set forth alone, and took the road towards the famous oracle of Delphi. On his way thither, he still inquired of people whom he met whether they had seen Europa. He had grown so accustomed to ask the question, that it came to his lips as readily as a remark about the weather.

He walked swiftly along, thinking of his father and mother, and his brothers, and the friendly Thasus, all of whom he had left behind him and never expected to see again. At length he came within sight of a lofty mountain; on its slopes was the famous Delphi.

Delphi was supposed to be the very midmost spot of the whole world. The place of the oracle was a certain hole in the mountain side, over which Cadmus found a rude bower of branches.

He made his way through the tangled boughs to the hole. There he bent forward and spoke, as if addressing some unseen person inside the mountain.

"Sacred oracle of Delphi," said he, "whither shall I go next in quest of my dear sister Europa?"

There was at first a deep silence, and then a rushing sound, or a noise like a long sigh coming from the interior of the earth. This cavity, you must know, was looked upon as a sort of fountain of truth, which sometimes

gushed out in words; although, for the most part, these words were such a riddle that they might just as well have stayed at the bottom of the hole.

But Cadmus was more fortunate than many others who went to Delphi in search of truth. By and by the rushing noise began to sound like language. It repeated, over and over again, the following sentence, but it was so like the whistle of a blast of air that Cadmus really did not know whether it meant anything or not. "Seek her no more! Seek her no more! Seek her no more!"

"What, then, shall I do?" asked Cadmus.

Ever since he was a child, you know, it had been the great object of his life to find his sister. From the very hour that he stopped following the butterfly in the meadow near his father's palace, he had done his best to follow Europa, over land and sea. Now, if he must give up the search, he seemed to have no more business in the world.

Again the sighing gust of air grew into something like a hoarse voice. "Follow the cow!" it said. "Follow the cow! Follow the cow!"

When these words had been repeated until Cadmus was tired of hearing them, the hole gave forth another sentence: "Where the stray cow lies down, there is your home."

These words were spoken but a single time, and died away into a whisper before Cadmus was fully satisfied that he had caught the meaning. He put other questions,

but received no answer. Only the gust of wind sighed and blew the withered leaves along the ground.

"Did there really come any words out of the hole?" thought Cadmus; "or have I been dreaming all this while?"

He turned away from the oracle and thought himself no wiser than when he came. Taking the first path that offered itself, he went along at a slow pace.

I know not how far Cadmus had gone before he beheld a brindled cow. She was lying down by the wayside and quietly chewing her cud; nor did she take any notice of the young man until he had come close to her. Then getting leisurely upon her feet, and giving her head a gentle toss, she began to move along at a slow pace.

Cadmus loitered behind, whistling idly to himself, and scarcely noticing the cow. The thought occurred to him that this might be the animal which was to serve him for a guide, but he smiled at himself for fancying such a thing. Evidently she neither knew nor cared so much as a wisp of hay about him.

"Cow, cow, cow!" cried Cadmus. "Hey, Brindle, hey! Stop, my good cow."

He wanted to come up with the cow, so as to see if there was anything to distinguish her from a thousand other cows, whose only business is to fill the milk pail and sometimes kick it over. But still the brindled cow trudged on, taking as little notice of Cadmus as she well could. Once, when Cadmus tried to catch her by running,

she threw out her heels, stuck her tail straight on end, and set off at a gallop, looking as queerly as cows generally do while putting themselves to their speed.

"I do believe," thought Cadmus, "that this may be the cow that was foretold me. If it be the one, I suppose she will lie down somewhere."

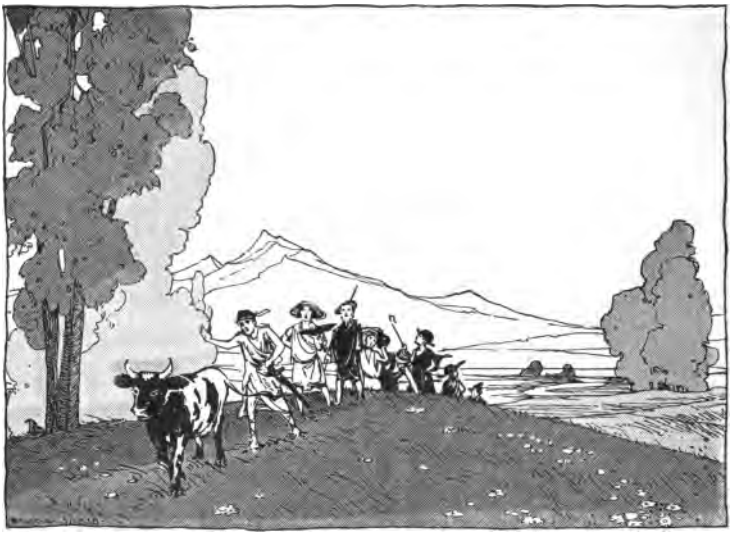
It did not seem reasonable that the cow should travel a great way farther. Every moment he expected to see a milkmaid approaching with a pail, or a herdsman running to head the stray animal and turn her back towards the pasture. But no milkmaid came; no herdsman drove her back. Cadmus followed the stray Brindle till he was almost ready to drop down with fatigue.

"Oh, brindled cow," cried he, in a tone of despair, "do you never mean to stop?"

Several persons who happened to see the brindled cow, and Cadmus following behind, began to trudge after her, just as he did. Cadmus was glad of somebody to talk with, and told these people all his adventures. He mentioned, likewise, that the oracle had bidden him be guided by a cow, and asked the strangers whether they supposed that this brindled animal could be the one.

"Why, 'tis a very wonderful affair," answered one of his new companions. "I am well acquainted with the ways of cattle, and I never knew a cow to go so far without stopping. If my legs will let me, I'll never leave following the beast till she lies down."

"Nor I," said a second.



"Nor I," cried a third. "If she goes a hundred miles farther, I'm determined to see the end of it."

The secret of it was, that the cow was an enchanted cow, and that she threw some of her enchantment over everybody who took so much as half a dozen steps behind her. They could not possibly help following her, though they fancied themselves doing it of their own accord.

While they were talking, one of the company happened to look at the cow. "Joy! joy!" cried he, clapping his hands. "Brindle is going to lie down."

They all looked; and, sure enough, the cow had stopped and was staring leisurely about her, as other cows do when on the point of lying down. When Cadmus and his companions came up with her, there was the brindled cow

taking her ease, chewing her cud, and looking them quietly in the face, as if this was just the spot she had been seeking for.

"This, then," said Cadmus, gazing around him, "this is to be my home."

It was a fertile and lovely plain, with great trees flinging their shadows over it, and hills fencing it in from the rough weather. At no great distance, they beheld a river gleaming in the sunshine.

"My friends," said Cadmus, "this shall be our home. Here we will build our habitations. The brindled cow will supply us with milk. We will cultivate the soil, and lead a happy life."

His companions joyfully assented to this plan; and, in the first place, being very hungry and thirsty, they looked about them for the means of providing a comfortable meal. Not far off they saw a tuft of trees, which appeared as if there might be a spring of water beneath them. They went thither to fetch some, leaving Cadmus stretched on the ground along with the brindled cow.

IV

The Crop of the Dragon's Teeth

Suddenly Cadmus was startled by cries, shouts, and screams, and the noise of a terrible struggle. In the midst of it all, came a most awful hissing, which went right through his ears like a rough saw.

Running towards the tuft of trees, he beheld the head

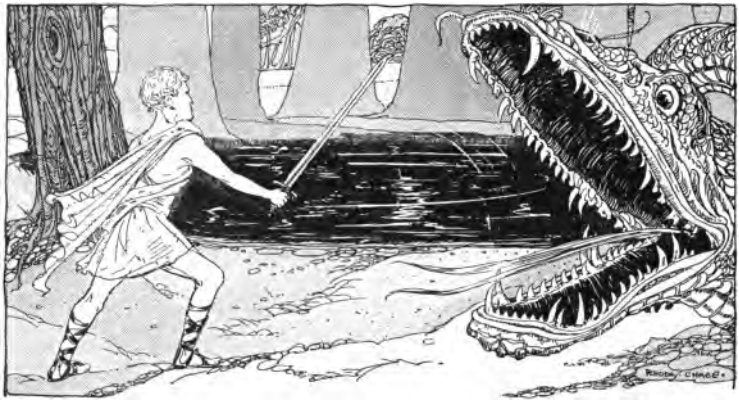
and fiery eyes of an immense dragon, with the widest jaws that ever a dragon had, and vast rows of sharp teeth. Before Cadmus could reach the spot, this reptile had killed his poor companions and was busily devouring them, making but a mouthful of each man.

It appears that the fountain of water was enchanted, and that the dragon had been set to guard it, so that no mortal might ever quench his thirst there. As the neighboring inhabitants carefully avoided the spot, it was now a long time (a hundred years or more) since the monster had broken his fast. His appetite had grown to be enormous, and was not half satisfied by the poor people whom he had just eaten. When he caught sight of Cadmus, he set up another hiss and flung back his immense jaws, until his mouth looked like a great red cavern.

Cadmus was so enraged at the destruction of his friends, that he cared neither for the size of the dragon's jaws nor for his hundreds of sharp teeth. Drawing his sword, he rushed at the monster and flung himself right into his mouth.

This bold method of attacking him took the dragon by surprise. In fact, Cadmus had leaped so far down into his throat, that the rows of terrible teeth could not close upon him, nor do him the least harm in the world.

The struggle was a tremendous one. The dragon shattered the trees into small splinters by the lashing of his tail. Yet all the while Cadmus was slashing and stabbing, until finally he gave a sword thrust that finished



the battle. Then creeping out of the jaws, he beheld the creature still wriggling his vast bulk, although there was no longer life enough in him to harm a little child.

But do you not suppose that it made Cadmus sorrowful to think of the sad fate which had befallen those poor friendly people, who had followed the cow with him? Here he was, after all his toils and troubles, in a solitary place, with not a single human being to help him build a hut.

"What shall I do?" cried he aloud. "It were better for me to have been devoured by the dragon, as my poor companions were."

"Cadmus," said a voice, — but whether it came from above or below him, or whether it spoke within his own breast, the young man could not tell, — "Cadmus, pluck out the dragon's teeth and plant them in the earth."

This was a strange thing to do; nor was it very easy

to dig out all those deep-rooted fangs from the dragon's jaws. But Cadmus toiled and tugged, and after pounding the monstrous head almost to pieces with a great stone, he at last collected as many teeth as might have filled a bushel or two.

The next thing was to plant them. This, likewise, was a hard piece of work. Cadmus was already exhausted with killing the dragon and knocking his head to pieces, and he had nothing to dig the earth with, that I know of, unless it were his sword blade. Finally, however, a large tract of ground was turned up and sown with this new kind of seed, although half of the dragon's teeth still remained to be planted some other day.

Cadmus, quite out of breath, stood leaning upon his sword and wondering what was to happen next. He had waited but a few moments, when he began to see a strange sight.

The sun was shining over the field, and showed all the moist dark soil just like any other newly planted piece of ground. All at once Cadmus fancied he saw something glisten very brightly, first at one spot, then at another, and then at a hundred and a thousand spots together. Soon he perceived them to be the steel heads of spears, sprouting up everywhere like so many stalks of grain, and growing taller and taller.

Next appeared a vast number of bright sword blades, thrusting themselves up in the same way. A moment afterwards, the whole surface of the ground was broken

up by a multitude of polished brass helmets, coming up like a crop of enormous beans.

So rapidly did they grow, that Cadmus now saw the fierce countenance of a man beneath every one. In short, before he had time to think what a wonderful affair it was, he beheld a harvest of what looked like human beings, armed with helmets and breastplates, shields, swords, and spears.

Before they were well out of the earth, they brandished their weapons, and clashed them one against another, seeming to think that they had already wasted too much of life without a battle. Every tooth of the dragon had produced one of these sons of deadly mischief.

Up sprouted, also, a great many trumpeters. With the first breath that they drew, they put their trumpets to their lips, and sounded a tremendous blast. The whole space echoed with the clash and clang of arms, the bray of warlike music, and the shouts of angry men. How fortunate would it be for a great conqueror, if he could get a bushel of the dragon's teeth to sow!

"Cadmus," said the same voice which he had before heard, "throw a stone into the midst of the armed men."

So Cadmus seized a large stone and flung it into the middle of the earth army. It hit the breastplate of a fierce-looking warrior. Immediately the warrior seemed to take it for granted that somebody had struck him; and uplifting his weapon, he smote down his next neighbor.

In an instant, those nearest the fallen warrior began to

strike at one another with their swords. The confusion spread wider and wider. Each man smote down his brother, and was himself smitten down before he had time to exult in his victory.

It was the strangest spectacle of causeless wrath, and of mischief for no good end, that had ever been witnessed. But, after all, it was neither more foolish nor more wicked than a thousand battles that have since been fought, in which men have slain their brothers with just as little reason as these children of the dragon's teeth. It ought to be considered, too, that the dragon people were made for nothing else; whereas other mortals were born to love and help one another.

Well, the battle continued to rage until the ground was strewn with heads. Of all the thousands that began the fight, there were only five left standing. These now rushed from different parts of the field, and meeting in the middle of it, clashed their swords, and struck at each other as fiercely as ever.

"Cadmus," said the voice again, "bid those five warriors sheathe their swords. They will help you to build the city."

Without hesitating an instant, Cadmus stepped forward and spoke to the warriors in a stern and commanding voice. "Sheathe your weapons!" said he.

The five remaining sons of the dragon's teeth made him a military salute with their swords, and returned them to the scabbards. They stood before him in a rank, eyeing

him as soldiers eye their captain, while awaiting the word of command.

These five men had probably sprung from the biggest of the dragon's teeth, and were the boldest and strongest of the whole army. They had a furious look, and glared at one another with fire flashing out of their eyes. It was strange to observe how the earth, out of which they had grown, showed here and there on their bright breastplates, and even on their faces, just as you may have seen it clinging to beets and carrots when pulled out of their native soil. Cadmus hardly knew whether to consider them as men.

They looked him earnestly in the face, waiting for his next order, and evidently desiring no other employment than to follow him from one battlefield to another, all over the wide world. But Cadmus was wiser than they, and knew better how to use their strength.

"Come," said he, "you are sturdy fellows. Make yourselves useful. Quarry some stones with those great swords of yours, and help me to build a city."

The five soldiers grumbled a little, and muttered that it was their business to overthrow cities, not to build them up. But they soon set to work in good earnest, and toiled so well that in a very short time a city began to make its appearance.

At first, to be sure, the workmen showed a quarrelsome disposition. Like savage beasts, they would doubtless have done one another a mischief, if Cadmus had not kept

watch over them and quelled the fierce old serpent that lurked in their hearts.

In course of time they became used to honest labor, and had sense enough to feel that there was more true enjoyment in living at peace and doing good to one's neighbor, than in striking at him with a two-edged sword. It may not be too much to hope that the rest of mankind will by and by grow as wise and peaceable as these five warriors who sprang from the dragon's teeth.

Now the city was built, and there was a home in it for each of the workmen; but the palace of Cadmus was not yet erected, because they had left it till the last. After finishing the rest of their labors, they all went to bed early in order to rise in the gray of the morning, and get at least the foundation of the palace laid before nightfall.

When Cadmus arose, and took his way towards the site of the palace, followed by his five sturdy workmen, what do you think he saw?

What should it be but the most magnificent palace that had ever been seen in the world! It was built of marble and other beautiful kinds of stone, and rose high into the air. It had grown up out of the earth in almost as short a time as it had taken the armed host to spring from the dragon's teeth.

When the five workmen beheld the dome, with the morning sunshine making it look golden, they gave a great shout. "Long live King Cadmus," they cried, "in his beautiful palace."

The new king, with his five faithful followers at his heels, ascended the palace steps. Halting at the entrance, they gazed into a great hall. At the farther end of this hall, Cadmus beheld a female figure, wonderfully beautiful, and adorned with a royal robe, and a crown of diamonds over her golden ringlets. His heart thrilled with delight. He fancied it was his long-lost sister Europa, coming to make him happy, and to repay him for all those weary wanderings.

"No, Cadmus," said the same voice that had spoken to him in the field of the armed men, "this is not that dear sister Europa whom you have sought so faithfully all over the wide world. This is Harmonia, a daughter of the sky, who is given you instead of sister, and brothers, and friend, and mother."

So King Cadmus dwelt in the palace with Harmonia. He found a great deal of comfort in his magnificent abode, but would doubtless have found as much in the humblest cottage by the wayside.

Before many years went by, there was a group of rosy little children sporting in the great hall and running joyfully to meet King Cadmus. They called him father, and Queen Harmonia mother.

The five old soldiers of the dragon's teeth grew very fond of these small urchins, and were never weary of showing them how to flourish wooden swords and march in military order, blowing a penny trumpet, or beating rub-a-dub upon a little drum.

But King Cadmus, lest there should be too much of the dragon's tooth in his children's disposition, used to find time to teach them their A, B, C, — which he invented for their benefit, and for which many little people, I am afraid, are not half so grateful to him as they ought to be.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE (*Abridged*)

THE PEACE-PIPE

This poem is the first section of Longfellow's *The Song of Hiawatha*. He tells here how Gitche Manito, the great Maker of the world and of men, brought peace among the Indian tribes.

Manito came down from the heavens and stood in a quarry among the mountains. First he made a river, the mighty Mississippi, and marked its winding pathway through the land. Then he lighted the peace-pipe; its smoke, rising to the skies, was a signal to call all the tribes to take council together.

When the Indians had come to the quarry, in all their war paint, Manito spoke words of wisdom, words of warning. He asked them to stop their quarrels and to live in peace as brothers. He bade them wash off the war paint in the new river and smoke together the pipe of peace.

On the Mountains of the Prairie,
On the great Red Pipe-stone Quarry,
Gitche Manito, the mighty,
He the Master of Life, descending,
On the red crags of the quarry
Stood erect, and called the nations,
Called the tribes of men together.

From his footprints flowed a river,
Leaped into the light of morning,
O'er the precipice plunging downward
Gleamed like Ishkoodah, the comet.
And the Spirit, stooping earthward,
With his finger on the meadow
Traced a winding pathway for it,
Saying to it, "Run in this way!"

Then erect upon the mountains,
Gitche Manito, the mighty,
Smoked the calumet, the Peace-Pipe,
As a signal to the nations.
From the far-off Rocky Mountains,
From the Northern lakes and rivers,
All the tribes beheld the signal,
Saw the distant smoke ascending,
The Pukwana of the Peace-Pipe.

And the Prophets of the nations
Said: "Behold it, the Pukwana!
By this signal from afar off,
Bending like a wand of willow,
Waving like a hand that beckons,
Gitche Manito, the mighty,
Calls the tribes of men together,
Calls the warriors to his council!"

Down the rivers, o'er the prairies,
Came the warriors of the nations,
All the warriors drawn together
By the signal of the Peace-Pipe,
To the Mountains of the Prairie,
To the great Red Pipe-stone Quarry.

And they stood there on the meadow,
With their weapons and their war-gear,
Painted like the leaves of Autumn,
Painted like the sky of morning,
Wildly glaring at each other;
In their faces stern defiance,
In their hearts the feuds of ages,
The hereditary hatred,
The ancestral thirst of vengeance.

Gitche Manito, the mighty,
The creator of the nations,
Looked upon them with compassion,
With paternal love and pity;
Looked upon their wrath and wrangling
But as quarrels among children,
But as feuds and fights of children!

Over them he stretched his right hand,
To subdue their stubborn natures,
To allay their thirst and fever,

By the shadow of his right hand;
Spake to them with voice majestic
As the sound of far-off waters
Falling into deep abysses,
Warning, chiding, spake in this wise: —
"O my children! my poor children!
Listen to the words of wisdom,
Listen to the words of warning,
From the lips of the Great Spirit,
From the Master of Life, who made you!

"I have given you lands to hunt in,
I have given you streams to fish in,
I have given you bear and bison,
I have given you roe and reindeer,
I have given you brant and beaver,
Filled the marshes full of wild-fowl,
Filled the rivers full of fishes;
Why then are you not contented?
Why then will you hunt each other?

"I am weary of your quarrels,
Weary of your wars and bloodshed,
Weary of your prayers for vengeance,
Of your wranglings and dissensions;
All your strength is in your union,
All your danger is in discord;
Therefore be at peace henceforward,
And as brothers live together.

"Bathe now in the stream before you,
Wash the war-paint from your faces,
Wash the blood-stains from your fingers,
Bury your war-clubs and your weapons,
Break the red stone from this quarry,
Mold and make it into Peace-Pipes,
Take the reeds that grow beside you,
Deck them with your brightest feathers,
Smoke the calumet together,
And as brothers live henceforward!"

Then upon the ground the warriors
Threw their cloaks and shirts of deer-skin,
Threw their weapons and their war-gear,
Leaped into the rushing river,
Washed the war-paint from their faces.
Clear above them flowed the water,
Clear and limpid from the footprints
Of the Master of Life descending;
Dark below them flowed the water,
Soiled and stained with streaks of crimson,
As if blood were mingled with it!

From the river came the warriors,
Clean and washed from all their war-paint;
On the banks their clubs they buried,
Buried all their warlike weapons.
Gitche Manito, the mighty,

The Great Spirit, the creator,
Smiled upon his helpless children!

And in silence all the warriors
Broke the red stone of the quarry,
Smoothed and formed it into Peace-Pipes,
Broke the long reeds by the river,
Decked them with their brightest feathers,
And departed each one homeward,
While the Master of Life, ascending,
Through the opening of cloud-curtains,
Through the doorways of the heaven,
Vanished from before their faces,
In the smoke that rolled around him,
The Pukwana of the Peace-Pipe!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

ROBIN HOOD AND HIS MERRY MEN

Of all the heroes of England, probably none has ever gained greater fame than brave Robin Hood. You may ask why he should be a hero, for he was an outlaw, who shot the king's deer and robbed travelers on the highway. To know the reason, we must first know something of the times in which he lived.

Richard the Lion-hearted was king of England and he was well loved by the people. But he was away from home, making war in foreign countries, and in his absence the land was in the hands of nobles who ruled as it pleased them.

There were no laws to protect the people, and the rulers used their power to get what they wanted. Very few of them cared to be kind or fair to the poorer people. Men were thrown into prison, killed, or declared outlaws, often for no reason except that the rulers commanded it. It was a common thing for a man to be declared an outlaw for a small offense, and to be hunted like a wild beast from one end of England to the other.

Men often became outlaws through no fault of their own. Often they were friends of the poor people and enemies of the unjust lords. Robin Hood was such an outlaw. He was only a boy when he became an outlaw, and it happened in the following fashion.

He was walking one day through Sherwood Forest when he was roughly hailed by a party of the king's foresters. They made fun of him and jeered at his youthful appearance. "See the length of his bow," they roared. "He carries it for show, you may be sure. He could never draw it."

"I will draw it at a mark with any man of you," cried the boy.

"Done!" said the chief forester with a sly smile. "There's your mark" — and he pointed to a spot where a herd of deer had just swept into view, led by a great stag.

Without a word, Robin raised his bow. There was a twang, a buzzing sound, and the great stag leaped and fell, with the arrow through his heart.

Robin turned to the men, who were silent with amazement at the shot. "Well, have I won?" he asked.

"Yes, you've won fast enough," said the chief forester. "I'll tell you what you've won. You've won the penalty for shooting the king's deer, my fine fellow. Up you go to the sheriff. He'll be glad to see you. Seize him, my lads."

In a flash Robin saw their trick. They wished to make the sheriff think they were good foresters who were doing their duty. They would charge him with shooting the king's deer and he would be hanged. Robin's heart was full of rage, but he was powerless.

The foresters bound him quickly and placed him on a cart. Then hailing two woodcutters near by, they ordered them to leave their work and haul the prisoner to town. The poor fellows did not dare to disobey, for the whips of the foresters on their backs warned them to do as they were told. Robin looked at them and felt that he could hope for no help there.

Toward evening the company stopped at a tavern to rest. Then watching his chance, the older of the two woodcutters slipped quietly into the forest. The younger one started to follow, then stopped and ran softly to the place where Robin lay in the cart. Swiftly cutting the ropes, he helped Robin to his feet, and together they sped toward the woods. There was a cry behind them, and the foresters were in hot pursuit.

The two young fellows sped on, knowing that their

lives were at stake. On and on they ran, while the noise of their pursuers grew fainter, till at last it stopped. They were safe for the time being.

Robin knew that from that day he was an outlaw. He fled far into the forest and made his home there. Gradually other outlaws joined him there — men, like himself, who had been ill-treated by the cruel lords. By reason of his great skill with the bow, Robin Hood became their leader. His company grew larger until at length he had a little kingdom in the forest where he reigned supreme.

It was considered a great thing indeed to be one of Robin Hood's men, but it was not easy to gain a place among them. A man must agree to live up to the rules Robin had laid down. He must also prove himself a good shot and a good fighter. It is said that, first of all, he had to fight Robin Hood himself. If Robin's bones were very sore after the fight, he knew the man was worthy of a place in his company. "Ah," he would say, "this must be a very good man, for he has given me a beating. He is just the man for me. He shall join my Merry Men."

Robin Hood's Merry Men became known all over the country as rebels against the unjust rule of the lords, and as friends and helpers of the poor and oppressed. They never hurt a woman; they never robbed or ill-treated the poor people. But they struck blow after blow at the unjust lords. They killed the king's deer for their food, and they robbed rich travelers on the road.

They did all this because they saw that in those days there was no hope of justice from the rulers of the land, and they saw that they themselves were the only ones to whom the poor people could look for help. The people did indeed look upon Robin Hood as their friend, and they learned to call on him for help whenever they were in trouble.

The officers and the rich lords hated Robin and often tried to capture him and his followers. But as time went by, the company of Merry Men grew so large and strong that they had little to fear. In their coats of Lincoln green, with their long bows and arrows, they roamed through the whole forest, in quest of adventure.

The blast of their hunting horns brought many a message of safety to people in trouble, and made many a rogue tremble and run away. Wherever Robin Hood and his Merry Men were known, they were known to be always on the side of justice and fair play.

No wonder, then, that the name of Robin Hood was dear to all oppressed and down-trodden people. No wonder that they loved to tell of his good deeds, and that his fame has come down in song and story to our day.

ROBIN HOOD MEETS HIS GREATEST FOLLOWER

It happened one day that Robin Hood went roving through the greenwood, and a number of his men went with him. They came to the border of the forest and looked out across the open country.

"Stay among the trees, my men," said Robin. "It would draw attention if a company should be seen marching across the fields. I will go forward alone to see if I can find any adventure. Perchance some rich knight may be on the road this fine morning, and we will lighten his purse of its load. If I need you, I will sound my bugle horn."

So his followers stayed in hiding in the forest, and Robin went on alone. He walked down to the high road, but it seemed empty, and he strolled along it. Presently he came to a place where a stream ran across the road. Horses went through a ford, but foot-passengers could cross by a long, narrow, wooden bridge, without a handrail.

Robin stepped on the bridge to walk across, and at the very instant that he did so, a huge fellow, a very giant of a man, stepped on the farther end. Each moved forward briskly, thinking that the other would give way, and they met in the middle of the bridge.

"By my faith," thought Robin Hood to himself, "this

is a noble yeoman. Would that I could win him over to my side!"

In truth, such a man as the stranger was not often seen. He was head and shoulders taller than Robin, of immense breadth of shoulder, long-armed and long-legged, and appeared strong as a bull. He had a pleasant face and a bright brown eye.

"Give way, my man!" cried Robin. "What did you mean by stepping on the bridge when you saw that I was about to come over and that the bridge is not wide enough for two?"

The stranger had only one weapon, a huge quarter-staff, full seven feet long, thick and heavy. He now quietly leaned upon it and smiled as he said, "Why should I stand aside for you, archer? Let me tell you that I have never stood aside for any man yet, and see no reason to begin this day."

"What!" cried Robin; "you bandy words with me, do you? I'll show you something, my fine fellow, big as you are," and with that he slipped an arrow on the string of his bow and drew it to his ear.

"Now," he went on, "back with you, I say! Your life is in my hands. I could send this shaft through your heart before you could lift your staff to fetch a single blow at me."

Robin did this to see if the stranger would show fear, but the tall man listened as calmly as if Robin had been saying good day.

"That would be a coward's trick," replied the stranger. "Here I stand with only a staff in my hand, and you threaten me with a long bow and gray-goose shaft. A coward's trick, I say!"

"I am no coward," replied Robin. "I will lay aside my bow and try you with a staff."

So Robin ran to a thicket beside the stream and cut a stout staff of oak. When he came back with his stick, the stranger was still resting on his quarter-staff in the middle of the bridge.

"Here we will fight where we have met," cried Robin Hood, "and the man who knocks the other into the stream shall be the winner."

"Agreed!" cried the stranger, and the two men faced

each other, setting their feet carefully on the narrow bridge and grasping their staves firmly.

For a few moments they whirled their sticks about, each searching for an opening to attack the other. Robin was the first to get a blow. He showed wonderful speed and skill, but his opponent was just as skillful and had tremendous strength. Nothing but quickness saved Robin from being knocked into the stream.

Suddenly the tall man brought down his staff with all the power of his long arms. Robin might as well have tried to escape a thunderbolt. Down came the crashing blow. It broke Robin Hood's staff in two and hurled him into the brook.

Beneath the bridge was a deep pool, and in went Robin Hood head over heels. In a moment he came up gasping for breath.

"Ha, ha, Master Archer!" laughed the stranger merrily; "where art thou now?"

"By my faith," replied Robin Hood, "methinks I am in the brook fairly enough, and thou hast won the bout. But I'll freely say thou art a brave soul and hast won fairly."

Then Robin Hood waded to the side and climbed out. As soon as he was on the bank, he set his horn to his mouth and blew his own bugle call.

Scarcely had the valley ceased ringing with the echo of the horn when his stout bowmen came in sight.

"Why, master," cried Will, as they ran up, "what is

the meaning of this? You are wet to the skin, and the water is dripping from you. Have you been in the brook?"

"Ay, that I have, Will," replied Robin Hood, "and there stands the man who put me there," and he pointed to the stranger.

"Then in he goes, too!" cried Will, and the others shouted, "Ay, ay, it were a shame to let him go scot-free after treating our leader so. In with him, lads!"

The stranger prepared to resist, but even his great strength would not have helped him against the crowd of angry yeomen, had not Robin Hood called them.

"Hold your hands, my lads," said Robin, "ye shall do no wrong to this bold heart. It was a fair fight, and he won, and I owe him no grudge for it. I would rather be friends with him. Come," and now Robin turned to the stranger, "join us, and be one of our band. We have always room for so strong an arm as thine."

"First," said the stranger, "who are you? I have sworn to enlist under one man, and one man only, and I have come in search of him."

"I am Robin Hood," said the leader.

"Robin Hood!" cried the other. "It is he for whom I search, and I am making my way to Sherwood Forest to enter his goodly company, if I may."

"Thou may'st in very truth!" cried Robin, "and gladly will I receive thee. Methinks such a recruit is not picked up every day."

"Here is my hand," replied the stranger, "I'll serve you with my whole heart. My name is John Little."

When Will heard the stranger's name, he began to laugh. "John Little!" he cried; "by my faith, that name ought to be changed. As he is a newcomer to our band, let him be christened anew, and I will name him."

"And what wilt thou call him, then?" cried the others.

"Why, seeing that the infant is so tiny, his name shall no longer be John Little, but he shall be called Little John."

The outlaws laughed at the idea of calling this giant Little John, but the jest pleased them.

"Now for a jolly feast to finish off the christening," said Will. "It is not every day we add such a stout companion to our band, and we must have a revel in honor of it."

So they went back to the forest. Soon two fat deer had fallen to their keen shafts, and were being carried to their hiding place, the great cave in the rock. Here they built a fire and roasted the meat and feasted on it. And when the feast was over, they sang to the music of the harp, and danced and enjoyed the frolic to their hearts' content.

JOHN FINNEMORE

HOW RICHARD THE LION-HEARTED MET ROBIN HOOD

King Richard one day came down to Nottingham in the hope of seeing Robin Hood. He marched into the forest attended by a strong body of men and expected to meet the outlaws very shortly.

But he marched hither and thither, and found the forest empty and silent as far as all human life was concerned. He saw the deer bounding over the greensward, the great oaks waving their boughs in the wind, but never a glimpse had he of the stout fellows in Lincoln green.

Day after day passed, and Richard crossed the glade and woodland all in vain. He seemed no nearer to coming to speech with Robin Hood than he had been when seated in his palace in London.

"By my halidom," said Richard, "but this is passing strange. I was told that these fellows so haunted the forest roads that a beggar could not pass unnoticed, and yet I see naught of them."

The reason was simple. It was Robin's own doing that Richard saw nothing of the outlaws. Robin loved his king and was not willing that a hand should be raised against Richard and his followers, so he gave strict orders that his men should keep out of the way.

He was faithfully obeyed. Time and again the out-

laws lay hidden and smiled to see the king and his lords pass within easy bowshot. But never an arrow was placed on string and never a sign was given of their presence.

One day Richard was lamenting that Robin Hood seemed to have vanished from the face of the earth, when an old forester who stood by his knee smiled and said, "Nay, my lord, he is in the forest as surely as I stand here, and ye may easily see him."

"How?" demanded the king.

"Why, my lord, you go in armor and with a train of soldiers. Think ye that the outlaws will set green jacket against coat of mail? But if ye go disguised as an abbot, whose bags would yield rich plunder, Robin would appear fast enough."

King Richard saw the force of these words and nodded gayly. The adventure was just to his liking. The very next day he slipped secretly from Nottingham in abbot's dress, with half a dozen followers dressed as monks, and a couple of horses heavily laden with baggage.

Sure enough, he had not gone three miles into the forest before he was called upon to stand. At a bend of the way, a man, handsomely dressed in Lincoln green, stepped from a thicket and laid his hand on the abbot's bridle.

His sun-burned face and bright eyes were full of amusement as he said politely, "Sir Abbot, by your leave, you must bide awhile with me and my men." He waved

his bow, and at once a score of hardy, active fellows burst from the bushes and surrounded the party.

Then Richard looked at the first man and knew that Robin Hood stood before him at last.

"And who are ye who bar my way?" asked the king quietly in his deep, rich voice.

Robin Hood started slightly at hearing those commanding tones and looked keenly at the stranger. But the great hat and hood which Richard wore quite concealed his features. Then Robin replied: —

"We be yeomen of this forest,
Under the greenwood tree;
We live by our king's deer —
Other means have not we.
And ye have churches, and rents, both,
And gold full great plenty.
Give us some of your spending,
For Saint Charity!"

"In truth, good yeoman," said Richard, "I have brought to the greenwood no more than forty pounds. For I have lain at Nottingham with the king's court and spent much on feasting these great lordlings who follow the king."

"Art thou a true follower of the king?" asked Robin.

"That I am," replied Richard. "I love him with all my heart."

"Then for that speech thou savest half thy money,

Sir Abbot," said Robin. "Give me twenty pounds for my men, and keep the other twenty for thine own needs."

"Gramercy," said Richard, "but thou art a very gentle yeoman. And thou must know that my errand into this forest is to search for thee and bid thee come to Nottingham to meet the king. He is full of longing to see thee, and he sends thee a safe conduct, and here is his seal to assure thee."

Richard now drew the royal seal from beneath his cloak and showed it. Robin bent his knee in respect before it, and every yeoman pulled off his hood and stood bareheaded.

"Why," said Richard in surprise, "I was told, yeoman, that thou wert a disloyal fellow who set the king's law at naught and did all kinds of evil."

"Nay, Sir Abbot," replied Robin. "I hate unjust sheriffs, but I love no man in all the world so well as I do my gallant king. If thou art his messenger and bearest his seal, I make thee welcome to the greenwood. Thou shalt dine with me, for the love of our king, under my trysting-tree."

So Robin led the abbot's horse until they came to the camp pitched under a mighty oak which was the trysting-tree of Robin and his men. Here Robin sounded his horn, and his men ran to the spot — bright, brisk, alert fellows, well dressed and well armed, and every man bent his knee in courtesy to his leader.

"By my faith," thought Richard, "these fellows are more at his bidding than my men are at mine."

Swiftly a fine feast was made ready, and the men all sat down to it. Richard was hungry, and he ate and drank and enjoyed the noble fare of the greenwood to the full.

When the dinner was over, Robin Hood said to his guest, "Now ye shall see what life we lead in the forest, so that ye may report our doings to my lord the king." So the yeomen fell to their sports — the wrestling match, the play with the quarter-staff, and archery, the dearest sport of all.

At the foot of the glade they set up a long slender wand, and Robin bade his men split it with their arrows. Another mark was a rose garland, through which their arrows had to be shot without touching leaf or flower.

"By my faith!" cried Richard, "but those marks are set full fifty paces too far away, good yeoman."

"Nay," smiled Robin. "Of what use to practice at an easy mark? And should any man miss, he must take a stout buffet on the ear in penalty. Every man receives his buffet at the hand of good Friar Tuck here. Stand forth, Friar Tuck, for the shooting is about to begin."

"And dost thou smite them in earnest, brother?" demanded Richard, as Friar Tuck came up.

"Ay, verily I do," replied the burly friar, his bright black eyes rolling mischievously. "If our men shoot

carelessly, we are like to be undone, so that the bad shot must be paid for by a good blow."

The shooting now began, and Richard marveled at the wonderful skill shown by yeoman after yeoman. But at last one of them was so unlucky as to miss the wand. He was at once forced to stand up before the powerful friar, who sent him rolling with one swing of a brawny arm. Then Little John, to the wonder of all, failed at the garland, and even the giant was now felled by the thick arm of Friar Tuck.

The yeomen roared with laughter to see the huge man measure his length on the greensward. Then a still louder shout arose, for Robin Hood himself missed the garland and must pay the penalty of failure.

"Let me take my choice," laughed Robin. "Sir Abbot, serve me out my blow."

"Nay, master," protested Friar Tuck, "that is to slip aside. What can yonder abbot do? His blow were no more than a tap with a bulrush."

"Say not so, friar!" cried Richard. "Thou art not to-day the only man who hath a little pith in his arm."

"A fig for the pith in thy arm," said Tuck scornfully. "I would take a cuff from thee and scarce know what had tickled my ear."

"Wouldst thou so!" cried the supposed abbot, leaping from his seat. "Then here is a fair offer, friar. I will abide thy blow if thou wilt abide mine."

"And I to have the first blow?" cried the stout friar eagerly.

"Yes," said the other.

"Agreed, agreed!" roared Tuck joyously. "If I do not save my own head, then let it sing."

Friar Tuck rolled up the sleeve of his gown and showed a brawny arm, on which the muscles worked in knots and ridges as he closed and unclosed his huge fist.

The yeomen formed an eager ring, and the abbot stepped quietly into it and stood erect to receive the friar's blow.

"Yonder abbot is a goodly figure," murmured Robin.

Head and shoulders above the burly figure of the friar rose the stately form of Richard the Lion-hearted. When Friar Tuck loosed at him a terrific blow, naught was disturbed save his great hat, which flew twenty yards away.

The yeomen raised a great shout of applause in honor of the first man who had ever held his own against Tuck's mighty fist. Then the abbot said quietly, "My turn now, brother," and Tuck, without a word, stood manfully forth to take the return cuff.

What a shout was raised when the abbot, folding up his sleeve, bared a muscular arm and dealt Tuck such a blow that he went head over heels as if a thunderbolt had smitten him! Every man who had felt the weight of the friar's fist shouted with glee at thus seeing him paid back in his own coin.

Robin Hood himself did not laugh. "An evil choice have I made," he thought. "This stranger is a more terrible boxer than our own Tuck." But he stood forth to take his cuff, and received so hearty a one that he measured his full length on the greensward and the abbot's hood flew back as he struck.

"In truth, Sir Abbot, thou art a stalwart fellow," said Robin, getting up and rubbing his head.

Robin Hood looked up into the abbot's face and wondered who this man could be. He had never seen a man with such a bold, handsome face, with such bright, sparkling, honest blue eyes, and with a smile so merry and gay that Robin could not help smiling in sympathy. But his wonder was turned to astonishment when he saw Little John fling himself on his knees before the abbot, and call out, "Pardon, Sire, pardon!"

"Pardon for what, Little John?" cried Robin. "Thou hast had thy cuff. There is no need to fear that this abbot of the mighty arm will deal thee a second blow."

Again Little John cried, "Pardon, Sire, pardon!" and at the next moment the wonder of the onlookers grew. Sir Richard of the Lee rode down the glade to join them, and no sooner did he see the abbot than he hastened to leap down from his horse and fall on his knees beside Little John.

"Is there any service a loyal knight may render to his king?" said Sir Richard. "If there be, I am at your Majesty's command."

"The king!" cried Robin in wonder.

"The king!" echoed the yeomen, and every one bent the knee before that stately figure in abbot's robe.

"Grant thy mercy," cried Robin. "Grant mercy to my men and me."

"Mercy you shall have," said Richard smiling; "for surely such a brave band of yeomen were better employed in my service than exiled in the forest here. What say you, Robin Hood? Will you be my man and serve me henceforth?"

"I will, my lord!" cried Robin Hood. "I am your man from this day and forever!" and his men echoed the words with a loud shout.

"Hast thou any green cloth to spare, Robin?" asked the king. "For, by my faith, I would rather wear a forest jerkin than these dark weeds," and he threw his abbot's cloak aside.

"Plenty, my lord," replied Robin Hood, and he hastened to dress the king and his followers in Lincoln green, such as the outlaws wore.

That night there was a merry banquet in Nottingham town, for the king now feasted the outlaws as they had feasted him. There was the best of good cheer, so that Richard was full of delight, and swore that for good fellowship and mirth and music his new followers surpassed all others.

JOHN FINNEMORE

ROBIN HOOD

No! the bugle sounds no more,
And the twanging bow no more;
Silent is the ivory shrill,
Past the heath and up the hill;
There is no mid-forest laugh,
Where lone Echo gives the half
To some wight amazed to hear
Jesting, deep in forest drear.

On the fairest time of June
You may go, with sun or moon,
Or the seven stars to light you,
Or the polar ray to right you;
But you never may behold
Little John, or Robin bold.

So it is! yet let us sing,
Honor to the old bow-string!
Honor to the bugle-horn!
Honor to the woods unshorn!
Honor to the Lincoln green!
Honor to the archer keen!
Honor to tight Little John,
And the horse he rode upon.

Honor to bold Robin Hood,
Sleeping in the underwood!
Honor to Maid Marian
And to all the Sherwood clan!

JOHN KEATS

THE FAITHFUL MINSTREL

Richard the Lion-hearted, the brave and daring king of England, spent many years far from home, traveling and fighting in foreign lands.

Now it happened one day that as he journeyed with a small band of followers, he came to the country of Duke Leopold. Though the duke was his bitter enemy, Richard found it necessary to pass through his country.

In order that no one should suspect that he was the king of England, he dressed himself like a merchant and sent away all his attendants, except one servant. After traveling rapidly for three days and three nights, they stopped to rest at an inn.

The servant went out to the market-place to buy food. He did not notice that in his belt he had stuck a pair of beautiful gloves, worked with gold thread. While he walked through the market-place, a bystander saw the gloves and looked closely at them. He was sure that only a king or a great prince could wear gloves such as those, and he hastened to tell the duke's officers what he had seen.

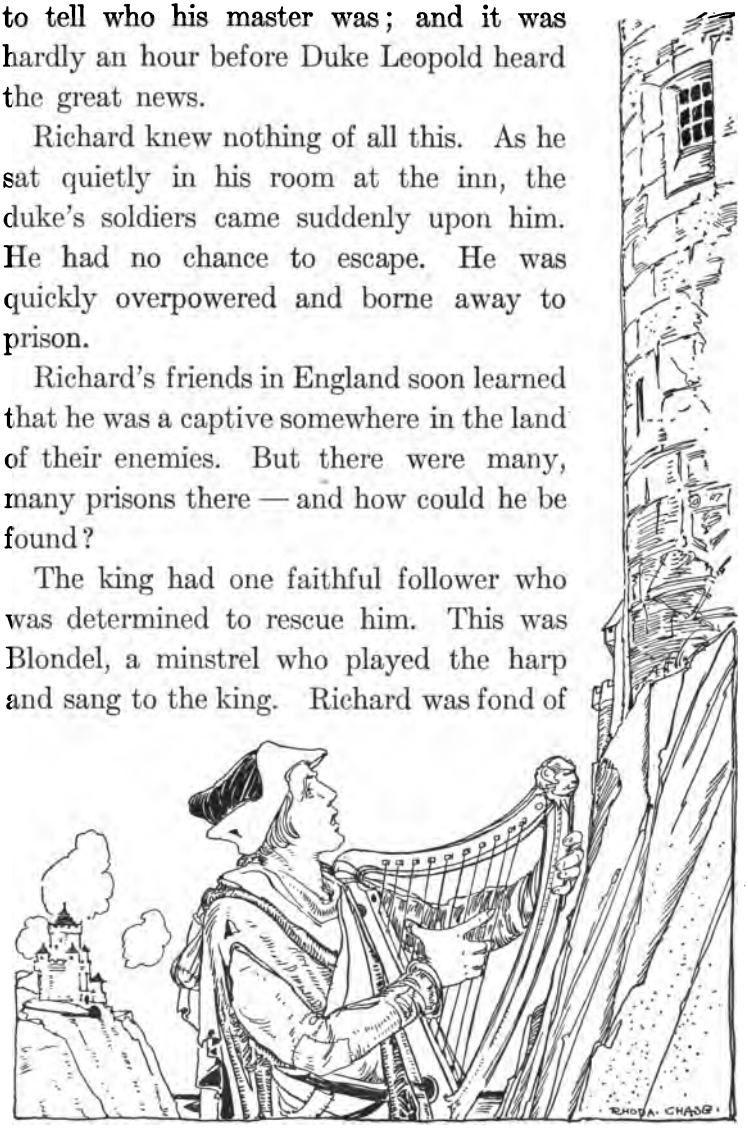
The servant was promptly arrested and was forced

to tell who his master was; and it was hardly an hour before Duke Leopold heard the great news.

Richard knew nothing of all this. As he sat quietly in his room at the inn, the duke's soldiers came suddenly upon him. He had no chance to escape. He was quickly overpowered and borne away to prison.

Richard's friends in England soon learned that he was a captive somewhere in the land of their enemies. But there were many, many prisons there — and how could he be found?

The king had one faithful follower who was determined to rescue him. This was Blondel, a minstrel who played the harp and sang to the king. Richard was fond of



music, and at home in England he had often written songs. He used to sing these songs while Blondel played the harp at his side.

Now when Blondel heard that his king was shut up in some dark foreign prison, he was filled with grief. Dressing himself as a poor wanderer, he took his harp in hand and set out across the sea to seek his king.

On and on he wandered, through many lands. Wherever he found a prison, he stopped to play his harp and sing the songs that Richard knew. Always he listened for some sign that his song was heard, and hearing none, trudged on his way.

At length one day, weary and almost hopeless, Blondel came to the prison where Richard lay. He was singing an old song that Richard knew. As he finished the verse, suddenly out from the barred window above him came an answering voice that took up the song. It was Richard, the king.

In great joy, the faithful minstrel hurried back to England to tell the nobles where their king could be found. Money was collected and plans were set on foot to free him.

At last after many difficulties and delays, a large sum of money was paid to Duke Leopold, and Richard stepped out from his dark prison walls into the sunlight once more. He had been freed by the love of his faithful minstrel.

THE STORY OF ROBINSON CRUSOE

The story of Robinson Crusoe is one of the most wonderful books ever written. It is the story of an English boy who ran away from home and went to sea. He was captured by pirates and had many exciting adventures, but the most interesting part of his life came after his shipwreck on a desert island.

I

The Shipwreck

It was in the year 1659 that Robinson Crusoe sailed out of a South American port, bound for a trading post on the coast of Africa. For twelve days all went well and the ship sailed swiftly on.

Then a dreadful storm began to blow. For twelve more days the ship was driven this way and that over the stormy sea. In the end it was wrecked upon a wild unknown coast, and every man on board, except one, was drowned. Perhaps Robinson Crusoe was a better swimmer than the other sailors, for he kept afloat until the waves finally cast him up on the shore.

When he came to himself and looked about him, Crusoe's first thought was one of great thankfulness at his escape. But soon other thoughts came which were not so pleasant. He found himself upon a strange and barren shore, alone, and without food, shelter, or means of protecting himself. Night was coming on, and in the darkness wild beasts or savage men might be waiting to attack him.

Crusoe says himself that it was with a heavy heart that he looked about him. "All the remedy that offered to my thoughts," he says, "was to get up into a thick bushy tree that grew near me. There I resolved to sit all night, and consider next day what death I should die." So, arming himself with a stout stick, he climbed up into the tree, and though it made a very hard bed, he was so tired that he soon fell asleep.

When he awoke the next morning, the sun was shining upon a calm sea. The storm was over. At once things looked brighter to Crusoe than they had looked the night before. The first object that met his eyes, to cheer him, was the ship, still afloat not more than a mile away.

Crusoe hardly dared to think of the idea that now came to him. What if he could get out to the ship? What if all the cargo were not spoiled by the water? Here was a chance to secure food and clothing — a chance to live.

He was so eager to make the trial that he could scarcely wait till the tide went out, leaving the ship nearer the land. He hurried along the shore so as to get as close to it as possible, while he waited for the tide. Finally the ship lay within a quarter of a mile of the beach, and then Crusoe decided that it was time to act.

It was an easy swim; he soon reached the ship and pulled himself aboard by means of a rope hanging from the side. To his joy, he found that a large part of the cargo was still untouched by the water. First of all, he

filled his pockets with biscuit from the bread room, so that he could eat as he worked. For though he was very hungry, he could not afford to take time to dine. The important thing just then was to find some way to get his goods ashore before anything happened to the ship.

With some logs and ropes that he found on board, he quickly made a raft, and then loaded it with provisions, clothing, guns, and powder from the cargo. These were only a small part of the things he needed. But though he could scarcely bear to leave anything, he knew that it would be better to bring a little safely to shore than to attempt too much and lose all.

He was very wise in this, as he afterwards saw, for the trip to shore was made with great difficulty, and it might have been impossible with a larger load. Moreover, he did not lose all the rest of the cargo as he had feared, for he was afterwards able to bring several more loads from the ship before it broke in pieces. In this way he secured many things that were later of great use to him.

In the meantime, Crusoe had built himself a little tent, using canvas brought from the ship. Around the tent he piled boxes and casks which he had also brought away on his raft, and now he could sleep at night without fear of danger.

One other thing Crusoe did in the early days of his exile. He climbed to the top of the highest hill near by, and viewed the country for some distance. He dis-

covered, to his joy and sorrow, that the land upon which he had been cast away was really an island. He was glad to learn this, because he felt sure that he would be safe from savages and wild beasts; but he was sorry, too, because he knew that it would make his escape more difficult.

II

Making a Home

At length the ship was broken in pieces by the sea, and Crusoe had to give up all hope of saving anything more for his comfort. He now decided that he might very well take time to learn more about his island.

The place he had selected for his tent was not a very good one. For one thing, it was low ground, and also it was quite a distance from fresh water. After some search he found a place which suited him much better. This was a little plain cut into the side of a steep hill. The hill rose straight up like the side of a house, so that the plain was safe from attack in the rear.

Around the open side of the plain Crusoe built a wall, like a half circle. He then had a place for his tent that was as strong as any fort. The only way to reach the tent was by climbing a ladder and getting over the wall. Crusoe could draw the ladder up after him and then he was safe from all visitors.

Into this fort he brought all his provisions. This gave him much trouble, for though the ladder-door was

safe, it was not very convenient. But with his arms and provisions around him, and the ladder drawn up after him, Robinson Crusoe at last drew a breath of relief. He felt, for the first time, really safe.

Now he had time to look around him and see just what his condition was. As he thought about these things, he set down on paper all his misfortunes and all his blessings, something after this fashion:

EVIL	GOOD
I am cast upon a horrible desolate island.	But I am alive; and not drowned, as all my ship's company was.
I am singled out and separated from all the world, to be miserable.	But I am singled out, too, from all the ship's company, to be spared from death.
I am without any defence.	But I am cast on an island where I see no wild beasts to hurt me.

And when he had carefully considered both sides of the question, he decided that his condition might have been much worse, and that he had a great deal to be thankful for.

His home, indeed, was not all he could wish for, but it was comfortable and safe, and suited him very well. As time went on, he made it larger by cutting into the rock in the hillside behind it. In this way he made a cave where he could store his provisions. Later he enlarged the cave and also dug a passageway through

the rock, so as to make another entrance to his fortress.

But even before this, Crusoe began to consider what he should do for furniture. A ship's hammock did very well for a bed, but in order to be comfortable, he needed at least a table and a chair.

To be sure, he knew little about tools, and, moreover, he had very few to work with. But he believed that it is useless to sit still and wish for what is not to be had. So he set to work, and finally with a great deal of trouble he made a chair and a table.

Crusoe was not content with the tools he had, and after a while undertook to make others. From the hard wood of a tree which he found on the island, he made a shovel.

He also made a hod in which to carry earth. But though he needed a wheelbarrow very much and tried in many ways to make one, he had to give it up at last because he had no way of making a wheel. And he was never able to make a barrel, either, though he tried often.

All this time he had not lacked food, for that had been his first care in visiting the wreck. He had brought to the island bread, crackers, corn, rice, sugar, flour, cheese, and dried meat, — enough to last him for some time.

He had also brought guns and powder, which were a great help to him in getting more food. Not many days after he was cast ashore, as he was walking about, he came upon a large herd of goats feeding. He shot one of the goats and found the meat very good to eat. Later he shot some ducks and pigeons. In such ways he was able to save the provisions brought from the wreck, and also to secure a variety of food.

So the days and weeks followed each other, and Crusoe began to grow used to his life on the island. At first he had watched the sea every day for a ship that might rescue him, but now he ceased to look that way so often, and instead he more and more turned his attention to making his new home comfortable.

At times, of course, he was filled with despair and bitterness over his fate. But as the days went by, these feelings grew less and he began to take a real interest in this little kingdom where he ruled supreme. To be sure, his only subjects were two cats and a dog, which he had saved

from the wreck; but they were very loyal subjects and never disputed his power.

Crusoe was very fond of his dog. He says, "I wanted nothing that he could fetch me, nor any company that he could make up to me. I only wanted to have him talk to me, but that he could not do." But in time Crusoe found something that could talk to him. This was a parrot which he caught on the island. He taught the parrot to speak, and it became a great comfort and companion to him.

He also caught a young goat which had been lamed. He bound up its leg and took such good care of it that the little creature became devoted to him and followed him about like a dog. This gave him the idea of taming some of the goats and keeping a herd to furnish food. He afterwards did this, and he was so successful that in time he had a large herd, from which he got milk and meat.

But before this, something happened that touched Crusoe's heart. Among the things brought from the wreck was a small bag of grain which had been used for feeding hens on the ship. One day when he was looking among his provisions, he came upon this bag and found that the rats had eaten the good parts of the grain. As he saw nothing but husks in the bag, and wished to use it for something else, he emptied it on the ground outside his fortress.

This was just before the rainy season. A month later, as he passed that way, he was astonished to see tiny green

shoots rising from the ground. In a flash he saw what it meant. The husks that he had thrown away as useless had really held some good seed, which had sprouted and grown, quite uncared for.

The idea that now entered Crusoe's mind gave him even greater joy. If he could only bring this little crop to a harvest, he could plant the new seeds and raise a larger crop. Then he could plant again and again, till in time he might provide grain for himself.

He was able to carry out this plan. For the first few years, he had to save all his seed carefully, but by the fourth year he felt that he could eat a little of the grain, and from that time on he supplied himself very well.

III

Life on the Island

Among the precious things that Robinson Crusoe had brought from the ship were pens and paper and a little ink. As long as the ink lasted, he kept a careful journal of his doings. But he knew that it would not last any great length of time, so at the very first he had adopted another way of keeping track of the days. He was able to keep a very good record, losing only a day or two in all the years he was on the island.

Crusoe himself tells how he kept this record. He says, "I cut it with my knife upon a large post in capital letters, and making it into a great cross, I set it up on the shore

where I first landed, viz., 'I came on shore here on the 30th of Sept., 1659.' Upon the sides of this square post I cut every day a notch with my knife, and every seventh notch was as long again as the rest, and every first day of the month as long again as that long one; and thus I kept my calendar."

Crusoe had been on his island between six and seven months when something happened which came near undoing all that he had done thus far. This was a severe earthquake which shook the island. It threw down part of the hillside upon Crusoe's fortress and almost knocked down his whole house, with him underneath.

This event made Crusoe think very seriously about moving his dwelling place, for he feared that another earthquake might completely destroy it. But one thing after another delayed him, so that it was the middle of July before he started out in search of another home.

Following a little creek that led up from the shore for about two miles, he came to a fertile meadow. Farther up he found the country covered with woods, with many fruits growing there — grapes and melons in great abundance. As he pressed on, he came to a pleasant valley, overgrown with cocoa, orange, and lemon trees. This discovery filled him with delight, for he had never hoped or dreamed that the island held such treasure.

He was at once eager to remove his dwelling place to this valley, but his second thoughts were more sober. It was plain that, if he wished to escape, the most sensible

thing to do was to remain on the side of the island where he had been cast ashore. It was possible that some day another ship might be driven against that shore, as his had been.

But he was so in love with the pleasant valley that he could not bear to give up all idea of living in it. At length he hit upon the idea of building a summer bower there. A man who owned an island could surely afford two homes! He set to work at once, and was soon the proud owner of two dwelling places.

In truth, no one could wish for a lovelier home than Crusoe had here. Around the new dwelling he built a fence of branches which took root and grew till they formed a living wall around the house, quite hiding it from view. Here he spent part of his time very happily.

The day came, at length, when Crusoe was able to use some of his grain for food. But this good fortune brought its own difficulties with it, for he had no mortar in which to grind the seed, no sieve to separate it from the husks, and no pots to bake it in. These things he had to make for himself with great trouble.

The pots, especially, cost him much labor and discouragement, for he was new to the potter's trade and did not know how to go to work. With what eagerness he mixed the clay and placed his pots in the fire! Again and again they fell apart, because the clay was not stiff enough. Again and again they cracked from too much heat or dropped to pieces in moving. But at length he

was successful, and no potter ever had greater pride in his finest work of art than Crusoe felt when he looked upon his poor, ugly, shapeless pots.

Yet in spite of his busy life, at times a great wave of homesickness swept over Crusoe, and with it a longing to escape. It was in his fourth year on the island that he made his first real attempt to leave it. In a journey to the other side of the island he had seen far off across the sea the dim outline of another shore. This sight had filled him with a longing to see a human face. In his loneliness he felt that he would willingly fight the savages, and run the risk of death, for the sake of deliverance and escape to his own people. And so at length he decided to make an attempt to reach the land that he could see dimly across the water.

With this end in view, he set out to build a boat. He hewed down a large tree and hollowed it out with much labor. For many months he worked eagerly at this task, while each day seemed to bring his deliverance nearer.

But, alas, when the boat was finished, he had to face a bitter disappointment. He had built it where the tree had fallen, about a hundred yards from the shore, and now, try as he might, he could not bring the boat to the water.

Finding that this was out of the question, he tried to bring the water to the boat, by digging a canal down to the shore. But he was not able to do this either, and at last he was forced to give up his plan.

In the sixth year of his exile, he tried again. This time he profited by his experience and built a smaller boat near the shore. He was really able to launch this boat. But when he set out on a trial trip around the island, he found that he could not manage the boat at all, and it was only with great difficulty that he got safely back to land.

After this he made no more attempts to escape, but resigned himself to his lot. So the years went by, — quiet, busy years in which his crops increased and his herds grew larger. Then suddenly, like a bolt from a clear sky, came an event that changed his whole life on the island.

IV

The Footprint in the Sand

For fifteen years Crusoe had lived upon the island, monarch of all he surveyed. For fifteen years he had seen no human face, heard no human voice. Then one day as he walked upon the shore, he saw in the sand the *print of a human foot!*

The sight filled him with amazement, fear, terror. He fled to his fortress, not daring to look behind him. For days he hid there, afraid to go out, hardly daring to move, for fear that some unknown danger might descend upon him.

The thought that another man was walking about on his island and might at any time discover his fortress, and his

crops and herds, was more than he could bear. Perhaps it was the footprint of a savage from that far-off shore! Perhaps other savages would follow to destroy all he owned and even take his life!

But after a while, as there were no more signs of danger, Crusoe began to venture out of his fortress, at first a short distance, then farther and farther. And at last as the days and weeks went quietly by, he walked the island almost as freely as before. From time to time the thought of the strange footprint on the sand came back to disturb him, but the years passed and there was no other sign of human foot being set upon the island.

The eighteenth year, however, put an end to his peace of mind. On one of his trips to the other side of the island, he came upon a sight that filled him with horror. The wide white beach was strewn with bones. Crusoe knew at once what it meant. Some savage band had crossed over from the mainland to celebrate a victory over their foes. Several times afterward, from a safe hiding place, he watched long boatloads of dusky men land with their captives.

Strangely enough, Crusoe did not now feel the same fear that he had felt when he first saw the footprint on the sand. Instead, he felt a mad rage against these cruel savages and a desire to help their poor captives. He had all sorts of wild plans as to how he would do it. But what could one man do against so many! At length he had to admit that none of his plans

were sensible. But still he said to himself that if ever he got the chance to help any one escape from these savages, he should not hesitate to risk his life to do it. At last he had his chance.

It was in the twenty-fifth year of his reign on the island that he was surprised one morning to see five canoes

drawn up on the shore on his side of the island. Arming himself as fully as possible, he left his fortress and climbed the hill behind it. From the top he could see clearly what was going on.

Two poor captives were being dragged from a boat, when suddenly one of them broke away and started running swiftly in Crusoe's direction. Several of the savages at once gave chase. Crusoe's heart sank, for he feared that the whole band would come down upon him — would discover his home and kill him.

The poor captive was coming on swiftly, and Crusoe saw with relief that only three of the savages were following. When they came to the creek which separated them from Crusoe's fortress, the captive plunged in and swam across. One of the others stopped and turned back, but two plunged after the fleeing captive.

Then Crusoe, forgetting his own safety, dashed down the hill. With his gun, he knocked down the first of the savages. The other, startled out of his wits by the strange sight, stopped, hesitated, and fumbled for his bow and arrow. He was too late. Before he had time to fit his arrow to his bow, he fell with a bullet from Crusoe's gun through his heart.

The poor wretch who had thus been saved from his enemies stood frightened and bewildered, not knowing which way to turn. Crusoe beckoned to him kindly, making signs to show him that they were friends, and at length he drew near. Kneeling, he took Crusoe's foot and placed it upon his own head, thereby swearing to be Crusoe's slave forever.

Crusoe now carefully made sure that they would not be attacked. And, in truth, the savages came no farther. Whether because of fright at the sound of the gun or for some other reason, they soon went back to their canoes and departed.

After Crusoe had seen them go, he took the captive into the fortress and gave him food and drink. The poor fellow received his bread and raisins and water with

the greatest thankfulness and could not do enough to show how grateful he was. After he had eaten, Crusoe bade him lie down and sleep. Crusoe thus tells of his awakening: —

"After he had slumbered about half an hour, he waked again and came out of the cave. When he spied me, he came running to me, laying himself down again upon the ground, with all the possible signs of an humble thankful disposition, making many gestures to show it. At last he laid his head flat upon the ground close to my foot, and set my other foot upon his head, as he had done before, to let me know how he would serve me as long as he lived. I understood him, and let him know I was very well pleased with him.

"In a little time I began to speak to him, and teach him to speak to me; and first I made him know his name should be Friday, which was the day I saved his life. I taught him to say 'Master,' and then let him know that was to be my name. I likewise taught him to say 'yes' and 'no,' and to know the meaning of them."

Crusoe himself was very happy in having this companion to share his solitude. He says, "I was greatly delighted with him, and made it my business to teach him everything that was proper to make him useful, handy, and helpful; but especially to make him speak, and understand me when I spake. He was the aptest scholar that ever was, and was so merry, so diligent, and so pleased when he could understand me, or make me

understand him, that it was very pleasant to me to talk to him. And now my life was so easy that I began to say to myself that, if I could be safe from the savages, I cared not if I was never to remove from the place while I lived."

Crusoe made clothes for Friday, like his own, out of the skins of animals, and taught him how to shoot a gun, and how to take care of the grain and the herds.

The gun was a marvelous thing to Friday. The first time he heard it, he ripped off his waistcoat to see if he had been hit, and fell upon his knees before Crusoe, believing that his master was going to kill him. Even after Crusoe showed him how the gun worked, he looked upon it as a thing of magic. He would not touch it for a long time, and talked of it as if it were alive.

Friday was so quick to learn that he was soon able to speak Crusoe's language well enough to tell many interesting things about his country. Among other things, he told Crusoe about certain white men who had been shipwrecked on that coast and had lived for years among the savages.

In answer to Crusoe's questions, Friday told him that he was quite sure that they could get over to the mainland in "two canoe," by which he meant a large boat, as big as two boats. This made Crusoe eager to make the journey and see some of his own people once more. He and Friday even went so far as to build a boat, in order that they might carry out the plan.

Some months went by, and they were laying up provisions and preparing daily for the voyage when one morning Friday came dashing up to Crusoe crying, "Oh, master! Oh, master! Oh sorrow! Oh bad!"

"What's the matter?" asked Crusoe.

"Oh, yonder there," cried the boy in terror, "one, two, three canoe." Indeed, it was as Friday had said. The savages had returned once more to the island.

Now Crusoe could restrain himself no longer, and with the help of Friday he attacked the savages. It was an easy victory. At the strange sound of the gun, the savages fled, leaving behind them two of their captives. To Friday's great joy, one of the captives proved to be his own father. The other was a Spaniard, one of those same white men whom Friday had told Crusoe about.

Crusoe told the Spaniard of his plan to cross over to the mainland, and asked if he thought his countrymen would wish to escape from their present homes and take up their abode on the island. The Spaniard answered that they would be overjoyed at the chance, and that they would be glad to do whatever Crusoe wished.

So it was decided that the Spaniard and Friday's father should cross to the mainland, and should bring the white men back, to become dwellers on Crusoe's island. It was agreed that no one should come who did not faithfully promise to obey Crusoe in all things.

But first they all set to work and planted larger gardens and fields, and also caught more goats, and in other ways

increased their stock of food. When the harvest was ready, they decided that they had enough food to supply a larger household, and then the Spaniard and the old savage set out on their mission.

Eight days went by, and Crusoe and Friday settled down to await the arrival of the newcomers. Then suddenly one morning Friday came running into the tent crying, "Master, Master, they are come." Crusoe rushed out and looked off to sea. What was his astonishment to discover a strange ship sailing toward the island!

And now the way was made open for Crusoe to put an end to his exile. It happened that the men on this ship had rebelled against their captain and had plotted to seize the ship themselves. They had come to the island with this idea; but they had not counted on finding Crusoe there. It was not like him to allow any such thing to happen on his island. He was able to aid the captain in putting down the rebels and again taking command of his ship. For this, the captain was so grateful that he was eager to do anything that Crusoe wished.

It did not take Crusoe long to decide what he wished to do. So when the captain was once more in command, Crusoe and Friday prepared to leave the island. They sailed away to England, leaving behind them everything — their homes, herds, crops, and provisions — for the white men who were to come from the mainland.

No one who has not lived alone for over thirty years can imagine with what joy Crusoe looked once more upon

people of his own kind. In time he married and settled down in England, very happy and contented.

But he did not forget his island. He afterward visited it, and found the Spaniards living there in comfort, full of gratitude to their unknown friend. And as long as he lived, though he visited many lands, he never found one that in his heart took the place of Crusoe's Island.

BASED ON DANIEL DEFOE'S STORY

A LEAP FOR LIFE

Old Ironsides at anchor lay,
In the harbor of Mahon;
A dead calm rested on the bay, —
The waves to sleep had gone, —
When little Jack, the captain's son,
With gallant hardihood,
Climbed shroud and spar, — and then upon
The main-truck rose and stood!

A shudder ran through every vein, —
All eyes were turned on high!
There stood the boy, with dizzy brain,
Between the sea and sky!
No hold had he above, — below,
Alone he stood in air!
At that far height none dared to go, —
No aid could reach him there.

We gazed, — but not a man could speak;
With horror all aghast,
In groups, with pallid brow and cheek,
We watched the quivering mast!

The atmosphere grew thick and hot,
And of a lurid hue,
As, riveted unto the spot,
Stood officers and crew.

The father came on deck. He gasped,
"O God, Thy will be done!"
Then suddenly a rifle grasped,
And aimed it at his son!
"Jump far out, boy, into the wave!
Jump, or I fire!" he said.
"That only chance your life can save:
Jump! Jump, boy!" He obeyed.

He sank, — he rose, — he lived, — he moved, —
He for the ship struck out!
On board we hailed the lad beloved
With many a manly shout.
His father drew, in silent joy,
Those wet arms round his neck,
Then folded to his heart the boy,
And fainted on the deck!

GEORGE P. MORRIS

THE PLAY OF THE WEATHER

THE PLAYERS' NAMES

JUPITER, king of the gods
MERRY REPORT, servant of Jupiter
THE GENTLEMAN
THE MERCHANT
THE WIND-MILLER
THE WATER-MILLER
THE GENTLEWOMAN
THE BOY

TIME: Long Ago.
PLACE: The Palace of Jupiter.

Before the time when the play opens, the ordering of the weather had been left to the gods of the sun and wind and rain, and the other gods who ruled the forces of the world.

But it so happened that whenever Apollo wanted sunshine, Æolus wanted to have a storm, or the rain god wanted to send rain on the earth. At last such trouble and quarreling arose, and the weather got into such a state, that the gods were all forced to give up the management to Jupiter.

Jupiter was a kind and thoughtful ruler and wished in all things to please the people. He sent his servant, Merry Report, to tell them that he would be glad to receive their advice and complaints so that he might order the weather to please them.

At the opening of the play, Jupiter is seated on his throne. The people who have come to complain and advise about the weather are waiting outside. Merry Report stands ready to greet them.

I

A horn is heard outside and the Gentleman enters.

MERRY REPORT: Sir, be ye welcome. But first tell me your business.

GENTLEMAN: Good friend, I am a gentleman. I come to make a plea to the great god Jupiter, according to his command.

MERRY REPORT: Well, good master Horner, come this way then.

GENTLEMAN: I am no horner, boy, and I'll have you know it.

MERRY REPORT: Well, well, I thought you were surely a horner, from the way you blew your horn. But never mind. Come before the great god Jupiter and make your plea.

GENTLEMAN: Most mighty Jupiter, may it please you to hear me. I come not for myself alone, but for all noble folk. Such little time as we have free from our labors, we desire to spend in hunting. We desire pleasant weather, cool and dry, with a calm and still wind, so that we may chase the deer at our pleasure.

JUPITER: We shall not forget your request. Set your heart at rest. We intend to hear each man in turn and then order the weather in such a way that all shall be satisfied.

GENTLEMAN: In heaven and earth, honored be the name

of Jupiter. I have no doubt that each man will have his desire. But first of all, I am sure Jupiter will provide for us nobles and gentlemen, in order that we may hunt in peace.

The Gentleman goes out as the Merchant enters.

MERRY REPORT: Welcome, master merchant. I pray you, how are you, and how is your wife?

MERCHANT: Sir, have done with your light and foolish talk. I wish to speak to Jupiter.

MERRY REPORT: Well, there is nothing to prevent. Speak on.

MERCHANT: Most mighty prince and lord of all, your merchants throughout the land ask you to consider how much we do for the world. Consider how we travel over the seas, carrying from home whatever things are plenty there, and bringing back the things we lack. We ask your highness to order the weather so that we may pass safely from one place to another; and moreover, we would like to have the winds turn east, west, north, and south as we need them.

JUPITER: You have spoken well, and I promise you that you shall be answered before you go. Only wait till I have heard all the petitions, in order that I may neglect no one.

MERCHANT: I thank your highness.

The Merchant goes out.

II

Jupiter closes the curtains of his throne, so that he cannot be seen. The Water-miller enters.

WATER-MILLER: Well, well, well. I'd like to know what difference it would make if we were all dumb. We talk and talk and cry for rain, and never a drop comes. The wind is blowing all the time so that the rain can't fall. There's no water to turn our wheels; our mills are empty, and we ourselves are beggared!

I will go up boldly to Jupiter and ask him to grant us rain, for truly this is a matter that concerns all men.

The Wind-miller enters.

WIND-MILLER: How now! Is all the weather gone? In the name of mercy, let us have a little wind. It does nothing but rain, rain, rain, from one day's end to another. As soon as it stops, it begins again.

And what is to become of us poor wind-millers? You know we are all good men who grind the corn and make the meal so that all may be fed.

MERRY REPORT: By my faith, here's a nice state of affairs. Here's one wants wind and no rain, and the other will have nothing but rain and no wind. Well, settle it between you. It is plain to me that Jupiter should not be troubled with such foolishness.

WIND-MILLER: If you have any sense at all, it's easy to see that we could do much better without rain than

without wind. How do you think ships would go from port to port without the winds?

WATER-MILLER: A foolish reason! Any one knows that no matter how hard the wind blows, a ship can't sail except on water.

WIND-MILLER: If you don't like these reasons, there are plenty of others. Consider the highways. You know full well that they are ruined by rain. Who wouldn't rather have them covered with dust than with mud? And consider the crops. Did you ever hear of the corn being ruined in a dry season? But look at the way the rain has ruined it these seven years.

WATER-MILLER: Any one knows that it's not the wind we have to thank for good crops. They'd do little without water. Why, we need water for everything

— washing, cooking, eating, drinking. We couldn't live without water.

WIND-MILLER: Well, say what you will, of the two kinds of mill, mine's the best, and that's all there is to it.

MERRY REPORT: Stop, stop, foolish fellows. You have talked long enough. Can't you see that there is a place for both your mills? Now I have two mills, and neither lacks for wind nor water. Get you hence, and I'll lay your cases before Jupiter.

They go out.

If I had my way you'd both of you go head over heels into the river, and we'd be rid of two useless fellows at once. Such foolishness!

III

The Gentlewoman enters.

GENTLEWOMAN: Sir, I wish to speak to Jupiter.

MERRY REPORT: Now, by my faith, his lordship is busy with a piece of work that must be done. He is even now making a new moon, for the old moon is quite worn out and leaky. However, if you will tell me your errand, I'll see that it is attended to.

GENTLEWOMAN: Well, then, it is this. As you see, I am a fair woman, and I want to keep fair. But alas, it is very difficult, for in the winter the harsh winds spoil my complexion and in the summer the hot sun burns it. So I ask Jupiter to grant us a milder

climate, in order that I may walk abroad with no cold wind to chill me and no hot sun to burn me.

MERRY REPORT: Alas, good madam, how can I refuse such proper needs as yours? Of all the petitions to-day, I have had none that equals yours. I am sure that Jupiter will quickly see how serious it is.

The Gentlewoman goes out. The Boy comes in.

BOY: Sir, I pray you, are you Jupiter?

MERRY REPORT: No, son, but if you have any word for Jupiter, tell it to me, and I will see that he hears it.

BOY: I have come to ask my godfather Jupiter to send us more snow for snowballs. I have heard that he has come to earth this night to hear all manner of complaints about the weather. A hundred boys have sent me to ask him to give us more snow.

I pray that you will tell Jupiter how much we desire it. And if he will not give it to us, do you think he might not sell us some?

MERRY REPORT: I cannot say, my son. I have not been able to bargain for or borrow any snow this night. But what I can do, I will do.

BOY: I thank you, sir. Good night.

The Boy goes forth.

IV

Jupiter draws back the curtains of his throne.

MERRY REPORT: In truth, good master, here's work for you that is beyond my brains. Such a lot of fools! Each one for himself, with no thought of others. One wants rain, and one will have none of it. One is all for a mild and soft climate, one for a cool and dry climate, and one wants snow and ice, and so on with them all. How it's to be settled, I cannot see.

JUPITER: Peace, Merry Report. Depart quickly and bid them all return, and you shall straightway see how I will decide it. Rest assured, I have a remedy for all.

Merry Report goes out and returns with the Gentleman, the Merchant, the Water-miller, the Wind-miller, the Gentlewoman, and the Boy.

JUPITER: We have heard all your petitions and have weighed them carefully. And now we have bidden you come before us to hear our pleasure. Ye shall draw near and receive your answers, each in order.

The Gentleman shall often have the weather he desires for his hunting — clear and cool with little wind.

But often, too, upon the sea, the wind shall blow briskly, bringing the merchant's ships safely to port.

East and west, north and south, it shall range in its season.

Likewise, the wind shall often rattle down the valleys, turning the windmill wheels to grind the Miller's corn.

But there shall be no lack of rain at times, so that the Water-miller's wheels shall not stand idle.

The Gentlewoman shall be able often to walk abroad without being burned by the hot sun or chilled by the wind.

And yet the Boy shall not lack in the winter time for snow and ice, so that he may make snowballs to his heart's content.

You will see that we have planned for you much better than you could have thought or desired. For no one may have his full desire in this world without hurt to others. We shall from time to time serve each one of you. And we bid you, whatever weather we send, to make the best of it, remembering that it is our desire to serve you all.

GENTLEMAN: Never man before heard so good a judgment. You have indeed won the hearts of all gentlefolk.

MERCHANT: And likewise of all merchants. We shall praise the name of Jupiter without end.

WATER-MILLER: Every water-mill shall turn to your honor.

WIND-MILLER: And every windmill likewise.

GENTLEWOMAN: Your highness shall live forever in the hearts of all such as I am.

BOY: Dear godfather Jupiter, I will do something for you sometime. I promise you that when the snow comes, you shall have a snowball or two.

MERRY REPORT: So we are all happy. And now, praise Jupiter, we'll have our weather just the way we've always had it.

BASED ON THOMAS HEYWOOD'S COMEDY

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY

To the Teacher. The five main points to be considered in the preparation of a reading lesson are

I. THE THOUGHT IN THE STORY AND RELATED EXPERIENCES OF THE PUPILS. What is the central thought in the story? What experiences of the pupil will help him to understand and appreciate the story?

II. GETTING MENTAL PICTURES FROM THE STORY. What scene or action should be made vivid to the pupil? How can he be helped to visualize it?

III. READING FOR EXPRESSION: DRILL ON A FEW PASSAGES. What passages should be selected for expressive reading? Where will the pupil most readily put himself in place of the speaker?

IV. THE MEANING OF WORDS AND EXPRESSIONS. What expressions are the key to the plot? Which ones should be paraphrased for the pupils? Which words should be looked up in the Word List? The children should be encouraged to get the meaning of words through the context and then verify the meanings by consulting the dictionary. They enjoy looking up words in this way.

V. WORDS FOR DRILL IN PRONUNCIATION. Which words are pronounced carelessly or incorrectly?

The paragraphs of questions and comment on "A Midnight Ride" show how the above outline may be applied in the study of that story. It is suggested that the same general plan may be used in the study of most of the other selections. Instead of using a random fire of questions, it is best to keep the pupils' thought on the main issue until the lesson sinks deep; then take up subsidiary matters. Have a good time in the reading lesson. Have as much conversation as possible. Give special thought to calling up related experience, so that the reading lesson may serve the important purpose of supplying food for thought.

The time allotted to reading will not always permit of as much conversation on the subject of the lesson, during the reading period, as teachers and pupils would like. Further opportunity is provided in the language period, when the reading lesson and related experiences furnish valuable material for conversation and composition.

To the Pupils. When you read an interesting story, you like to talk it over with some one, don't you? In talking with your teacher and classmates about the stories in this Reader, you are going to tell what you like best about the story; what it recalls to your mind from

the things you have done or have seen; and what you wish to remember about it. The following pages will help you to understand and enjoy and remember the stories.

Page 9. A Midnight Ride. Some years ago, an Englishwoman, Anna Sewell, was distressed because she saw that many people were cruel to their horses. She said to herself, "How can I open men's eyes so that they will look on the horse as their friend, and treat him as if he felt joy and pain, just as we do?" She knew that many of the people who treated horses badly were thoughtless and ignorant. She wished to make these people think about the horse's suffering and also to teach them how to take care of a horse. So she decided to write a book about a beautiful black horse. In this book the horse himself tells the story of his life. When you read about Black Beauty, you feel that the horse is like a real human being.

I. The Thought in the Story and the Things in Our Own Experience That It Calls Up.

The selection is in two parts or sections. The chief thought running through all is kindliness, but each section shows it in a different way.

Section I. What shows that the Squire, John, and the Doctor were each thoughtful of Beauty? Which seemed the most thoughtful? How does Beauty show his appreciation of good treatment? What made John angry with Joe? Had he reason to be angry? What gave Beauty the greatest comfort? Who said these comforting words, John or the Squire?

Where have you seen animals that really knew when they were well treated? How did they show their appreciation? Beauty did not always have such kind masters. Perhaps the teacher will read to you other parts of the story of Black Beauty.

Section II. Why do you like Tom? Who do you guess that he is? There is an old saying that "Ignorance of the law excuses no one." This seems hard, but think about it. How does the story show that as much harm may be done through ignorance as through wickedness? Tell of cases you have known where children mistreated animals, such as cats or dogs, through ignorance and through thoughtlessness or cruelty. We feel very differently toward a person who acts through ignorance and one who acts through meanness, though the harm may

be the same. Show this in the way that Beauty and John regarded Joe. Do you know the Golden Rule? It is the greatest and best rule in the world.

II. Getting a Picture of the Story

It is a great pleasure to look through the story for pictures that you can make in your own fancy. Can you see Beauty racing along the river bank? Can you hear his feet go "gallop, gallop, gallop"? The word *gallop* comes from the sound a horse makes.

Can you see the scene at the Doctor's house? Wouldn't you like to draw it on the blackboard or on paper? Can you hear the house rattle as John thunders at the door? Can you see the old Doctor's nightcap appearing at the upstairs window? Where is Beauty? Where is the church? Tell what else you see and hear.

III. Reading for Expression; Drill on a Few Passages

Read what the master said when he visited Beauty (p. 13). Think how he felt and try to read it as you think he said it. In Section II John startled Tom and Beauty by the way he spoke. Try to read the sentences beginning with "Only ignorance," in the way you think John spoke them.

IV. The Meaning of Expressions. (The difficult words are explained in the Word List on pages 309–319.)

When Beauty came in, he steamed like a pot on the fire. Explain. What is a spirited horse? What is the difference in meaning between John's being "put out" or angry or provoked at Joe, and Tom's being "cut up" and "nearly mad" when he found his flowers were killed. Some people say they are "mad" when they are only angry or provoked. It is to be hoped that people are not always "mad" when they say they are.

V. Words for Drill

There are many little words in this story that you may not call by their right names. Some people do not speak the following words correctly: —

suddenly	window	often
was	water	heard
on	knew	again
for	wished	John
your	could have	night and day
what	just	I was lying down
which	nearly	I lay down
once	with	after I had lain down
twice	of	they were sitting
fellow	off	

If you will get all of those words right, and will say them as well when you talk as when you read, you will have a fine start in the use of good language.

Page 15. The Three Giants. What is the plain everyday name of each of the three giants? Tell some of the things you know about Harry Whirligig. About Dick Silverline. About Tom Fizzaway. The story tells you these things, but it is like a riddle; you have to guess what it means.

What are the traps that men set for Harry Whirligig? How does Dick Silverline "give aid to men and animals"? Have you seen his jewels on the cobwebs and on the grass? What do we call them?

The story says that Dick married a sharp-tempered fairy. What is our name for her? The story tells also that Tom Fizzaway's father and mother are always with him, wherever he goes. Tell where you have seen them with him.

In Section III there are a few sentences that refer to James Watt and the tea-kettle. If you do not know about him, find the story in the MERRILL THIRD READER (p. 140) or some other book. Tell the story in class. Then tell what is meant by the sentences at the bottom of page 19. Who can tell about Jack and the bean-stalk and his giant?

Page 21. The Quest. Use another word for *quest*. Why did the boy think that his home was the "dullest place in the world"? What did he go off to find? Where did he find what he was looking for? What did he say to his mother when he came home? There is a fine old song that says, "There's no place like home"; this poem tells the same thing.

Page 23. How the Tricky Rabbit was Caught. Why do you think this rabbit was called a *tricky* rabbit? How did he get the better of the wolf and the fox?

The Indians who lived in the southern part of our country used to tell this story of the tricky rabbit long before the white men ever came to this land. Many years afterward the white men heard the story and wrote it in books. The Indians were fond of stories in which the rabbit played pranks on the other animals and got away from them. Perhaps you have read one of their stories which is like this one about the tricky rabbit. It is called "The Tar Baby" and is told by Joel Chandler Harris. You will find some amusing stories in his *Uncle Remus* books and in *Little Mr. Thimblefinger* and *Mr. Rabbit at Home.*

Page 27. Æsop and His Fables. Among the stories which Æsop told are the fables of the City Mouse and the Country Mouse, the Lion and the Mouse, the Dog and his Shadow, the Fox and the Grapes, and the Dog in the Manger. You probably know these stories. If you don't remember them, get a book from the Library and read them. These stories were told so very long ago that we cannot be sure that Æsop himself told them all. In later years and in other lands many men told fables, but as Æsop was the best of these old story-tellers, people call most of the stories "Æsop's fables."

Explain what a fable is. Why did Æsop sometimes make animals instead of men do the talking in his stories?

Page 30. The Frogs Who Wished for a King. Imagine that you are one of the people to whom Æsop told this story of the frogs. You and your friends are discontented and are always wishing that things were different. What do you say to each other after you have listened to Æsop's story? When you have talked it over, perhaps you will say, "We'd better make the best of things as they are."

Do you know what an eel is? How does it differ from other kinds of fish? You have probably seen pictures of storks; tell about them.

Page 31. The Bundle of Sticks. Get a bundle of sticks and try to break them, as the boys in the fable did. What do we mean when we say, "In union is strength"? The sticks tied together, and the boys working together, were united or "in union."

Page 33. The Treasure in the Vineyard. The sons in this fable thought that gold and silver were the only kind of treasure. What did their father mean when he spoke of the treasure in the vineyard? Was his treasure as good as gold and silver? Why?

Imagine that you are telling this story to some boys who do not take care of their vegetable garden and yet complain that the plants don't grow. The boys are wishing they could find some money. What is the best way for them to find it?

Page 34. Hercules and the Lazy Man. What did Hercules mean when he said, "Put your shoulder to the wheel"? What would your teacher mean if she said the same thing when she gave you a hard lesson? How does a driver *urge on* his horses?

Page 35. We Thank Thee. Suppose you are standing under an apple tree in blossom. Tell some of the beautiful things around you; then read the first stanza of the poem and see what you left out of your picture.

We often forget how much we have to be grateful for. How many of the things given in the second stanza apply to you? There are still other things which are done for you by the city or state. What are some of them?

Page 36. The Story of an Indian Princess. This story tells something about the Indians and about the first white men who made their home in America. John Smith and his friends built their town at Jamestown in Virginia about ten years before the little band of Pilgrims came to Plymouth. Do you remember the story of the Pilgrims' First Thanksgiving and how the Indians helped them? (See the MERRILL THIRD READER, page 62.) Can you find the James River on a map? Look first for the state of Virginia, and then for the river.

Describe the picture of Pocahontas saving the life of Captain Smith, as you see it. Some of the stories say that she threw herself upon him as the Indians were raising their clubs to kill him. It is said that the wife of Woodrow Wilson is descended from Pocahontas. What does that mean? What did Captain Smith do that makes you admire him? It is said he showed the Indians a watch and a compass. What do you suppose they thought of these? Why were the Indians afraid of him?

Page 48. Hans Christian Andersen. Why was Hans Andersen called "the children's friend"? Which of his stories have you read? You probably remember the story of the Ugly Duckling. People have said that Hans Andersen himself was like the ugly duckling because he came from one of the poorest homes in his country and grew to be one of its most famous men.

The father told little Hans stories from *The Arabian Nights*. One of these stories was about Aladdin and his Lamp. Do you remember it in the THIRD READER? Another story you will find on page 155 of this FOURTH READER. Did you ever play in the Land of Make-believe as little Hans did? What do we mean when we say that stories are

translated? The story says that Andersen had "hosts of friends." What does that mean? Can you find Denmark on the map?

Page 51. The Silver Shilling. The shilling is an English coin and is worth about twenty-five cents in our money. Every coin is stamped in the mint. Notice our dime, quarter-dollar, and half-dollar and see how each is stamped. Did you ever toss a silver coin on the table and hear it ring? Can you tell the ring of a dime from that of a nickel? All real silver has a true ring. In the story, the shilling is called "false"; use another word for *false.* Why did the people call the shilling false when it was not false? What does it mean to be *inquisitive?* To have a *bad conscience* is to feel distress for having done wrong. What adventure of the shilling is most interesting?

Page 57. The Buckwheat. There was no humility about the buckwheat. Read the paragraph that tells what it said first to the old willow tree. The flowers, the corn, and the old willow tree all tried to help the buckwheat as the storm approached. Read what the corn said. Read what the old willow tree said. What kept the buckwheat from doing as they said?

Page 59. Talking in Their Sleep. Why is the poem called "Talking in Their Sleep"? Why did the apple tree think that the grass and the flowers were dead? What does Nature send to the apple tree and the flowers and the grass to make them grow? How does the wind sow the seeds? Can you name some seeds that are *plumy* or feathery?

Page 61. The Hillman and the Housewife. The *hillmen* were little elves who were supposed to live in caves deep in the hills. *Tinkers* are menders of kettles and pans. They sometimes go from house to house "tinkering." How did the housewife save sixpence by giving the Hillman a saucepan that leaked? How did he make her lose six-pence later? What would you have done if you had been the Hillman?

Page 63. The Pied Piper. This story is an old German legend. It is told in a poem by Robert Browning, which you will like to read some day. What do you think became of the children? Do you suppose they had to suffer for the wrong-doing of others? When people do wrong, do others also have to suffer for it? Can you tell of any cases where this has happened?

You can easily make a play from this story. In the first scene the mayor and the councilors will be sitting in the town hall. First the people of the town will come to them; then the Pied Piper will come. From the story in the book, you can tell what they will say. What

will happen in the second scene? How would you play the rest of the story?

Page 68. A Salute to the Flag. How many stars are there in the flag? Why? How many stripes? Why? What do the colors stand for? How can we protect our flag? Repeat and sing "America."

Page 69. The Norse Gods. The Norsemen lived in Norway and Sweden, far up in the northern part of Europe. Where was the home of the great Norse gods supposed to be? Where was the rainbow bridge? Which of the gods are mentioned in this story? Who was Loki? For which of these gods were Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday named? Have you read any stories of the Norse gods? You will find them in Wilmot-Buxton's *Stories of Norse Heroes*, Foster and Cummings's *Asgard Stories*, Baker's *Out of the Northland*, Mabie's *Norse Myths*, and other books.

Page 71. How the Queen of the Sky Gave Gifts to Men. Before our country was discovered, people did not have cotton, but they had wool and flax. The making of cloth, and clothes too, used to be the women's work. Can you find out how linen is made?

One of the finest groups of stars in the sky is Orion. It can be seen on clear nights during the fall and winter. It can be located by the beautiful star-belt and sword of Orion, who was supposed to be a mighty hunter. The Norse people called this group of stars "the Spinning Wheel." Perhaps you have a spinning wheel at home or have seen one in a museum.

How did Frigga spend most of her time? When the Norse people saw beautiful sunset clouds, what did they say that Frigga was doing? When they saw snowflakes, what did they say? What was Frigga's gift to the women of the earth? By whom did she send the seed? Was flax a better gift than a precious jewel would have been? Tell why. You remember that Frigga said that the seed "shall bring prosperity to you and yours." Was her promise fulfilled? Tell how. What does *in disguise* mean?

Page 76. A Norse Lullaby. Do you know what a lullaby is? In what land is this lullaby supposed to be sung? Who sings in the first stanza? Read the lines of his song. Who sings in the second stanza? Read the lines she sings. Who sings in the last stanza? Read what she sings. Why does the mother call the baby her little snowflake?

What can you tell about the Norse country from this poem? If you were to draw a picture of the scene, what would you put in it? What is the storm king's cloak? What are his wings?

Eugene Field, the author of this poem, wrote many other poems for his own little boys and girls. Do you know his Dutch Lullaby about Wynken, Blynken, and Nod? You will find his poems in *Lullaby Land*, and in his other books.

Page 77. The Apples of Youth. How did these apples differ and see ordinary apples? How did the giant trick Loki? How did Loki trick Idun? How did Loki outwit the giant?

What food did Odin and his friends find for their dinner? Who bewitched the food and kept it from cooking? How much of the meat did he want if he removed the spell? How did Loki get into trouble about it? Why wouldn't he tell the truth about his adventure with the eagle?

How did Loki get Idun outside the walls of Asgard? How did Loki look when he "pulled a long face"? How was the storm giant disguised when he carried Idun off? How did Loki disguise himself when he went to bring her back? Tell why Loki's task was not an easy one.

Done to a turn (p. 79) means "cooked just right"; *crafty one* (p. 81) means a "tricky person"; *ill at ease* (p. 85) means "not comfortable."

Page 87. Higher Than That! What word do we apply to a person like the major? The emperor said, "I appreciate your courtesy." Had the soldier shown any courtesy? Why was the major embarrassed when he discovered the emperor's rank? Read the last paragraph. What kind of man do you think the emperor was?

What do you think the emperor wanted to teach the soldier? What makes a self-important person amusing? What are the signs of self-importance? Do you think the emperor should have given the soldier some good advice at the last? What do you think the soldier thought of himself when the emperor left?

Page 89. The Blue Pig with a Black Tail. Tell this story at home and ask your parents whether it reminds them of anything they have ever known about. Talk it over in class the next day. Have you seen among children a quarrel which was as needless as this one between the kings?

Page 91. The Night Wind. Who is talking in this poem? Why is he afraid of the night wind? Have you ever heard the wind just as he describes it? When you read this poem aloud, pretend that you are a boy who is telling another boy what the night wind said. What other poems by this author have you read?

Page 93. The Thrifty Deer Mouse. Who are the forest people?

Have you ever seen chipmunks? You can tell them from squirrels by the stripes on their backs. Two animals mentioned in this story have cheek pouches or pockets — which are they? Of what use would pockets in their cheeks be to these little animals? Why is this deer mouse called a *thrifty* deer mouse?

Page 100. Fern Song. Look at a fern and see how beautiful it is. Notice the young *fronds* as they come through the ground. You will see that they are not really leaves but stems. On the sides of the stems there are leaf-like wings with a green *vesture* or covering. What does the fern do when the weather is very dry and hot? A child once called a fern "a pot of green feathers." Why do you suppose he said that?

Read the lines that the fern is told to say. What four things have helped the fern to grow? What are the *fronds* called in the second line of the poem?

Page 101. Perseverance. Whenever you have a chance, watch a spider build its web. It is wonderfully interesting. You can find some book in the Library that will tell you how the spider gets the thread. Of what use are spiders? Of what use was the spider to Bruce? Have you noticed how much patience an insect has? Often you will see a tiny ant trying to drag off a dead fly or a bee. It will pull and tug and struggle and never give up until it gets the fly home.

"If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try again."

Page 102. Echo and Narcissus. Who were the nymphs? What did the nymph in this story do? Why did Juno punish her? Have you ever heard Echo answer you? Where were you when you heard her? When Narcissus looked into the pool, he saw a fair young face with golden hair. Can you tell whose face it was? Why did the face disappear when Narcissus put his arms into the water? Have you seen a narcissus blossom?

Page 106. How Phaeton Drove the Chariot of the Sun. The Greeks thought that the sun was the chariot of Apollo, and that in the morning Dawn hitched up the steeds and Apollo drove across the sky to the west. What proof did Apollo give to show that he was Phaeton's father? Why was Apollo unwilling to let Phaeton drive the chariot of the sun? Why did Apollo want him to take the middle course? What would have happened to the earth if he had gone too high? What did happen? How did the horses know that a new hand

was guiding them? Did you ever see a horse that knew when his master was not driving him? How did Jupiter stop the horses? Will horses return to their stables without a driver?

" Keep in the middle of the road," and " The middle course is safest " are two very old sayings. What do they mean?

Do you remember another story about Apollo — the story about the nymph Clytie? Can you tell the Greek myth that explains why the Great Bear and the Little Bear are in the sky? (See the MERRILL SECOND READER, pages 120, 122.) You will find other stories of the Greek gods and heroes in Baldwin's *Old Greek Stories*, Adams's *Myths of Old Greece*, Diman's *Stories from Greek History*, Peabody's *Old Greek Folk Stories*, and Hawthorne's *Tanglewood Tales* and *Wonder Book*.

Page 110. The Milky Way. In the country it is very easy to find the Milky Way in the sky. In the city there are so many lights at night that the stars cannot be seen so plainly as in the country. If you cannot find the Milky Way yourself, ask some one to show you where it is. The story of Jacob's dream is told in the Bible, in the book of *Genesis*, Chapter 28.

Page 112. The Hundredth Psalm. This is a song that was written by David, a shepherd boy who afterward became king of Israel. He used to sing this song as he played the harp. The poem is found in the book of *Psalms* in the Bible. Commit it to memory.

Page 113. Masterman Ready Explores the Island. The story of Masterman Ready was written by an English sea captain, Frederick Marryat, who sailed far and wide over the seas a hundred years ago. He wrote many exciting sea stories for children. The best ones are called *Mr. Midshipman Easy* and *Masterman Ready*.

SECTION I. What two things must these shipwrecked people find in order to live on the island? How do you know that they were in a hot climate? Why did Ready and William blaze the trees? How did they do it? By looking at his pocket compass, Ready could always tell in what direction he was walking. For instance, if he wanted to go east on the island, the compass would show him which way to go; as he says, it would tell him " what course to steer." What does he mean when he says that " necessity is the mother of invention "? What is meant by the windward and leeward sides of the island?

SECTION III. How did the dogs help to find water? Ready says that " the sand filters the sea-water fresh." He means that as the salt water of the sea trickles through the sand, it loses its salty taste and becomes fresh.

Page 129. The Fish I Didn't Catch. Why did the woods seem so bright and beautiful to the boy? Why did the boy move his bait to imitate a frog? What quality must a good fisherman possess? What lesson did the boy learn? Did you ever "go fishing"? Tell about it. Have you ever known boys or girls in their games to brag before they "catch their fish"?

Page 131. The Blind Men and the Elephant. Tell why one blind man thought the elephant was like a fan. Can you name the parts of the elephant's body which the other men touched? Tell what each thought the elephant was like. Show how each blind man was partly right and all were wrong. People who see only one side of a question are said to be like "the blind men and the elephant." Why?

Page 133. A Mad Tea Party. There was once a very learned college professor who liked to write amusing stories for the little girls who were his friends. When he wrote books on very serious subjects, he used his real name, which was Charles L. Dodgson; but when he wrote nonsense for children, he used the name "Lewis Carroll." He often went out to walk with little Alice Liddell, and as they walked he told her the story of *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland.* Afterward he wrote this story so that other children could read it. He wrote also *Through the Looking Glass and What Alice Saw There* and *The Hunting of the Snark.* Perhaps you will like the story of "A Mad Tea Party" so well that you will wish to read the whole book.

"As mad as a March hare" is a common expression for people who act strangely; it is said that in the month of March the hare acts as if it were mad.

After you have read this story, you will find it interesting to read the story again, selecting four pupils to take the parts of the March Hare, the Hatter, the Dormouse, and Alice. Alice will begin by reading the words spoken by her in the fifth line on page 133. Then each one will read the words that belong to his or her part. Leave out "said Alice" and all the explanations.

Page 141. Humpty Dumpty. Who was Humpty Dumpty? What are some of the funny places in the story? What would be the trouble with our using words to mean just what we choose them to mean, as Humpty Dumpty did?

Page 150. Bobolink. Read this selection so as to show the gay, care-free, happy spirit of the bird. Can you hear him say "bob-o-link"?

Page 151. The Barber of Bagdad. This story of "The Barber of

Bagdad" would make a very good little play. The speakers would be the barber, the woodcutter, and the caliph. Some of the children could act the parts of the people who stand by and talk about the two bargains.

Page 155. The Story of Ali Cogia. This story is from *The Arabian Nights*, which is a collection of famous stories. Do you know the marvelous things Aladdin did with his wonderful lamp? Or did you ever read of the adventures of the forty thieves who lived together in a wonderful cave? "Aladdin and his Wonderful Lamp" and "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves" are stories that every child should read.

A *pilgrimage* is a journey to a sacred place. Ali Cogia made a pilgrimage to Mecca, which was the Holy City of the Arabians. A *caravan* is a company of people making a long journey together. In olden times a large number of people traveled together because it was not safe to go in small bands.

Why did Ali sell his store and all his household goods before he started to Mecca? Why did he give the jar to the merchant to keep? Could you think of a better way to dispose of the money than Ali did? Why did not the cadi make the merchant pay back the money he had stolen?

What did the caliph learn from the children? The *vizier* is a minister of state, an officer who helps the caliph. Why was the mother alarmed when the officer came for her boy? The caliph was called "Commander of the Faithful" because his subjects thought they had the true faith or religion. How severely do you think the dishonest merchant should have been punished for stealing the gold?

The second part of this story would make a very good play.

Page 166. Heidi's First Day on the Mountains. This story about Heidi and Peter is a chapter from the book of *Heidi*, which you will enjoy reading. The little girl later went to a great city to live, but she loved her home in the mountains best. The author, Madame Spyri, lived in Switzerland and wrote many stories about Swiss children. You will like to read *Chel* and *Moni, the Goat Boy.*

Tell how Peter and Heidi saved Greenfinch. Would you have beaten the goat? Why did Heidi think the mountain was on fire? How did the sun "say good night" to the mountains? Have you ever seen a sunset that looked like fire? Why was Peter not excited about the mountain being on fire? Why did Greenfinch have a bell tied around her neck?

Page 171. The Clouds. Who is speaking in this poem? Read the

lines that tell what the cloud does for the flowers. Read what it does for the leaves at noonday. What does it do for the buds? A flail is used for beating grain from the ripe wheat. The cloud uses the "lashing hail" as a flail to "whiten the green plains" underneath. Read the lines that tell this. Sometimes the cloud changes to rain and falls from the sky; which lines tell this?

Page 172. The Story of Joseph. This is a story every child should know and remember all his life. While it may be a little hard to read in places, it is worth while. If you learn it well, it will be a great satisfaction to you always. Many people think it is the best story ever written, and one of the best things about it is that it is true. The story is from the book of *Genesis* in the Bible, Chapters 37 and 39–45.

SECTION I. Use another word for *brethren*. A *sheaf* is a number of stalks of grain bound together. "They conspired to slay him" means "they planned to kill him." A *pit in the wilderness* is a deep hole far from any place where people are living.

SECTION II. The captain of the guard, Joseph's master, liked him and trusted him, and Joseph served his master faithfully. The story tells you this in these words: "Joseph found grace in the sight of his master and ministered unto him." Some time after this, "his master's wrath was kindled against Joseph and he put him into prison." Use another word for *wrath*. Can you find Egypt on the map of Africa?

SECTION III. What does the story mean when it says that Joseph "made himself strange" unto his brethren? When Judah said, "I will be surety for him," he meant that he would promise to bring his brother home safely or to suffer punishment himself if any harm came to his brother.

The Bible contains many other interesting stories. You will find some of them in Heerman's *Stories from the Hebrew*, and Baldwin's *Old Stories of the East*.

Page 183. How Hans and Gretel Won Their Skates. This is a winter story of children in Holland. In that land there are canals everywhere; they are the streets of Holland. In summer the people travel over them in boats, and in winter, when the water is frozen, every one skates on the canals. The children in this story go to school on their skates.

What did Hans and Gretel think had brought good luck to them? What reasons did Gretel give for not needing a warm jacket? Why did Hans buy the skates for Gretel when "never in all his life had he longed so intensely for a pair of skates"? What do we say of children,

like these, who forget themselves in trying to make others happy? How did Hans earn the money to buy a pair of skates for himself later? The feast of St. Nicholas is celebrated on the sixth of December. You can tell, then, what is meant by St. Nicholas Eve. Find Holland on the map of Europe. Amsterdam is one of the large cities of Europe.

"A small detachment of the racers" means a small group separated from the others. Hilda handed the money to the "electrified Hans"; he looked as if he had had a shock of electricity or a very great surprise.

Page 191. The Leak in the Dike. Holland lies close beside the sea, and most of the land there is lower than the sea. In order to keep out the water, the Dutch people have built strong walls of stone and earth along the coast. These walls are called *dikes*. The men must watch the dikes carefully, for if there is a break in the wall anywhere, the water may pour through and flood the land. At certain places in the dikes the water is allowed to pass through in *sluices*, or narrow passages, with gates that may be opened or closed. Peter's father took care of these gates.

What would have happened if Peter had not stopped the leak? Think how tired and cold he must have been as

> "He forces back the weight of the sea
> With the strength of his single arm."

How long would Peter have stayed if help had not come? Read the lines that tell this.

Page 196. Courage. How did the mother in this story show her love for her children? How did she show her loving care for the father? What had Greta done to be called a brave little daughter and a plucky girl? Did she show real courage?

Page 202. The Dragon's Teeth. This is a part of a very old story that tells how people happened to go from Asia to Europe and to make their homes there. According to the old stories, Cadmus brought to Greece the alphabet and many customs of life from the coast of Asia. The new country where he made his home was named Europe in memory of his lost sister.

The strange white bull that carried off Europa was Jupiter himself, king of the gods. He took the form of a white bull so that no one might know who had taken the girl away.

Who went in quest of Europa? Which son first gave up the quest? What did he do then? Which one gave up next? Read what he said.

Why did their friend, Thasus, have to give up? Read what Queen Telephassa said to him at that time. What did she tell Cadmus to do when she could no longer be with him?

What did the oracle tell Cadmus to do? After he killed the dragon, what was he told to do? What strange thing happened when the dragon's teeth were planted? What became of these children of the dragon's teeth? Who was Harmonia?

The king "was quite beside himself" (p. 205) means that he was so distressed that he hardly knew what he was saying.

A "solitary tract of country" (p. 209) is a place far away from where people live, a place that is not much visited by people. "I entreat you to follow my example" (p. 210) means "I beg of you to do as I do." The *oracle* at Delphi was a god who was supposed to answer important questions about the future.

The dragon's *vast bulk* (p. 219) means his immense body. "Half of the dragon's teeth remained to be planted some other day" (p. 220). If you will read the story of Jason and his search for the Golden Fleece, you will learn how Jason planted these teeth. Hawthorne has told this story in his *Tanglewood Tales*. A man's *countenance* (p. 221) is his face. To "sheathe your weapon" (p. 222) means to put it into a case or cover; this cover is sometimes called a *scabbard*.

The last sentence of the story tells us that Cadmus invented the A B C's. Before his time the people in Greece made pictures when they wanted to say things in writing, just as the American Indians did. It is said that Cadmus was the first man in that country to use the letters of the alphabet.

Page 226. The Peace-pipe. Why did the Great Spirit call the Indian tribes together? What signal did he use to call them? *Calumet* is used instead of what word? *Pukwana* is used instead of what word? Read the lines that tell what the Prophets of the nations said when they saw the smoke ascending. Read the lines that tell how the Indians looked as "they stood there on the meadow."

Many tribes of Indians hated each other simply because their forefathers for ages and ages had hated each other. "In their hearts the feuds of ages" means that they had in their hearts the quarrels and hatred that their forefathers had ages ago. This hatred was passed from father to son; we say the son *inherited* it from his father. The poem calls it *hereditary hatred*. "The ancestral thirst for vengeance" is the thirst for vengeance that their ancestors, or forefathers, had. Read the lines that tell of this hatred in their hearts.

Read the lines that tell what the Master of Life had given them. What did he tell them to do? When they bathed in the river, the water above them was clear while the water below them was "soiled and stained with streaks of crimson." Can you tell why this was so? When at last they were at peace with one another, the Master of Life "vanished from before their faces." Read the lines that tell how he vanished.

The Great Spirit says, "All your strength is in your union." What fable of Æsop's teaches this same thing?

Page 232. Robin Hood and His Merry Men. Can you imagine why King Richard was called Lion-hearted? Who had charge of the land in the absence of the king? Why did the people not like these lords? *Outlaws* are people who are not protected by the law. How did a fine fellow like Robin Hood become an outlaw? A *forester* is an officer appointed to watch a forest to see that no one shoots the deer or other animals. A forester told Robin Hood that he had "won the penalty for shooting the king's deer." Use another word for *penalty*. Robin Hood was the leader of his company of outlaws. The story says "he reigned supreme," that is, his followers all did as he said. The Merry Men wore suits of a color like the leaves of the forest, so that they could not be easily seen. This color was called *Lincoln Green*, because the cloth was dyed green in Lincolnshire.

Page 237. Robin Hood Meets His Greatest Follower. Robin Hood called the stranger a *noble yeoman* just as we would say "a noble fellow," or "a noble man." A *quarter-staff* is a thick stick used as a weapon of defense. It is called a quarter-staff because, in using it, a man places one hand a quarter of the way from the end; the other hand is placed at the middle of the staff. Instead of "you bandy words with me," we might say "you exchange words with me." Use another word for *bout*. A *recruit* is a soldier who has just joined an army. Little John is called a recruit because he has just joined the company of Merry Men. How did Little John prove that he was stronger than Robin Hood? Tell how Little John got his name.

Page 243. How Richard the Lion-hearted Met Robin Hood. Why would not Robin Hood let himself and his men be seen when King Richard went into the forest? How did King Richard disguise himself in order to see them? The abbot said that he was a true follower of the king and loved him dearly. Did this make any difference in Robin Hood's treatment of him? What did Robin Hood say when he found out that the abbot was his king in disguise? What did the

king ask of him? Was Robin Hood willing to grant his request? Read his answer.

SECTION I. "By my halidom," said Richard, "but this is passing strange." This means, "by my sacred oath, this is very strange." *Monks* are religious men who live together in a place called a monastery. They do not dress like other men, but wear a loose robe with a hood. The head of the monastery, the one who governs it, is called an *abbot*. *Gramercy* is a word formerly used to express thankfulness and surprise. The king sent Robin Hood a *safe-conduct*, that is, a paper which promised that he might travel anywhere in safety. Friar Tuck says, "We are like to be undone," meaning "we are likely to be overcome." You will find other stories of Robin Hood in Howard Pyle's *Some Merry Adventures of Robin Hood*, John Finnemore's *The Story of Robin Hood and his Merry Men*, and M. T. Lansing's *Life in the Greenwood*.

Page 253. Robin Hood. When John Keats wrote this poem, he was thinking of Sherwood Forest, where Robin Hood and his Merry Men had once lived. In the poet's time, the woods no longer echoed with the sound of Robin's horn or his shrill whistle. There was no laughter in the forest, where a traveler might hear its echo and be astonished "to hear jesting, deep in forest drear." *Wight* means "person." The *seven stars* are the Great Dipper, and the *polar ray* is the light from the Pole Star, which we usually call the North Star. The other stars change their places from night to night, but the North Star is always to be seen in the same place. So travelers often *right* their paths by looking at the North Star.

Page 254. The Faithful Minstrel. In olden times there were men who made their living by going about from town to town singing songs and playing on a harp or violin. These men were called minstrels.

Page 257. The Story of Robinson Crusoe. Daniel Defoe, who wrote the story of Robinson Crusoe, had once talked with a sailor who had been shipwrecked and lived alone on an island for four years. That is probably the reason that Defoe thought of writing his story about Robinson Crusoe. When we are reading the story, it seems as if Crusoe must have been a real person who did everything just as the book tells us. Very few writers have ever been able to make a story of strange adventures seem as real as they do in this book of Robinson Crusoe.

Crusoe left a place on the east side of South America and was going across the Atlantic Ocean to a trading place on the coast of Africa.

The island on which he was wrecked lay east of the northern part of South America in the warm region.

Page 278. A Leap for Life. Did little Jack have to climb up among the masts and ropes? Why do you think he did it? Lines 7 and 8 tell us that he climbed to the very top of the ship's mast where the flag was flying. A *shroud* is a set of ropes and the *spar* is the mast. The *truck* is at the top of the mast. Did the men on board go to Jack's assistance? Why not? Read the lines that say their brows and cheeks were pale. Read the lines that say the officers and crew could not move from the spot on which they stood. What did Jack's father tell him to do? Read the lines that tell what the boy did.

" Old Ironsides " is a popular name for the oldest war vessel in the United States — the frigate *Constitution*. It is a wooden ship and was called " Ironsides " because of the strength of its timbers. When the government was about to destroy it because it was no longer fit for service, Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote a stirring poem about it and saved it.

Page 280. The Play of the Weather. This play is taken from an old play written about three hundred years ago by Thomas Heywood, who was an actor in London. The old play is written in queer words which you could not understand, though they are the words which the English people spoke in those days.

You have read about Apollo in the story of Phaeton (page 106). Do you remember also the story about Æolus, who gave the bag of winds to Ulysses? (See the MERRILL THIRD READER, page 194.)

What is the meaning of " blowing your own horn "?

WORD LIST

To the Pupils. This WORD LIST is a special dictionary for this FOURTH READER. When you find in your reading a word which you do not fully understand, look for the word in this list. Notice the first two letters of the word. Turn to the column where the words begin with the first letter; then look down the column till you find the words that begin with the two letters. For instance, if you wish to look up *content*, turn to the column of *c*, and look for words beginning with *co*, till you come to *content*.

In the big dictionary, you find several meanings given for a word, and you must select the meaning that fits the place where the word is used. But in this WORD LIST, or "little dictionary," you will find only the meaning of the word as it is used in this Reader. The number following the word shows you the page where the word is first used. For instance, the word *content* means *satisfied* on page 22; but in the big dictionary you would find fourteen different meanings for *content*.

If you are not sure about the pronunciation of the name of a person or place, find the name in the PRONUNCIATION OF PROPER NAMES on page 320.

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

ā *as in* hāte
ă *as in* hăt
ä *as in* färˌ
å *as in* åsk
â *as in* câre
ȧ *as in* sofȧ

ē *as in* mē
ĕ *as in* mĕt

ē *as in* hēr
ė *as in* ėvent

ī *as in* pīne
ĭ *as in* pĭn

ō *as in* nōte
ŏ *as in* nŏt
ô *as in* hôrse

ū *as in* ūse
ŭ *as in* tŭb
û *as in* fûr
ų *as in* rųde

o͞o *as in* mo͞on
o͝o *as in* fo͝ot
ou *as in* out
t͟h *as in* t͟hen

ab'bot (244) the head of a religious house where monks live.
a bide' (61) to endure, to stand; (181) to stay.
a bode' (209) a place where some one lives.
a byss' (166) a very deep opening in the ground.
ac cept'ed (161) agreed to, approved.
ac com'pa ny (78) to go with.
ac cord' (216) consent.
ac cused' (29) charged with a crime or fault.
ad dress'ing (88) speaking to.
a dorned' (202) decorated, made beautiful.
a ghast' (279) shocked, filled with horror.
ag'o ny (126) great pain.
a lert' (246) wide-awake.
al lay' (228) to make quiet, to make less.
al low'ance (126) share, the portion allowed.
alms (61) something given to help the poor.
al'tered (49) changed.
a maze'ment (73) surprise, wonder.
am'ply (75) in a large measure.
an'ces tor (102) forefather.
an ces'tral (228) handed down from forefathers.
an'cient (106) very old.
an noy'ing (88) troublesome.
ap pre'ci ate (88) to value.
ap proach'ing (58) coming nearer.
apt'est (274) most quick to learn.
arch'er (238) a man who shoots with a bow and arrow.
ar'gu ment (143) a discussion.
as cend'ing (111) going up.
as sent'ed (217) agreed.
as sist'ance (146) help.
as sur'ance (130) declaration.
as ton'ished (66) very much surprised.
a stray' (35) wandering, lost.
at'mos phere (279) the air.
at tached' (26) fastened to, fond of.
at tire' (49) dress.
au'thor (49) the writer of a book.
a void'ed (218) kept away from.
awed (184) filled with fear and wonder.
ay, aye (ī) (61) yes.

bade (băd) (27) ordered.
base'ness (159) wickedness, meanness.
beau (bō) (150) a dandy.
be fall' (62) to happen.
be hold' (73) to look at.
be reaved' (178) deprived.
be trayed' (84) delivered into the power of an enemy.
be wil'dered (183) puzzled, confused.
be witched' (79) cast a spell over.
bide (244) to stay.
bil'lows (205) great waves.
bi'son (229) the American buffalo.
blast (213) a strong gust of air; (236) the sound made by blowing a trumpet.
blast'ed (175) withered, spoiled.
bleach (72) to make white.
bleak (93) cold and cutting.
bolt (270) thunderbolt, flash of lightning.
bolt'ed (110) started off suddenly and swiftly.

bound'less (58) without bounds, very great.
bout (240) a contest, a trial of skill or strength.
bow'er (212) a shelter made of branches of trees.
brack'ish (116) slightly salty.
bram'ble-bush (57) any bush that has thorns.
bran'dished (221) waved.
brant (229) a wild goose.
brawn'y (248) having strong muscles.
bray (221) a loud harsh noise.
breach (197) a break.
brin'dled (214) streaked.
broods (91) covers, hangs over.
buf'fet (247) a blow with the hand.
bul'rush (248) a soft-stemmed plant that grows in wet places.
bur'row (93) an animal's hole in the ground.
by'paths (207) paths that are not much traveled.

ca'di (kä'dĭ) (152) a Turkish or Arabian judge.
ca'liph (kā'lĭf) (152) a high officer in Turkey or Arabia.
cal'u met (227) the Indian pipe of peace.
can'vas (259) strong cloth used for tents and sails.
ca'pered (203) leaped about like a goat.
cap'tain (40, 88) the officer in charge of a company or troop.
cap'tives (271) prisoners.
cap tiv'i ty (82) imprisonment.
car'go (258) the load of a ship.
cas'ket (77) a small box used to hold valuable things.
cav'ern (73) a deep hollow in the ground, a large cave.
cav'i ty (212) a hollow place.
cease (81) to stop.
cel'e brat ed (151) well known, famous.
chafe (192) to rub against.
char'ac ter (55) the real nature or qualities of a person or thing.
char'i ot (106) a carriage used in olden times.
chris'tened (242) given a name.
civ'il (139) polite.
cleft (57) crack.
clev'er (27) having quickness of mind.
colo'nel (kûr'nĕl) (89) the commanding officer of a regiment.
com'et (227) a heavenly body, like a star, with a long tail.
com mit'ted (156) given; (174) gave.
com'pass (115) an instrument for finding in what direction the north lies.
com pas'sion (228) pity.
com pelled' (117) forced.
com plex'ion (285) the color of the skin.
com'pli ment (142) a flattering remark, praise.
con ceal' (87) to hide, to cover.
con'fi dent (189) sure.
con fused' (140) puzzled.
con sid'er ing (140) thinking.
con'stant ly (18) all the time.
con tent' (22) contented, satisfied.
con trive' (117) to invent.
con ven'ient (262) handy, easy to use.
cor'als (122) skeletons of little sea animals that grow together.

coun'cil (23) a meeting of persons who advise; (63) a group of men who meet to plan action.
court (29) the residence of a king; (154) those who accompany a high officer.
cour'te sy (kûr'tẽ sĭ) (88) politeness.
crags (226) steep, rough rocks.
cra vat' (kra văt') (146) a necktie.
creeks (krēks) (23) little streams.
crim'son (169) a deep red color.
croon (76) to sing softly.
cul'ti vate (217) to prepare the soil for seed.
cun'ning (84) sly, deceitful.
cut'tings (14) pieces of a plant that are cut off and planted.

de ceit'ful (81) tricky; not to be trusted.
de cid'ed ly (187) firmly.
de ci'sion (152) judgment.
decked (84) dressed.
deer mouse (93) the white-footed mouse.
de fi'ance (228) unwillingness to obey.
de lay' (73) stopping; (267) to keep back, to hinder.
de liv'er ance (182) freeing from danger.
dell (125) a little valley.
de scend' (108) to go down.
de ter'mined (78) decided, resolved.
de vot'ed (265) very fond of.
de vour'ing (218) eating.
dis ap point'ment (130) sorrow at not being able to do what he expected.
dis con tent'ed (29) unhappy, not satisfied.
dis'cord (229) disagreeing, strife.
dis cour'age ment (268) loss of courage.
dis cov'ered (259) found out.
dis cov'er y (129) finding out something that was not known before.
dis creet' (175) careful.
dis guise' (75) a dress or form put on to conceal one's real self.
dis loy'al (246) unfaithful.
dis may' (78) surprise and fright.
dis po si'tion (223) temper.
dis put'ed (132) questioned, quarreled.
dis sen'sions (229) quarrels.
dis solve' (171) to melt.
dis'tant (27) far off.
dis tin'guish (214) to set apart from, to make different from others.
dor'mouse (133) a kind of mouse found in Europe; *dor* comes from a word that means *sleep*.
drow'sy (16) sleepy.
due time (62) the right time.
dun'geon (174) a close dark prison, often under ground.

e'en (132) even.
em bar'rass ment (89) confusion.
e mo'tion (188) strong feeling.
em'per or (87) the ruler of an empire.
en chant'ed (216) bewitched.
en cour'aged (163) filled with courage or hope.
en dure' (55) to bear patiently; (112) to last.
en list' (241) to promise to serve.
e nor'mous (218) very large.
e rect'ed (30) raised, built.
e vent'ful day (84) a day on which something important happened.

e'vil do'ers (29) those who do wrong.
ex ceed'ing ly (96) very greatly.
ex'cel len cy (89) a title of honor given to high officers.
ex haust'ed (ĕg zôs'tĕd) (220) used up; *here* tired out.
ex'iled (252) forced to stay away from home or country.
ex plores' (113) searches.
ex ult' (ĕg zŭlt') (222) to rejoice.

fal'con (fô'k'n) (84) a bird which is often trained to hunt other birds.
fal'tered (185) hesitated.
fam'ine (175) lack of food.
fam'ished (176) starved, suffering from hunger.
fangs (220) the long pointed teeth of an animal.
fare (247) food.
fa tigue' (fȧ tēg') (215) weariness.
feast (38) a holiday, a grand dinner.
fee'ble (138) weak.
fer'tile (fûr'tĭl) (217) rich, fruitful.
fes'ti val (196) a holiday.
feuds (228) quarrels between families or tribes, often lasting for a long time.
fig'ure (fĭg'ūr) (24) shape, form.
flax'en (67) light yellowish in color, like flax.
flushed (185) became red in the face.
ford (237) a place in a stream where the water is so low that one can wade across.
fore'fins (123) the front fins of a fish.
for'eign (29) belonging to another country.
fore seen' (62) seen beforehand.
fore told' (215) told beforehand.
for'tress (265) a place made strong to protect persons inside it.
fra'grant (35) sweet-smelling.
fri'ar (247) a member of a religious order.
frisked (203) leaped and skipped.
fum'bled (273) handled in a clumsy way.
fu'ri ous (20) violent, in great anger.

gal'lant (246) noble, heroic.
garb (207) dress.
gar'land (107) wreath.
gen er a'tions (112) " to all generations," as long as the race of man lasts.
gen'er ous ly (61) gladly sharing with others.
glade (247) an open place in a forest.
glimpse (17) a short, quick view.
glis'tened (glĭs''nd) (168) sparkled.
gra mer'cy (grȧ mûr'sĭ) (246) many thanks.
green'sward (243) ground covered with green grass.
griev'anc es (62) troubles, reasons for complaint.
grope (grōp) (132) to feel one's way, as a blind man does.
gru'el (12) thin broth made by boiling meal in milk or water.
guid'ance (35) help in finding the right way.
guil'ders (gĭl'dẽrs) (64) a piece of Dutch money.

hab i ta'tion (78) a place to live in.
hailed (233) greeted loudly.
har'di hood (278) courage, daring.

has'sock (130) a tuft of coarse grass.
haunt'ed (hänt'ĕd) (243) visited often.
haunts (129) places often visited.
head'long (108) with the head first.
head'strong (110) stubborn.
heark'ened (173) listened.
heed (157) "gave no heed," paid no attention.
hel'mets (221) armor to protect the head.
he red'i ta ry (hĕ rĕd'ĭ tā rĭ) (228) descending from parent to child.
her'it age (197) inheritance.
hes'i tated (79) paused.
hewed (269) cut with an ax.
high'ways (207) main roads.
ho ri'zon (hō rī'zŭn) (121) the line where earth and sky seem to meet.
house'wife (61) mistress of the house.
hue (279) color.
huge (16) very large.
hum'bly (139) meekly.
hu mil'i ty (57) lack of pride, meekness.

im ag'ined (111) thought.
im i ta'tion (129) an attempt to copy.
im mense' (78) very large.
im pos'ing (57) impressive.
in clined' to (131) fond of.
in clud'ing (154) counting in.
in de pend'ent (93) not needing help from others.
in dig'nant ly (134) with anger and scorn.
in fe'ri or (58) lower in rank, of less value.
in quis'i tive (52) eager to ask questions or to find out things which are not one's business.
in tel'li gence (124) the power to know and understand.
in tense'ly (129) deeply.
in tent' (183) determined.
in te'ri or (212) inside.
in ter'pret (174) to explain the meaning.
in ter rupt'ed (138) broke in while others were talking.
in'ti mate friend (206) a very close friend.
in tro duce' (26) to make known, to make acquainted.
in vent'ed (226) made up, thought of.

jeer'ing (82) mocking, making fun of.
jer'kin (252) a jacket, a short coat.
jest'ing (165) joking.
jus'tice (152) right.

keen (38) sharp.
ker'chief (49) handkerchief, cloth.
ker'nels (95) seeds.
kin'dred (179) relatives.
kink (151) twist.
knap'sacks (113) cases in which soldiers or travelers carry things they need on a march.

lath'er (154) to cover with soap suds.
launch (270) to put a boat into the water.
lei'sure ly (214) taking plenty of time.
lev'el (9) flat, even.

lieu ten'ant (88) an officer in the army next below a captain.
lim'pid (230) so clear that one can see through it.
lin'en (72) cloth woven from thread spun from the flax.
lodge (155) to place; (158) to dwell.
loi'tered (214) moved slowly.
low'ly (75) humble.
loy'al (251) faithful.
lu'rid (279) a ghastly yellow.

ma gi'cians (mȧ jĭsh'ănz) (175) men skilled in magic.
mag nif'i cent (58) splendid, grand.
ma jes'tic (229) noble, grand.
maj'es ty (89) a title given to emperors and kings.
ma'jor (88) an officer in the army next above a captain.
man kind' (58) all men, the human race.
man'tle (38) cloak.
marred (106) marked, spoiled.
mar'vel (132) something strange or unusual, that which causes wonder.
mar'veled (248) was filled with wonder.
mar'vel ous (73) strange, uncommon, wonderful.
may'or (63) the chief officer of a city.
med'al (54) a piece of metal, like a coin, sometimes given as a reward.
mer'chan dise (155) goods that are bought or sold.
mid'most (212) in the exact middle.
mint (51) a place where money is made by the government.
mis'chief (221) harm.
mi'ser (51) a person who cares more about saving money than about anything else.
mis'sions (29) errands, business.
moc'ca sins (mŏk'ȧ sĭns) (38) Indians' shoes made of soft leather.
mon'arch (270) ruler.
mon'sters (108) any enormous animals or things.
mor'tal (218) human being, man; "mortal fear" (193) deadly fear.
mor'tar (268) a dish in which things are pounded to powder.

na'tive land (46) the land in which one was born.
naught (243) nothing.
nigh (47) near.
nim'ble (61) light and quick in motion.
nipped (14) pinched off.
nose'gay (74) a bunch of flowers.
no'ticed (52) saw.
nov'els (48) long stories.

o blig'ing (155) willing to help.
oc ca'sion al ly (115) once in a while.
o'er (227) over.
op po'nent (240) one who fights with another.
op por tu'ni ty (81) a convenient time, a chance.
op'po site (57) across from, in front of.
op pressed' (235) cruelly treated.
or'a cle (211) one who was supposed to foretell the future.

out strip'ping (187) going ahead of, leaving behind.
o ver se'er (174) one who is in charge of workmen.

pace (214) step.
pack'sad dle (152) a saddle made to hold a load.
pal'lid (279) very pale.
pa ter'nal (228) fatherly.
peas'ants (57) a term applied to country people of the poorest class in Europe.
pen'al ty (234) punishment.
per ceived' (220) saw.
per chance' (237) perhaps.
per formed' (156) did, carried out.
per se ver'ance (101) the act of keeping at a thing.
per'son al (134) about a person.
pe ti'tion (152) a solemn request to an important person.
pick'er el (129) a fresh-water fish used for food.
pied (63) of two or more colors.
pith (248) strength.
plague (63) something that causes great trouble or illness.
plain (260) flat ground.
plead your cause (164) state and defend your case.
plead'ed (138) begged.
pledge (68) to promise solemnly.
plen'te ous (127) plentiful.
plum'age (84) a bird's feathers.
plumes (84) feathers.
pop'u lar (50) liked by many people.
port (257) harbor.
por'tions (79) shares.
prai'rie (226) a broad stretch of level land.
prec'i pice (227) a cliff, a steep and deep slope.
pres'ence (112) "before his presence," before him.
pre sume' (123) to suppose.
pre vent'ed (90) kept from happening, hindered.
prink (150) to dress oneself for show.
pro cured' (119) obtained.
prof'it ed (270) gained.
prop'er (146) enough, right.
proph'et (227) one who foretells events.
pro pos'al (138) plan.
pros per'i ty (74) good fortune.
pro test' (179) to object.
pro vid'ed (160) supplied.
pro vi'sions (178) supplies.
pro vok'ing (142) annoying.
pub'lished (50) put into print and offered for sale.
pursed (144) gathered into small folds.
pur suit' (118) attempt to overtake.

quar'ry (223) to cut out of the earth; (226) the place where rock is cut out of the earth.
quelled (224) calmed.
quench (119) to put an end to by satisfying.
quest (21) search.
quit (116) to leave.
quiv'er ing (279) trembling.
quoth (131) said.

rash (118) too hasty, careless.
ra'ven (134) a large black bird, somewhat like a crow.
ra vine' (122) a deep hollow in the ground worn by running water.

reb'els (235) those who refuse to obey.
rec'og nized (55) known.
reefs (121) rocks near the surface of the water.
re fit'ted (130) made ready for use again.
re frain' himself (181) to keep himself from speaking.
re freshed' (59) made fresh again.
re gret'ted (28) was sorry for.
reign (172) to rule.
reins (109) the lines of the harness, used to guide a horse.
re lat'ed (59) told.
re lease' (179) to make free, to let go free.
rem'nant (182) something left over.
rent (74) tore open, split.
rep re sent'ed (162) acted the part of.
rep'tile (218) a creeping or crawling animal.
re pub'lic (68) a country in which the people rule.
re signed' (270) gave up.
re sist' (241) to fight against.
res' o lute ly (189) in a decided way.
re store' (84) to bring back.
rev'el (242) noisy merrymaking.
rev'er ent (195) very respectful.
re vived' (182) recovered its strength.
roe (229) the female deer.
rogue (162) a dishonest fellow.
round'ly (75) vigorously.
rue'ful est (92) most sorrowful.
rus'tic (207) belonging to the country.

sa'cred (68) holy.
sa lute' (68) a sign of respect.
scanned (121) looked carefully at.
scene (121) view.
scope (132) reach, grasp.
scorched (109) burned on the surface.
scores (17) a great many; a *score* is twenty.
scot-free (241) unpunished.
scour (85) to search thoroughly.
sea a nem'o nes (122) bright colored little animals that live in the sea.
sea'-far'ing per'son (206) a sailor.
se cure' (258) to get, to obtain.
seized (51) took hold of, took by force.
se lect'ed (50) chose, picked out.
se ver'i ty (134) sternness.
sheaf, sheaves (95, 172) a bundle of wheat or other grain.
sher'iff (234) the king's officer in charge of a county.
shifts (116) " put to their shifts," forced to try one thing and then another.
shrewd (130) wise.
sim'i lar (85) like.
singed (57) burned on the surface.
sire (89) father; *here* the father of a country.
site (224) the place where anything is fixed, or is to be fixed.
sit u a'tion (116) position, place.
six'pence (61) a piece of English money worth six pennies, or 12 cents in American money.
sleek (24) smooth and glossy.
smote (221) struck.
sol'emn (144) very serious.
sol'i tude (274) loneliness, living alone.
sore (178) very severe.

spec'ta cle (204) a remarkable or unusual sight.
sprays (150) small branches.
spruce (49) neat, dressed up.
staff, staves (238) a long stick, carried in the hand for support or defense.
stake (79) a pointed stick of wood; "at stake" (235) in danger.
stal'wart (251) strong, sturdy.
stew'ard (180) one who is hired to manage a household.
straight'way (102) at once.
strewed (114) scattered.
stub'born (228) obstinate.
stur'dy (131) strong.
sub due' (228) to tame.
sub'jects (265) those who are ruled.
suc'cor (194) help.
suf fi'cient (114) enough.
su preme' (235) above all.
sur veyed' (121) looked over.
sur vives' (209) remains alive.
sways (150) swings back and forth.

tad (91) child.
tal'ons (82) the claws of a bird.
tar'ry (182) to wait.
tav'ern (234) an eating house.
te'di ous (tē'dĭ ŭs) (154) tiresome.
term (114) a word.
the'a ter (49) a place where plays are acted.
thence for'ward (63) from that time on.
thick'et (239) trees or bushes growing closely together.
thrift'y (93) careful, saving.
thronged (107) crowded.
thrust (218) a quick push or drive; (220) thrusting, pushing.
thun'der bolt (110) a flash of lightning.
tide (258) the regular rise and fall of the waters of the ocean.
toiled (28) walked with great difficulty, worked hard.
tom'a hawks (42) hatchets made of wood and stone, used by the Indians.
tom'boy (37) a romping girl.
tons (18) a ton is 2000 pounds weight.
tor'ture (84) punishment causing great pain.
trad'ing post (257) a place where people come to buy and sell things.
train (244) a company, a group of attendants.
trans lat'ed (48) changed from one language to another.
trea'cle (trē'k'l) (138) molasses.
tre men'dous (trē mĕn'dŭs) (218) dreadful.
trick'y (23) dishonest, sly, in the habit of playing tricks.
trudged (129) walked.
tryst'ing tree (trĭst'ĭng) (246) a tree that is a meeting place.
tuft (217) a bunch, a cluster.
twang'ing (153) making a quick, ringing sound.
two'pence (tŭp'ĕns) (62) a piece of English money, worth about four cents in American money.

un com'fort a ble (133) not comfortable, unpleasant.
un in hab'it ed (113) with no one living there.
u nit'ed (32) joined together.
un shorn' (153) not cut.

ur'chins (225) mischievous children.
urge (34) to drive, to press forward.
urg'ent (198) needing to be attended to at once.

vain (31) useless; "in vain," uselessly.
val'iant (195) brave.
van'ished (231) disappeared, passed out of sight.
vats (63) tubs.
venge'ance (228) paying back a wrong, getting even.
ven'ture (206) to dare.
verbs (149) words that express action or being.
ver'i ly (247) truly.
vex a'tion (62) annoyance.
vi'o lent (20) fierce.
viz. (267) that is, namely.
vi zier' (vi zēr') (160) a Turkish or Arabian officer of state.

wail (91) to cry mournfully.
wand (227) a small stick.
ware'house (155) a house where goods are stored, a storehouse.
wares (27) goods to be sold.
war'-gear (228) clothing and armor worn in war.
war'rior (37) a soldier.
weap'ons (221) things to fight with.
weed (59) a plant that is not wanted.
weeds (252) garments.
whence (202) from what place.
wield (171) to handle.
wil'der ness (173) wild land.
wisp (214) a small bunch.
wist'ful (22) full of longing or desire.
wit'ness (160) one who is present at an event in order that he may be able to say afterwards that the event took place; (222) to see.
won'drous (211) wonderful.
wran'glings (229) quarrels.
wrath (222) anger.
wretch'ed (54) miserable, unhappy.

yeo'man (238) a word formerly used in England to describe a free man of the common people.
yes'ter eve (194) the evening of yesterday.
yoke (19) a pair.

PRONUNCIATION OF PROPER NAMES

Æolus, ē′ō lŭs
Æsop, ē′sŏp
Agenor, ȧ jē′nŏr
Ali, ȧ′lė
Amsterdam, ăm′stĕr dăm
Apollo, ȧ pŏl′ō
Asa, ā′sȧ
Asgard, ăs′gärd
Athens, ăth′ĕnz

Blondel, blŏn′dĕl
Bysshe, bĭsh

Cadmus, kăd′mŭs
Canaan, kā′năn
Cilix, cĭl′ĭx

Danish, dān′ĭsh
Delphi, dĕl′fī
Denmark, dĕn′märk

Echo, ĕk′ō
Egypt, ē′jĭpt
Elizabeth, ē lĭz′ȧ bĕth
Europa, ū rō′pȧ

Frigga, frĭg′gä

Gitche Manito, gitch′ĭ măn′ĭ tō
Greta, grā′tȧ
Gretel, grā′tĕl

Hamelin, hăm′lĭn
Harmonia, här mō′nĭ ȧ
Heidi, hī′dĭ
Hendrick, hĕn′drĭk
Hercules, hûr′kū lēz
Hilda van Gleck, hĭl′dȧ văn glĕck′

Idun, ē′dōōn
Indostan, ĭn dō stän′
Ishkoodah, ĭsh′kōō dä
Italian, ĭ tăl′yăn

Josef, yō′sĕf
Jupiter, jōō′pĭ tėr

Katrinka, kȧ trĭnk′ȧ

Leopold, lē′ō pōld
Loki, lō′kė

Mahon, mȧ hŏn′
Marryat, măr′ĭ ăt
Mecca, mĕk′ȧ
Mynheer van Holp, mĭn′hār văn hŏlp

Narcissus, när sĭs′ŭs

Odense, ō′ŧhĕn sä
Odin, ō′dĭn
Orion, ō rī′ŏn

Phaeton, fā′ė tŏn
Pharaoh, fā′rō
Pocahontas, pō kȧ hŏn′tȧs
Powhatan, pou hȧ tăn′

Remus, rē′mŭs
Rolfe, rŏlf
Romulus, rŏm′ū lŭs
Russia, rŭsh′ȧ
Rychie Korbes, rĭchĭ kôrbs

Simeon, sĭm′ė ŏn
Spaniard, spăn′yȧrd

Telephassa, tĕl ė făs′sä
Thasus, thā′sŭs
Thiassi, thĭ ăs′ĭ
Thor, thôr
Tomocomo, tō mō cō′mō

Virginia, vėr jĭn′ĭ ȧ

Weser, vā′zėr
Woden, wō′dĕn

δῆρ

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